Oct. 23, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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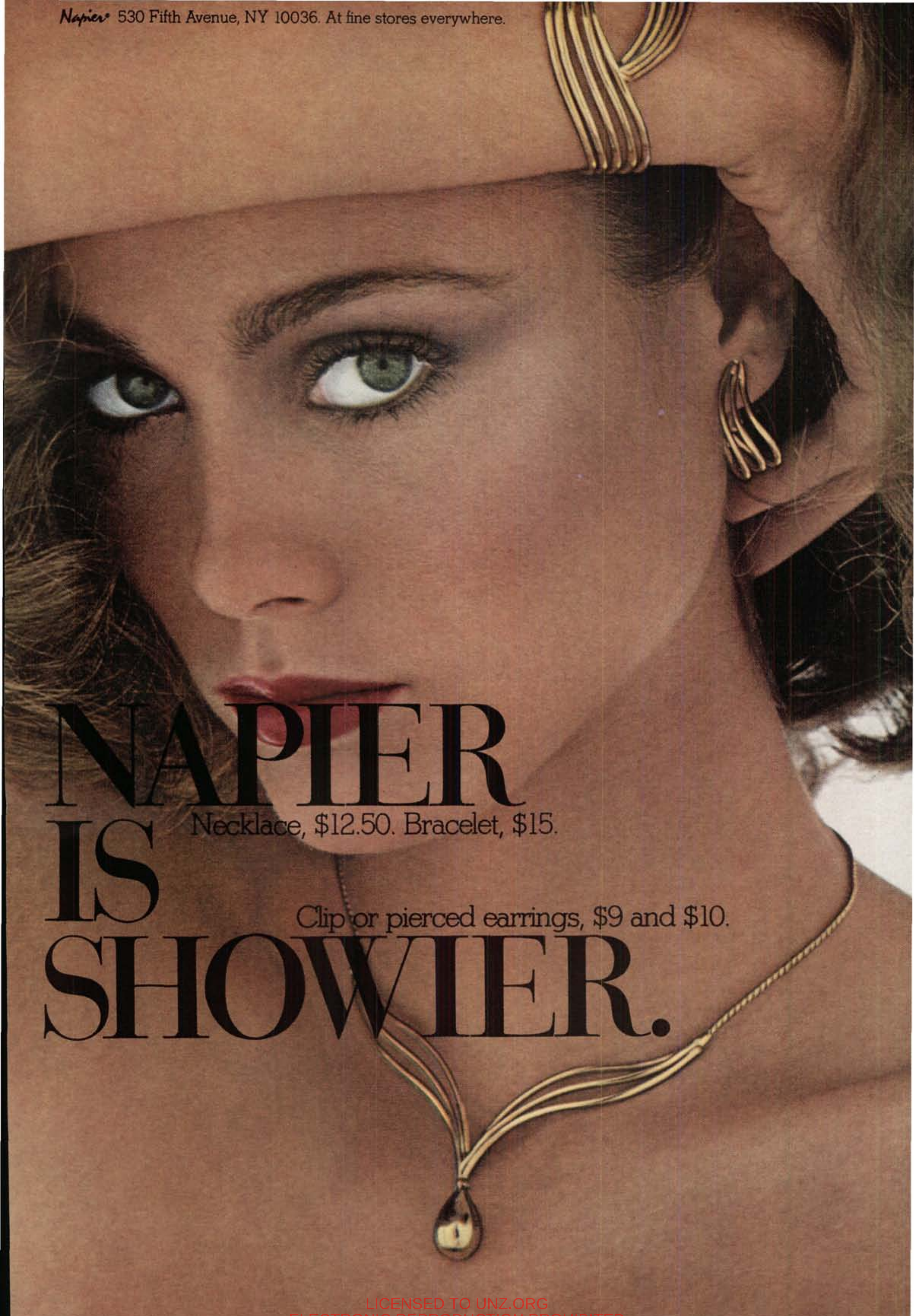
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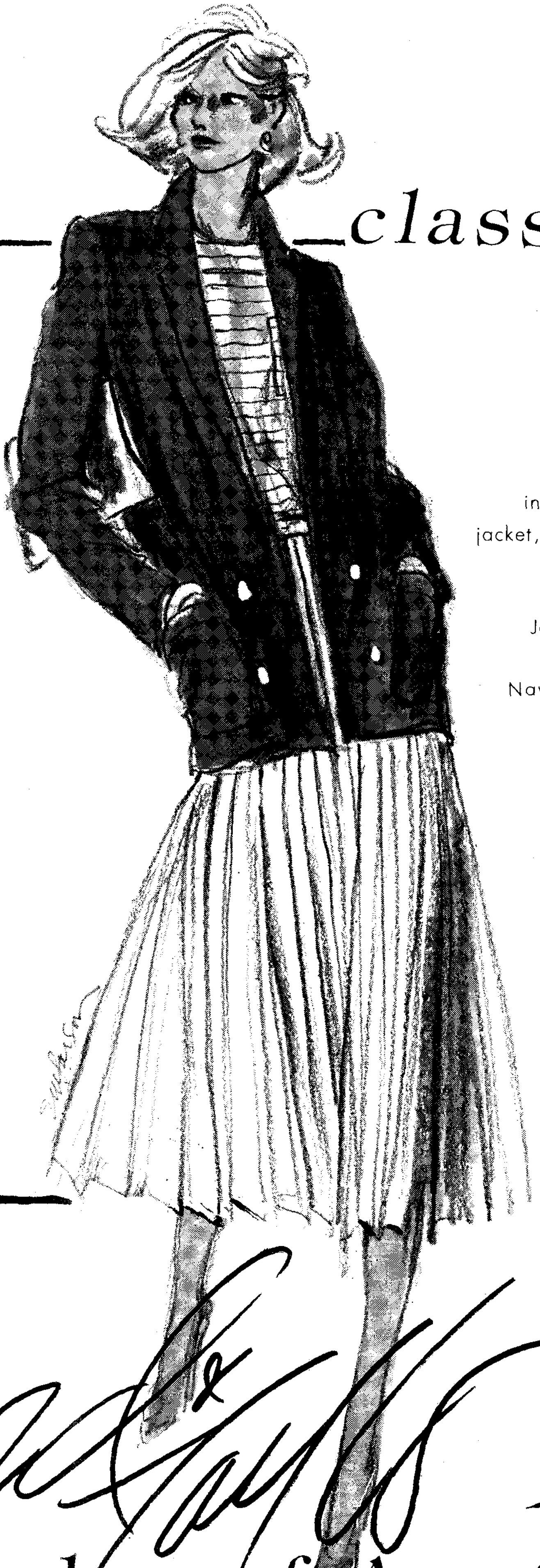

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
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THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual morning newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—The interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee, in the nineteen-forties and -fifties, was indeed deplorable, and so is this production based on that interrogation. The impersonations, for one thing, are so inept that people who were not bores are made to seem bores. Colleen Dewhurst (through Sunday, Oct. 22; after that, Rosemary Murphy) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

End of the War—A very good play by Vincent Canby about the officers and sailors aboard a small American naval vessel homeward bound after the Second World War. The performance, under the direction of David Margulies, is always on the right track (although it is still in workshop), and often distinguished. With Dominic Chianese and John Seitz, among other capable actors. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **A Midsummer Night's Dream** will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 5. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

First Monday in October—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates play their roles to perfection in an amusing comedy about the United States Supreme Court and its discomfiture when the President appoints a woman Justice. (10/16/78) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gorey Stories—A musical entertainment adapted by Stephen Currens from eighteen stories by Edward Gorey. With music by David Aldrich and a cast that includes Julie Kurnitz and Gemze De Lappe. Tony Tanner directed. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 23. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Grinding Machine—A play by Annalita Marsili Alexander. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 18, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hot Dishes—A musical by Maurice Peterson, with Ernestine Jackson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 29. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal

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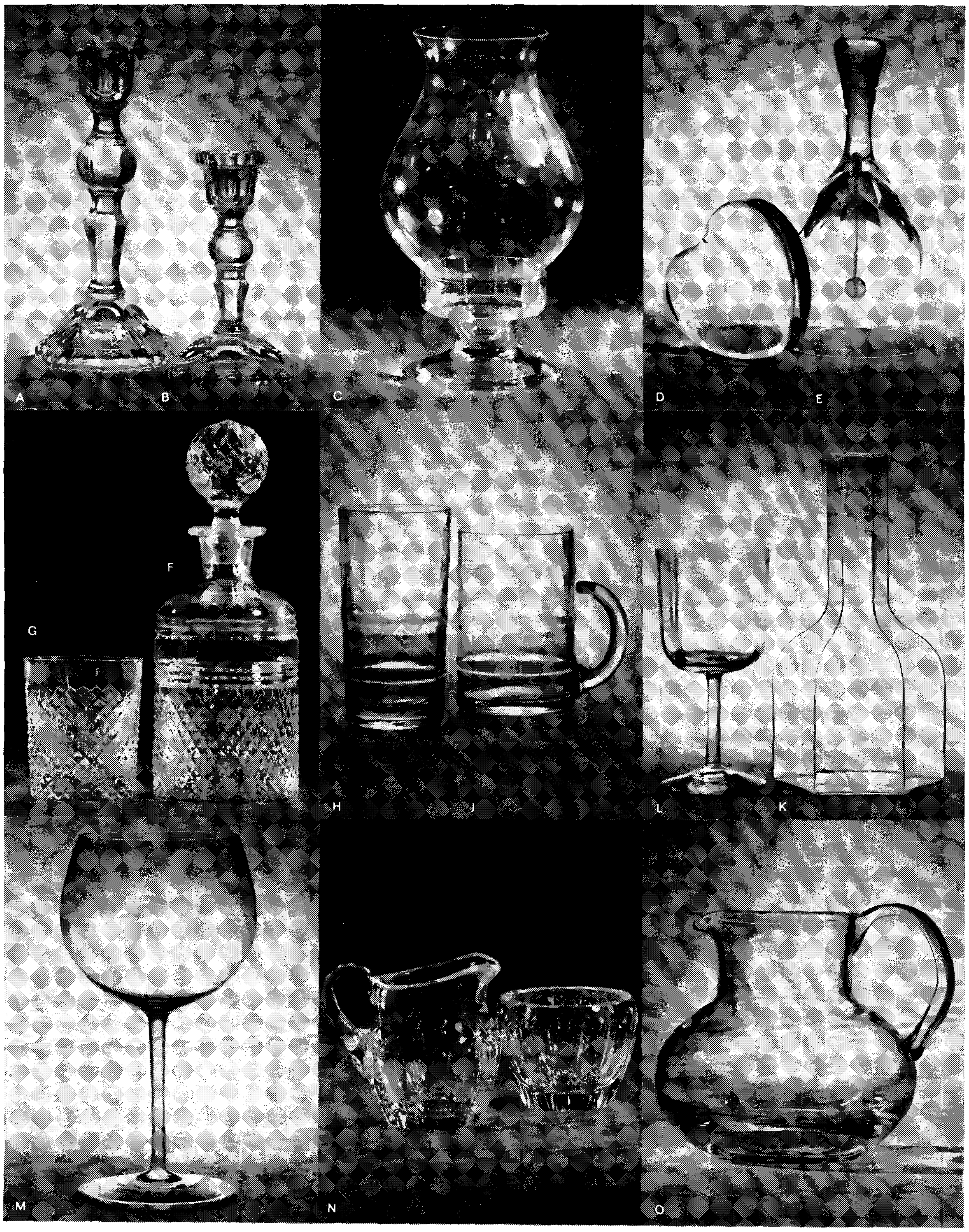

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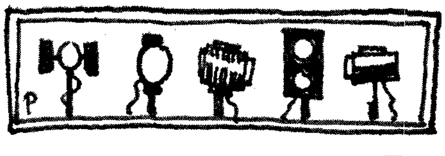
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Inspector General—A first-rate production of Gogol's extremely funny comedy, directed by Liviu Ciulei. The cast, which is headed by Max Wright, includes Theodore Bikel, Bob Balaban, and Helen Burns. (10/2/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

King of Hearts—Donald Scardino, Millicent Martin, and Pamela Blair in a musical taken from the 1967 French film of the same name. Book by Joseph Stein, music by Peter Link, and lyrics by Jacob Brackman. Directed by Ron Field. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 21. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 22. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 18, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lesson—Eugene Ionesco's play, with Joseph Wiseman and Didi Conn. (Also on view: a film called "The California Reich.") Opens Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays, except Oct. 21, at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE** will be the first in this season's series of fifteen productions. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 18, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 26. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **CORN:** Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8.... **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8.... **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

St. Mark's Gospel—As Mark, Alec McCowen gives an incomparable solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. Reopens on Tuesday, Oct. 24, for a second three-week engagement, which will end on Sunday, Nov. 12. Tickets are scarce. (9/18/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

White Pelicans—José Ferrer and Morgan Freeman in a two-character play by Jay Broad. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 19, at 7. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,680 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

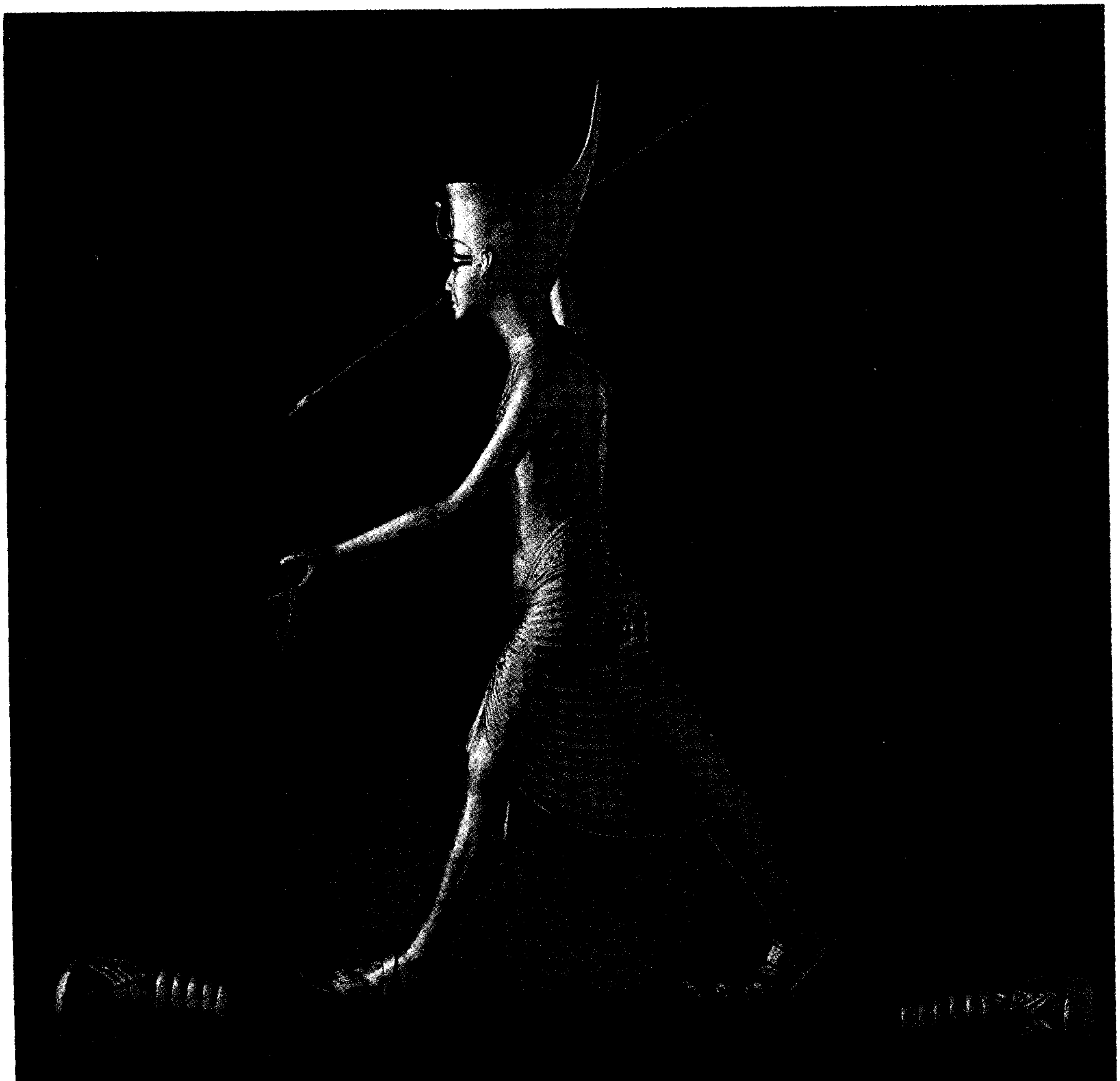
MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Beckett Festival—Fifteen television films (English, French, German, American) of ten Beckett works in continuous showing; round-table discussions (Monday, Oct. 23, at 8: Edward Albee, Susan Sontag, Alan Schneider. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8: other scholars); stage productions at the Performing Garage; exhibition of books, manuscripts, and such; and God knows what more. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 20, through Saturday, Nov. 4. Weekdays, noon to 10. Free, except for the stage productions.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 26—Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Wedding Bouquet" (company première), and "Trinity." ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Brouillards," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8: "As Time Goes By," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Brouillards," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Wedding Bouquet," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Heptagon," "Pas de Deux," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "Touch Me," and "Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "As Time Goes By," "Pas de Deux," and "Wedding



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bouquet."...¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Pas de Deux," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "The Green Table."...¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Heptagon," "Pas de Deux," and "Wedding Bouquet."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Touch Me," "As Time Goes By," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

San Francisco Ballet—Opening performances of a ten-day engagement—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 7, and Friday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Beethoven Quartets," "Stravinsky Pas de Deux," "Shinju," "Q. a V. (Quattro a Verdi)," and "Il Distratto."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dance Umbrella—A four-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 12. **ROSALIND NEWMAN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday evening, Oct. 18; Friday evening, Oct 20; Saturday matinée, Oct. 21; and Sunday evening, Oct. 22.... **CLIFF KEUTER DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday evening, Oct. 19; Saturday evening, Oct. 21; and Sunday matinée, Oct. 22.... **LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Oct. 24-28, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 29. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Asakawalker Dance Company—A ten-member multinational troupe in a program of contemporary dance that includes "Ecstasis," "Vision," "Opalescence," "Reflections of Romance," and "The Farewell." (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 23-26, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali, who plays here himself occasionally. Singer Jay Clayton performs with her quartet through Saturday, Oct. 21; on Tuesday, Oct. 24, tenor saxophonist Joe Rigby will arrive with his quartet. Mondays now belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece big band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. "Tuscaloosa—I'm Still Not Going!," a collection of songs and sketches from the revue "Tuscaloosa's Calling Me...But I'm Not Going!," is the current presentation here. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. **JOE BECK**, a guitarist who can play superb funky rock on one tune, and then turn off his wa-wa pedal and play some fine classic-jazz George Van Eps chords on the next, leads a trio through Saturday, Oct. 21. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 25-28, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and pianist **NINA SHELDON** will work with a bebop-oriented quintet. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The Dictators, a local punk-rock group, will be onstage Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 22-23, blues and rock guitarist **MIKE BLOOMFIELD** will be on hand; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 27-28, composer and singer **ELIZABETH SWADOS** will perform with an ensemble. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**TOMMY FLANAGAN**, one of the best bebop pianists and composers, and Ella's accompanist for years, is always a pleasure to listen to. He swings weeknights from ten. Dining.

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Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven, and after a set of Bonfas, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT**, who did not appear in "The Last Waltz," is back with Porter, Gershwin, and Coward tunes and his two sidemen. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong bop-inspired pianist, works weeknights from nine until one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

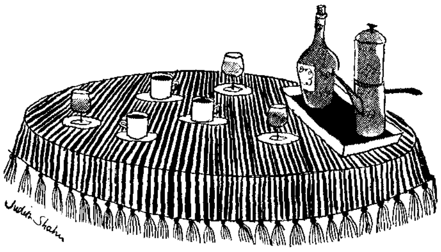
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider leads a trio in this New Orleans-inspired restaurant through Friday, Oct. 20. On Monday, Oct. 23, Vic Dickenson, a swing-era trombonist who spends a lot of time playing Dixieland music, will bring in a trio. Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, is back on Third Avenue. He's here Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Oct. 24, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Oct. 22, from eight-thirty, violinist Charles Wizen and guitarist Mike Peters will co-pilot a quintet modelled on Django Reinhardt's and Stéphane Grappelli's thirties gypsy-swing Quintet du Hot Club de France. Dining.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sunday, Oct. 22, Joe Puma and Alicia Sherman will begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**CAROL SLOANE** is here, singing with a trio Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** operates out of this restaurant Tuesdays through Sundays from ten with his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**; when he goes on tour from time to time, he chooses his own replacement. The piano is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can hear the music clearly. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often, good, solid country and rock music. On Thursday, Oct. 19, Eric Andersen wanders down from the Catskills; on Sunday, Oct. 22, Kinky Friedman will be present; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 23-24, have been reserved for Carl Perkins, who wrote and made the first recording of "Blue Suede Shoes;" and on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 25-26, the Lost Gonzo Band will be onstage. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** has moved in to sing songs that Fred Astaire used to sing, and it's hard to imagine a better choice for this tribute than Miss Syms, who has a relaxed, understated, floating voice. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 19-21, Fred Willard, who played the funny, incoherent announcer on "America 2Night," a late-night television talk-show parody, will perform; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 26-28, folkie Jim Dawson will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook sings tunes from her musical-comedy roles on Broadway, established standards, and songs by seventies songwriters Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, comfortable, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, leads a quintet that features two tenor saxophones through Sunday, Oct. 22; on Wednesday, Oct. 25, singer **SHEILA JORDAN** will arrive with a trio. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a lively, talented alto saxophonist who plays avant-garde or rhythm-and-blues music with equal conviction, heads up a trio through Saturday, Oct. 21; on Tuesday, Oct. 24, pianist **MIKE ABENE** will come in with a quintet. Sundays and Mondays belong to Roberta Baum, an aspiring bebop vocalist, and her heavyweight backup band—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Music from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's a sort of public audition. (Established performers have been known to perform here too, on occasion.) Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The management has reëstablished live music at the Top of the Gate, and it's a good thing. It gives drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** a place to play on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, and it helps clear the crowded weekend sidewalks. Blakey and company perform from nine-thirty; on Tuesdays, from nine, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** works with a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, a flame-throwing soloist, leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 22; on Tuesday, Oct. 24, pianist **BILL EVANS** will descend the stairs with his trio. Monday-night music is provided by tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his twelve-piece big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Violinist Charles Wizen, guitarist Mike Peters, and their Hot Club du France-inspired quintet perform through Friday, Oct. 20; the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist and vocalist **EARLE WARREN**, and *their* quintet—take over on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 21-22, and from Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 24-28; and on Monday, Oct. 23, stride pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays solo piano. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 6: Lee Horwin performing the songs of Janis Ian, Paul Simon, and Stevie Wonder.... ¶ Monday through Thursday, Oct. 23-26, at 6: David Summers and Audrey Lavine performing the songs of Stephen Sondheim. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

Frank Sinatra—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 7:30 and 11; and final performance Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Brothers Johnson—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.

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Gato Barbieri and **the Pat Metheny Group**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Jerry Lee Lewis, Bo Diddley, and **Bill Medley**—With Johnny Maestro and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Kenny Loggins and **Player**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Leroy Jenkins Trio (with Anthony Davis and Andrew Cyrille) and **Air**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 9:30 and midnight.

Heart and **Walter Egan**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.

Ron Carter, Sonny Rollins, and McCoy Tyner—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The first in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Joe Newman, Billy Mitchell, Tommy Flanagan, Milt Hinton, and Oliver Jackson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Salute to Billy Taylor—Mr. Taylor will be there, along with Frank Foster, Joe Newman, Harold Mabern, Victor Gaskin, Frank Wess, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Jim and Jesse and the Virginia Boys—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Larry Karush and Friends—With Jay and Frank Clayton and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Frank Zappa—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, Oct. 29, and Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Anthony Braxton Trio (with Ray Anderson and Richard Teitelbaum) and **Muhal Richard Abrams**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 27-28, at 9:30 and midnight.

Maxine Sullivan and Friends—With Dill Jones, Paul Quinichette, Ed Polcer, Al Hall, Bobby Pratt, and Jackie Williams, in a benefit concert. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Billy Cobham and **Michal Urbaniak**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings of Sphinxlike heads, and other works. Through Nov. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Barsamian—Small wall boxes in which painted cutouts, set up like stage scenery, depict homely back-yard occasions. Also, silk screens. Through Friday, Oct. 27. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Robert Beauchamp—Large paintings in sizzling colors by this uninhibited draftsman, some of whose charcoal drawings are also on exhibition. Through Oct. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Paul Brach—Western landscapes, each with a string of wild horses racing along in the distance. Through Oct. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Forty sculptures from the seventies. Through Nov. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Natalie Edgar—Abstract oil paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

John Grillo—Abstract paintings from the sixties. Through Thursday, Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Philip Guston—Drawings from the last three decades by an artist whose career has taken many stylistic (abstract, figurative, minimal) turns. Through Nov. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Tom Hardy—Not very abstract sculptures cut from sheet bronze or sheet steel and strongly suggesting flight, plus etchings and aquatints, mostly of landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Carl Holty (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the forties. Through Nov. 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint works by two artists whose previous collaborations satirized Soviet society (they emigrated from Russia to Israel in 1977). Portraits of Carter, Begin, and Sadat are included in the current show. Through Nov. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Small, delicate ink-and-wash drawings, all on a grid pattern and done in the sixties, before this artist retired to New Mexico, took an eight-year break, and emerged with her celebrated stripe paintings. Through Nov. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gari Melchers (1860-1932)—Traditionalist oils of another generation (portraits full of character, sunlit interiors, New York Harbor) in a show that is also brightened by a number of small, seemingly offhand watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Roger Mühl—Landscapes done in the South of France in soft colors that are laid on the canvas like icing on a cake; also, edible-looking still-lifes of cherry pies and tarts. Through Nov. 4. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Stephen Polin—Surrealist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

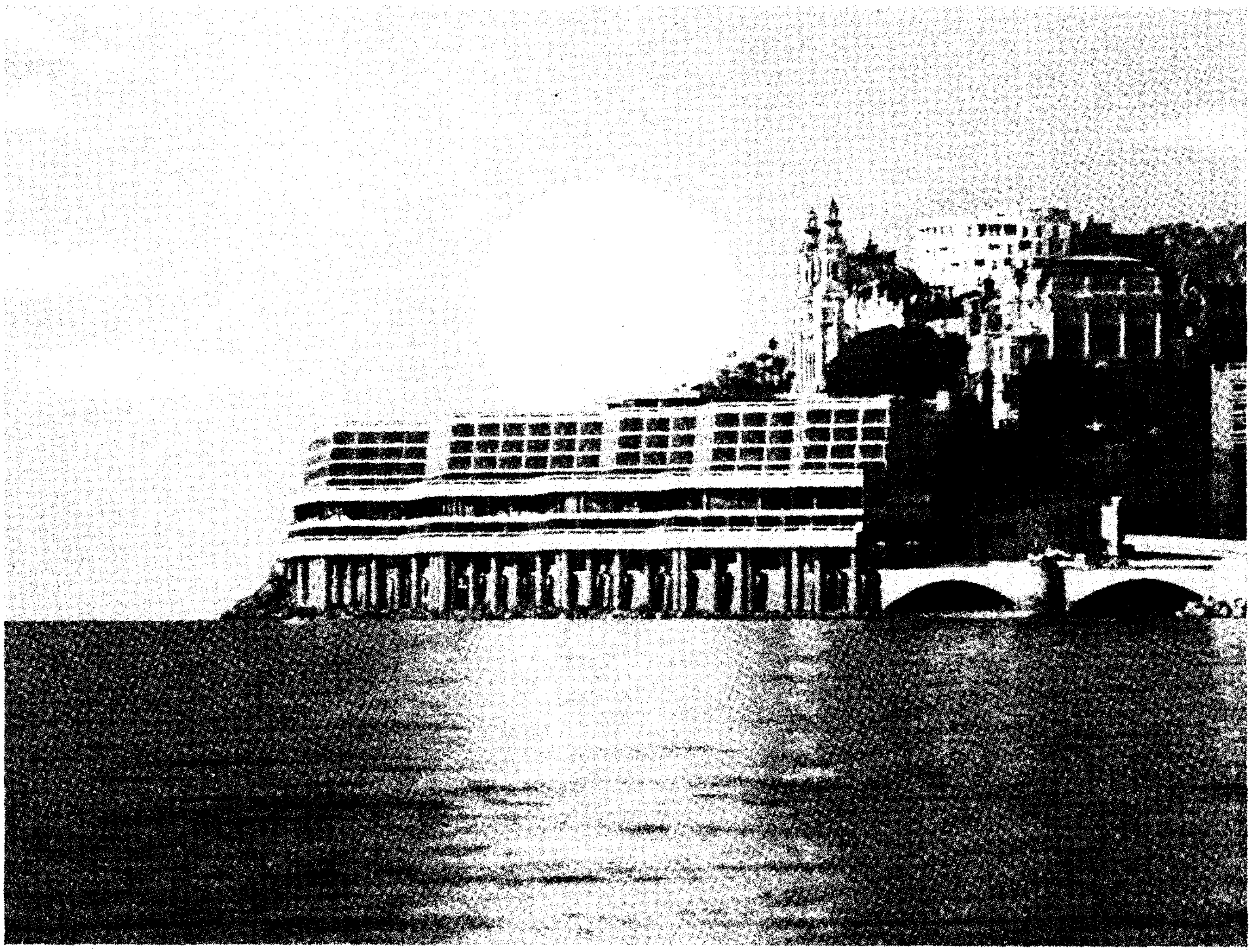
Lee Savage—Drawings and pastels, some of them taken from a life-class notebook and some of them formal presentations. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Large paintings done in pale colors and with meticulous care, in which doves, other birds, and three-dimensional geometric forms are arranged in grid patterns—a remarkable shift from his recent (1976) depictions of lower East Side savagery. Through Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Albert York—Small, plain paintings (of people, animals, and landscapes), whose very plainness probably contributes to the strange aura that they emanate. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Jack Zajac—Semi-abstract sculptures, most of them representing struggling rams and goats. The indoor pieces, done in bronze and marble, are at the Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Nov. 4), and the outdoor pieces are at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Feb. 28).

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Europeans who worked in this century and the last, including Chagall, Monet, Bonnard, Miró. Through Friday, Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who were exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 gallery. They include Matisse, Nadelman, Cézanne, Demuth, Steichen. Through Nov. 2. (A complementary show is at the Washburn Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: One of Rouault's beefy judges and a splendid small gouache of a woman's head by Picasso are among the items of special interest in this group show of Modern Masters. Through Nov. 4.... **REED**, 120 E. 78th St.: A benefit show of paintings and works on paper by current and former faculty members of the Yale School of Art, among them Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Alex Katz, Mel Bochner, and James Rosenquist. Starts Thursday, Oct. 19. (Opens at 1.)... **WILDEN-**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

STEIN, *19 E. 64th St.*: The development of the landscape genre in Europe between the seventeenth century and the early nineteenth century is the basis of a benefit loan exhibit here. The paintings and drawings are by Ruisdael, Corot, Turner, and others. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOEL BASS—Abstract collages made of metal foil and snippets of painted metal which all seem to have been flattened out with an electric iron. Through Nov. 8. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

JUDITH BERNSTEIN—Charcoal drawings of stove bolts, done in huge, Oldenburgian proportions. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—A two-gallery exhibit of recent works by a leading sculptor. At the Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St., a huge piece, entitled "Confrontation," consisting of fifty-one wooden triangular shapes assembled (like chairs) around what might be taken for a banquet table laden with loaves and bowls. At the Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St., the triangles, much smaller, are painted red and blue and assembled into dream castles rising from a forlorn dwelling with a single bare room. Both shows run through Saturday, Oct. 21.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Landscapes dating from 1915 to 1925. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St.)

JACK BUSH (1909-1977) / **CORA KELLEY WARD**—Color-field paintings not previously exhibited. Through Wednesday, Oct. 25. / Black-and-white photographs that this abstract painter took of art-world figures (Henry Geldzahler, Thomas Hess, Leo Castelli) in the sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—New Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—This artist, who has a fondness for New York scenes, simplifies them almost to the point of abstraction but always manages to catch the glare of sunlight reflected from automobile windshields, shop windows, and so on. The works are in oil on paper or canvas, and pastels. Through Nov. 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

MARTHA DIAMOND—Abstract paintings, most of them of simple shapes representing monuments or towers, done on aluminum in thick oil strokes against equally thick, contrasting backgrounds. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Large abstract collages made up of simple forms arranged with absolute authority. In some of the works, a strip of printed music adds a grace note. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Sculptures based on rock formations and done in wood, welded steel, or cast bronze, plus pencil drawings of the kinds of rocks that inspired them. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

JACKIE FERRARA—Six new sugar-pine constructions. Through Nov. 9. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

IRA JOEL HABER—Boxes that contain houses set in harsh environments of boulders and scrub-by trees. Also works on paper. Through Nov. 4. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—New paintings based on Biblical and mythological themes, and a huge one evocative of the Lascaux caves, all done in the fresh colors and free-form sort of drawing that are characteristic of her work. Through Nov. 7. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANNE HEALY—Sail-like triangles of bronze screening, nearly nine and a half feet tall, plus models and photographs of other sculptural pieces, projected and realized. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ One large sculpture, two models, and twelve photographs. Through Nov. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

TOM HOLLAND—Large sculptures cut from sheet aluminum and fibre glass, bolted together like collages and painted with resins. Some are freestanding, and others are meant to hang on the wall. Through Nov. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Primary colors applied to primed canvas, and works on paper by a San Francisco artist previously known here for his three-dimensional constructions made of sticks and cowboy paraphernalia. Through Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

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SUSAN KAPROV—The mediums are *really* mixed in this artist's abstract compositions; colored Xerox prints, oils, pencil, encaustic. Through Friday, Oct. 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ED KERNS—This artist mounts his canvas on fibre board, cakes it with layers of oils and acrylics, slits it, sews it together roughly, and paints it some more. Through Nov. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE KUEHN—Maquettes for much larger steel pieces by a sculptor who achieves what looks like a precarious balance in his work by chaining large sections of it together. Through Nov. 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRICE MARDEN—Large canvases divided up into large vertical panels of color. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

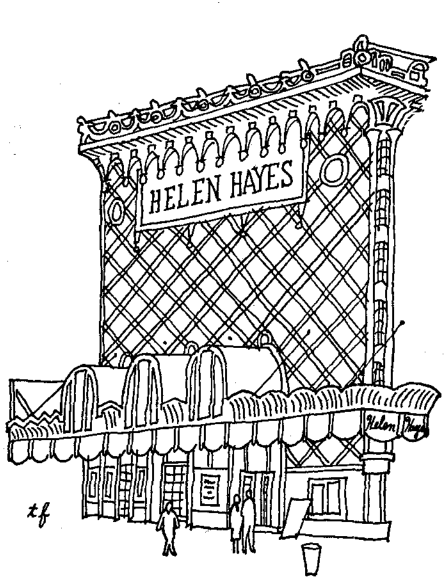
BETTY PARSONS—One of this artist-dealer's former associates, Jock Truman, had a dream some time ago in which he saw seven big, fanciful totem poles made by Mrs. Parsons standing against the back wall of his gallery. The dream so affected him that he talked her into vastly increasing the scale of the small driftwood constructions she had been working on all along, and arranged with her regular gallery, Kornblee, for a joint show. The result is a fine exhibition of large, colorful sculptures—some of them ten feet tall—made mostly from flotsam and jetsam, assembled by a woman who seems to turn everything she touches into art. There are also a number of paintings and drawings. And three of the envisioned totem poles are standing against the back wall of the Truman Gallery. Through Nov. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St., and Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA (1905-71)—Late works by the geometric abstractionist. Through Nov. 11. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN POSEN—Four floral still-lifes, and other paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Paintings, many with an overall design of geometric symbols, from the last ten years. Through Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MARTHA RYTHER—Engaging paintings done in reverse on glass by the eighty-two-year-old widow of Morris Kantor—her first show in New York in nearly forty years. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



MILLARD SHEETS—Oils and watercolors by this peripatetic artist—Tahiti, Mexico, Russia, Iowa, California are represented here—whose forte is the reduction of his subjects to simple masses. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—Subway riders are the subjects of a series of gouaches painted on sheets of the *Morning Telegraph* (the train was headed for the race track). Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

JOYCE WEINSTEIN—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 2. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Nov. 15. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: A sparkling collection of small works by fifty-five artists who have shown at this gallery over the past fifteen years. Through Wednesday, Oct. 25. . . . **GLADSTONE-VILLANI**, a new gallery at 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of works on paper includes large patterns made up of little medallions, each of which tells a story, by Robin Lehrer; abstract patterns with some figurative elements by Richard Kalina; and intricate designs worked out in color on a grid by Gloria Klein. Through Nov. 11. . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a number of Europeans, among them Giacometti, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ballet studies of the thirties and forties by four artists: Paul Cadmus, Emlen Etting, Waldo Pierce, and Paul Meltsner. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . **NOBÉ**, 250 W. 57th St.: Abstract works on paper by Deborah Salt, Ned Smyth, Susan Smith, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Woman: from Nostalgia to Now" offers works by Lindner, Rivers, Segal, Balthus, Pascin, Avery, and other big names. Through Nov. 4. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs (by Peggy Bacon, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, and others) that were exhibited in Alfred Stieglitz's Intimate Gallery between 1926 and 1929. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

JEFFREY BROSK / **PHOEBE HELMAN**—A full-scale wooden model of a projected steel-and-concrete piece, twelve feet high and sixty-six feet long, entitled "Ebbets Field." Through Nov. 4. / Large wooden sculptures with a Gothic quality. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

HILO CHEN—Photo-Realist paintings of women in bathtubs. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

DAVID DIAO—New nonobjective paintings. Through Nov. 4. (115 Spring Street Gallery, second floor. Opens at 1.)

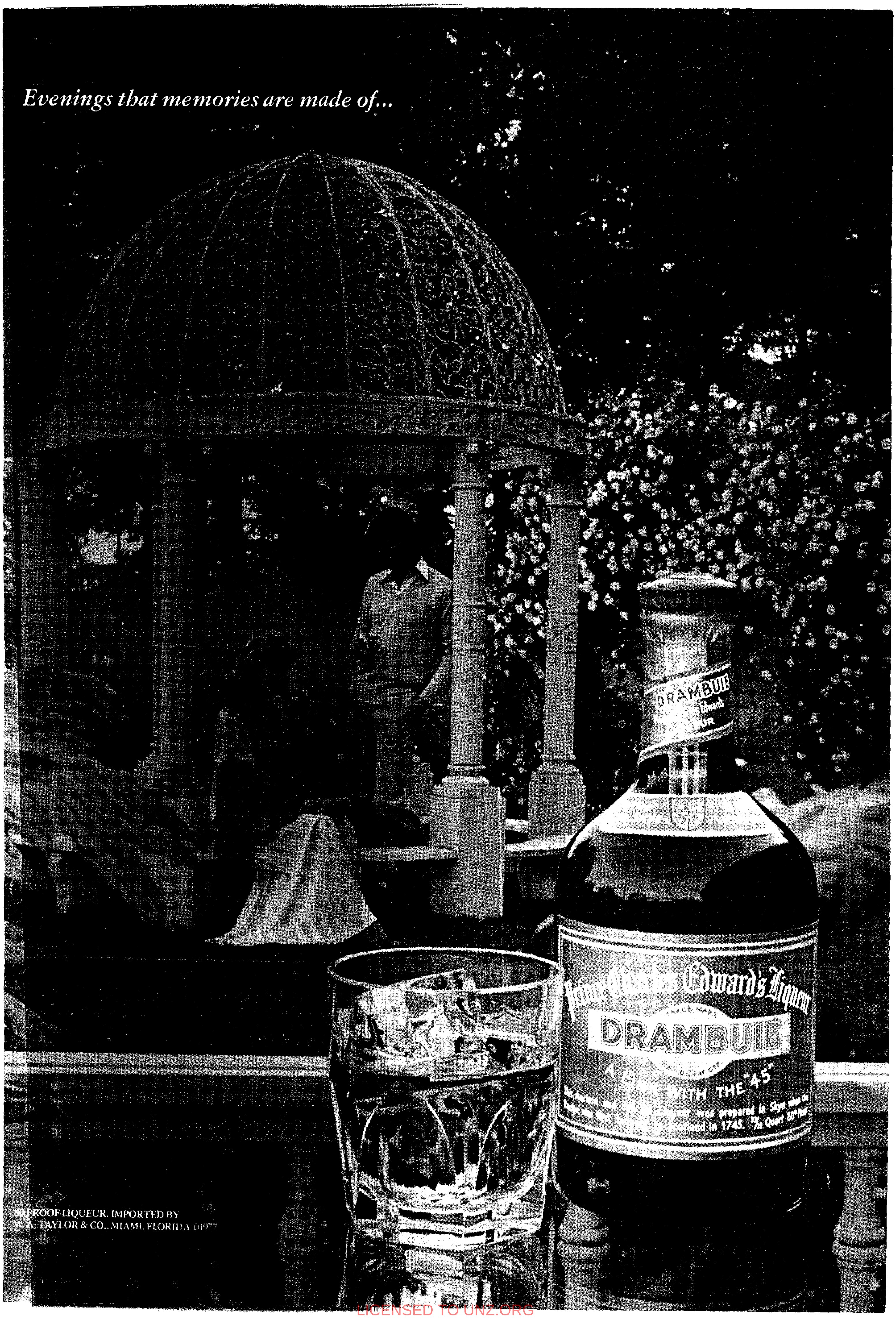
VALERIE JAUDON—Large new paintings of intricate arabesque patterns; in the largest and newest work, the concentric circular theme gives way to three Gothic-looking lancet arches in the heart of the design. Through Wednesday, Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

DONALD JUDD—Seventeen handsomely carpentered plywood boxes, hung on the wall at eye level so that the variations in their interior design can be appreciated. Also, half a dozen etchings of the plans for the boxes. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

MEL KATZ—Pillar-like wall pieces, eight or nine feet tall, made of fibre-glass-covered foam laced with colored polyester. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

RICHARD LONG—Four circles laid out on the floor like rugs; the largest, sixteen feet across, is made of pieces of New Jersey bluestone, and the others, variously, of red slate, charred fragments from an old Hudson River pier, and sixty-eight pieces of driftwood scavenged from the River Avon. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

ELIZABETH MURRAY—Abstract oils, some of them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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on vaguely star-shaped canvases. Through Nov. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—The discrete rectangular forms that in the past made up this artist's large abstract paintings have been succeeded by softer-looking curtains of color. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Buky Schwartz / Richard Pettibone—Two closed-circuit-TV installations that involve gallery visitors, and a videotape showing the artist in his studio. / Constructions, most of whose individual parts are miniature copies of other artists' works (an Ingres portrait, for example). Through Nov. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Arlene Sklar-Weinstein—Collages that incorporate photographs. Through Nov. 2. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Wall sculptures combining velvet, satin, and plaster. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Among the exhibitors in a show introducing new artists are Ann Turnley, who implants cutout designs in the pulp from which she makes paper; Milo Reice, who illustrates classics ("Chaucer's First Date" is the title of one piece); and Paul Caranicas, who makes fine perspective drawings of abandoned Coast Artillery emplacements. Through Nov. 4. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SOHO 20**, 90 Spring St.: Eight women artists—paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ida Appelbroog—Wall boxes in which paper cutouts tell dramatic stories, most of which arise from the viewer's imagination. Through Nov. 4. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Claire Moore—Graphite-on-paper compositions that incorporate various words. Through Nov. 4. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Frank Stella—Forty working drawings, a maquette, and three wall constructions over ten feet tall, from the series "Targowica" (1973). Through Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Lewis Baltz—Nevada landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marie Cosindas / Ray Metzker—Still-lifes and portraits by a photographer (one-time painter) whose manipulations of Polaroid-film emulsions achieve the soft look of oils. / Black-and-white abstractions. Through Oct. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Jan Dibbets and Douglas Huebler—Black-and-white prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Elliott Erwitt—A retrospective that consists of a hundred and fifty prints. Through Nov. 25. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Florence Henri—Prints from the twenties and thirties by a photographer who was at one time associated with the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Wright Morris—Midwestern scenes of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through Nov. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Art Sinsabaugh—Forty sharp-focus landscapes (they were made with an outsize view camera) of the Midwest and the East are on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Karen Tweedy-Holmes—Black-and-white pictures of Victorian façades and interiors, plus color prints of West Indies *flora* and *fauna*. Through Nov. 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

C. E. Watkins (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Todd Watts—Allegorical photographs, most of them diptychs or triptychs, which show sombre figures in interiors. Through Thursday, Oct. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Dudley Witney—This Canadian photographer is showing pictures he made of American and Canadian resorts for the book "Summer Places," written by Brendan Gill. Through Friday, Oct. 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Starts Saturday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is receiving its devotees in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Nov. 5. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Art Sinsabaugh's landscapes and cityscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ A small display of additions to the museum's collections includes a ceramic sculpture by Robert Arneson and a drawing by Dorothea Rockburne. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of sculptures from the last ten years which reflect a link with architecture. Some of the sculptors are Alice Aycock, Rafael Ferrer, Michael Hurson, and George Grant. Through Wednesday, Oct. 25. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ The cynosure of a display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" is the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles. Not to be overlooked, however, is the welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ French and Italian neo-classical drawings and prints, selected for their depictions of interior decoration and architecture. In addition, related objects and textiles from the period. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Gold and silver pieces (saltcellars, tankards, bowls, and so forth) by New York craftsmen, mostly. The earliest object is a spoon dated 1678. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

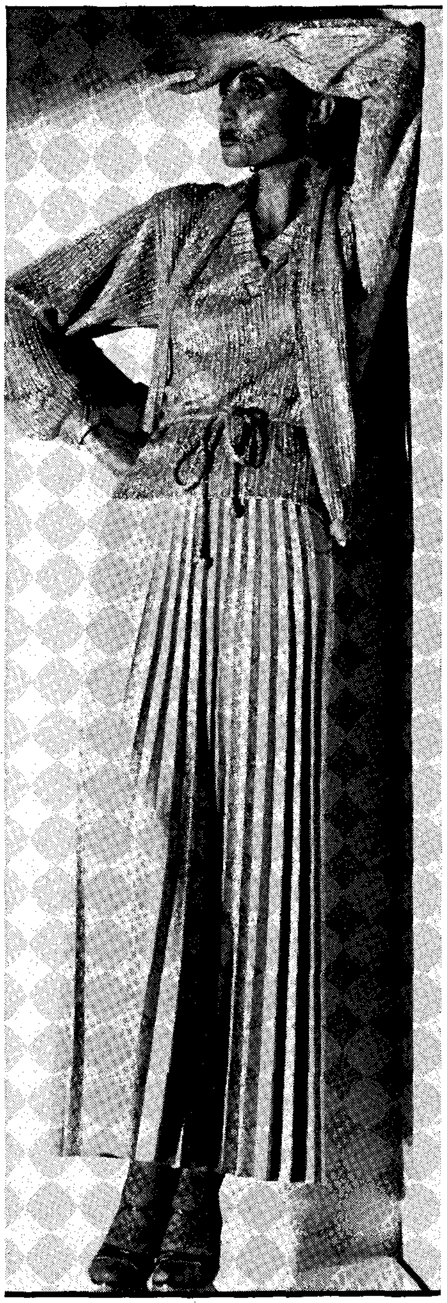
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit of Richard Mayhew's semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 18: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 19: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 20: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Kurt Moll; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 21: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Roberta Peters, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Cheek; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 21: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 23: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 24: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Roberta Peters, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Cheek; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 25: A new production of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "Rigoletto," with Judith Ble-



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gen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Philip Booth; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Roberta Peters, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Cheek; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Philip Booth; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Gwenlynn Little, Jacque Trussel, and William Chapman; conducted by Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Pablo Elvira, Spiro Malas, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Judith Dickison, Gerald Grahame, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2: "La Fanciulla del West," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Eunice Hill, Luis Lima, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Sharon Daniels, Martha Thigpen, Howard Hensel, and Alan Kays; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Jane Shaulis, John Sandor, and Dominic Cossa; Victor De Renzi.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Judith Ehrlich, Lando Bartolini, and William Justus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, and Charles Long; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, June Anderson, Gerald Grahame, Thomas Jamerson, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Victor De Renzi.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2: "Street Scene," with Eileen Schauler, Catherine Malfitano, Alan Kays, and William Chapman; John Mauceri.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Judith Ehrlich, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Victor De Renzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Michael Gielen conducting Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 19-21, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin).... ¶ James Levine conducting on Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 27, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 (all with Mark Zeltser, piano).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Toulouse Symphony—Michel Plasson conducting, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8, an all-Berlioz program, with Robert Vernon, viola.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8, a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Annabelle Bernard, soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus; and the Newark Boys Chorus.... **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Friday, Oct. 27, at 8, a varied program, with Daniel Majeske, violin.

Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra—Kurt Masur conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8, with Karl Suske, violin, and Dietmar Hallmann, viola; and Friday, Oct. 27, at 8, with Peter Rösel, piano.)

Eastman Wind Ensemble—Donald Hunsberger conducting a program of American music, with Barry Snyder, piano, and Bonita Boyd, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Ensemble Nipponia (Nihon Ongaku Shudan)—Minoru Miki conducting a program of classical and modern Japanese music played on traditional Japanese instruments. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2.)

Greenwich Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting a program of music by Kurt Weill, with Barbara Martin, soprano, and Richard Young, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Hilda Harris—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Julian Bream and John Williams—Classical guitarists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Continental Brazilian Piano Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "Music of the Crusades." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Julián Autrey—Violin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Music from Aston Magna—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Toronto Consort—A program of Elizabethan music, entitled "Long Live Fair Oriana." (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Robert Davidovici—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

Roman Romanov—Baritone, in a program of Russian gypsy songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

André Bernard and Réjean Poirier—Trumpet and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

André Laplante—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Coffee Concert—A recital by the Marlboro Trio, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, Oct. 22, at noon.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2.)

Music for a While—A program of music of the Middle Ages. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; and Laurence Lesser and Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2.)

Itzhak Perlman—Presenting the cycle of Bach's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

unaccompanied sonatas and partitas, in two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3, and Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Joseph Villa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member repertory-chamber ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Richard Morris—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Ralph Evans—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Nathaniel Rosen—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Romeros Quartet—Classical guitarists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one celebrating Elliott Carter's seventieth birthday and including early works by him. With Susan Davenny Wyner, mezzo-soprano; Yehudi Wyner and Alan Feinberg, pianos; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Alexandre Lagoya—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Ronald Roseman, Ani Kavafian, Kenneth Cooper, and Richard Taruskin—Oboe, violin, harpsichord, and viola da gamba. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Takemitsu Concert—Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi in a benefit program of chamber music by Toru Takemitsu. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Music of Hugo Wolf—A program of his works, performed by the Kohon String Quartet; Berenice Bramson, soprano; and Eugene Seaman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 28. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 21: Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Dayton, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Villanova, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 28: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Pittsburgh, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 22: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 25. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Oct. 28. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 20; the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 21; and the Turf Classic, Sunday, Oct. 22. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 25, through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Young America, Thursday, Oct. 19. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Saturday, Oct. 21, through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 21, and the Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 28.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 19-21, at 7 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:15 and 6:15: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: Dance competitions and Ladies' Pairs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 11 and 1:40: Free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 22, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 67th St., at approximately 12:40.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

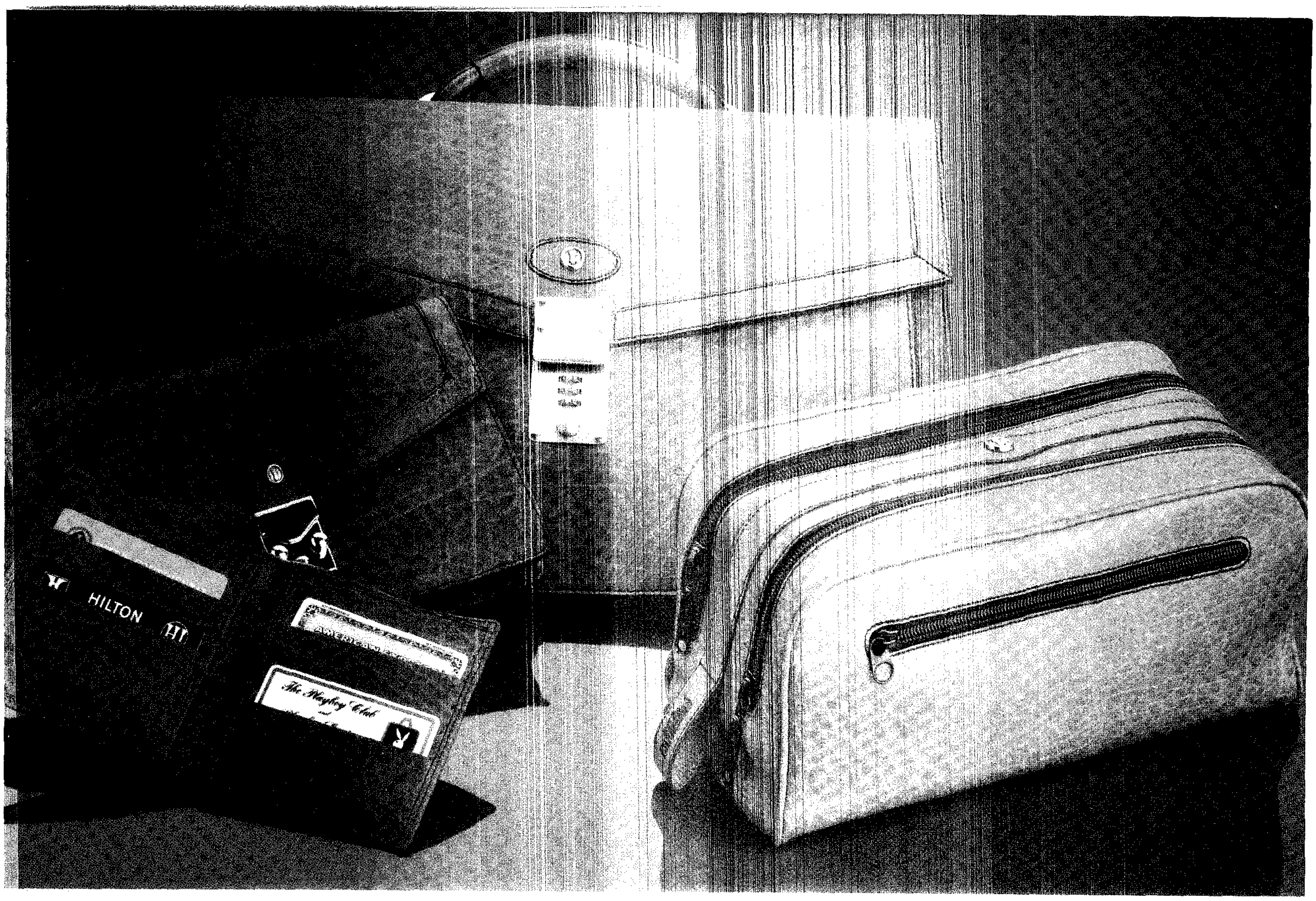
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Thomas Lux and Gerald Stern reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays are a collection of daguerreotypes from the Photographic Historical Society of New York, some African tribal sculptures, and French figural bottles of soldiers and sailors. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 18-21, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18-19, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Montgomery Scott Harkins and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 10:15: Modern and contemporary paintings, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, scientific instruments, English furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 21. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 20, at 10:30: Jewels, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 10:30 and 2: Americana, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 10:30: Eastern rugs, from many owners.



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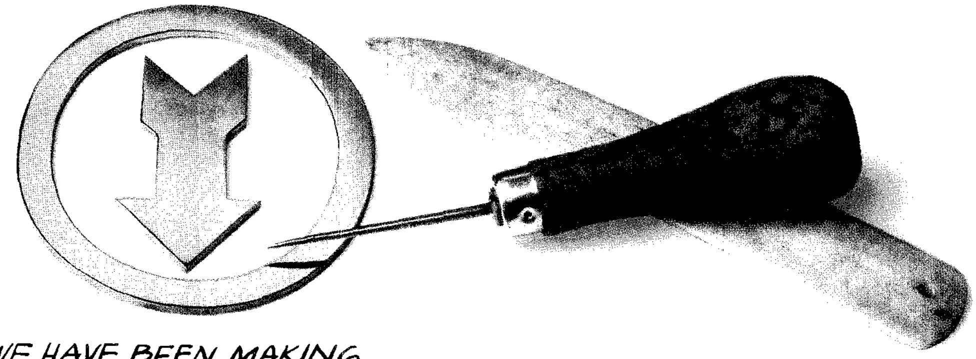

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 22: "Céline and Julie Go Boating."
Oct. 23: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 24: "Macunaima."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Girl Friends."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 24: "An Unmarried Woman" and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 19: "Grease."
From Oct. 20: "A Slave of Love."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Up in Smoke."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 24: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
From Oct. 25: "The Wiz."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Wedding."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Somebody Killed Her Husband."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 24: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
From Oct. 25: "The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Goin' South."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Foul Play."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Bloodbrothers."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Midnight Express."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Big Fix."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"No Time for Breakfast."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 19: "Pretty Baby."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Interiors."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 24: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
From Oct. 25: "The Wiz."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Up in Smoke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Big Fix."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride." From Oct. 20: "Tommy."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Women."
Theatre 2: "Interiors."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 19: "Viva Italia!" From Oct. 20: "Bloodbrothers."
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Pearl."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Oct. 24: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Oct. 25: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Wedding."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Perceval."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Oct. 24: "Girl Friends."
From Oct. 25: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Grease."
Theatre 2: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "Heaven Can Wait."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 19: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" and "A Boy and His Dog."
From Oct. 20: "Who'll Stop the Rain" and "The Big Sleep."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Oct. 18: "Bloodbrothers." (†)
Oct. 19: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 20: "Tommy." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Oct. 18: Theatre closed.
Oct. 19-23: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" (†)
Oct. 24: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 25: "The Wiz." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Midnight Express." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Oct. 19: "Blind Rage," "Number One of the Secret Service," and "Tong Father."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 19: "Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)
From Oct. 20: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Big Fix." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 18: "A Woman's Decision" (1977), in Polish, directed by Krzysztof Zanussi; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.
Oct. 19: "The Principal Enemy" (1974) and "Courage of the People" (1971), both films in Spanish, directed by Jorge Sanjines.
Oct. 20-21: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Glen and Randa" (1971), directed by Jim McBride, with Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton.
Oct. 22: "Hi, Mom!" (†); and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Oct. 23: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wedding Party" (1966), directed by Brian De Palma, with Charles Pfluger.
Oct. 24: "Sisters" (†); and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.
Oct. 25: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, the final concert of the rock group The Band; and "Phantom of the Paradise." (†)
Oct. 26: "The Fury" (1978), directed by Brian De Palma, with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 18: "Salome" (1922), a silent film, directed by Charles Bryant, with Alla Nazimova; and "Valentino" (1977), directed by Ken Russell, with Rudolf Nureyev.
Oct. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969), directed by Richard Lester, with Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, and Michael Hordern.
Oct. 20: "The White Sheik" (†) and "Variety Lights." (†)
Oct. 21: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (†)
Oct. 22: "Madame Butterfly" (1956), the opera performed by Japanese actors and sung in Italian by Italian singers; and "My Song Goes Round the World" (1936), with Joseph Schmidt.
Oct. 23: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Deux Fois" (1971), in French, directed by Jackie Raynal.
Oct. 24: "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Oct. 25: "El" (†); and "Tristana" (1970),

in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

Oct. 26: "Cat People" (†); "I Walked with a Zombie" (†); and "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Tom Conway and Jean Brooks.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 19: "Sensations" (1975) and "The Naughty Victorians" (1975), both X-rated films.

Oct. 20-21: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Wild Strawberries." (†)

Oct. 22-23: "Gypsy." (†)

Oct. 24: "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Laurence Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde; and "Accident." (†)

Oct. 25-26: "Welcome to L. A." (†) and "Chinatown." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Oct. 18: "A Free Woman" (1974), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady.

Oct. 19-21: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Luc Simon; and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Oct. 22-23: "The Ceremony" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "The Merchant of Four Seasons." (†)

Oct. 24-25: "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime" (†); and "Enjo" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

From Oct. 26: "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1971; in German), "La Soufrière" (1977; English narration), and "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; in German), all films directed by Werner Herzog.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 18: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Alex in Wonderland" (1970), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Donald Sutherland, Ellen Burstyn, Jeanne Moreau, and Federico Fellini.

Oct. 19-21: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and June Preisser; and "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

Oct. 22-23: "The Search" (†); and "Captains Courageous" (1937), directed by Victor Fleming, with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, and Lionel Barrymore.

Oct. 24-25: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" (1964), directed by Charles Walters, with Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell, and Ed Begley; and "Bells Are Ringing." (†)

From Oct. 26: "Woman of the Year" (†) and "Libeled Lady." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 19: "Algiers" (1938), directed by John Cromwell, with Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, and Joseph Calleia; and "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Sam Jaffe.

Oct. 20-21: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

Oct. 22-23: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Jean Simmons, and Stanley Holloway.

Oct. 24: "Bitter Victory" (1959), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman; and "Attack!" (1956), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Jack Palance, Eddie Albert, and Lee Marvin.

Oct. 25-26: "This Land Is Mine" (1943), directed by Jean Renoir, with Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak; and "The Beachcomber." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 18: "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan; and "Maytime" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore.

Oct. 19: "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Frances Langford, and Una Merkel; and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, Judy Garland, Buddy Ebsen, and George Murphy.

Oct. 20-21: "Ninotchka" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Oct. 22-23: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Ghost Breakers" (1940), directed by George Marshall, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Paul Lukas, and Richard Carlson.

Oct. 24: "The Toy Wife" (1938), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Luise Rainer, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young; and "The Stranger's Return" (1933), directed by King Vidor, with Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins, and Franchot Tone.

Oct. 25: "Don Juan" (1926), directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Myrna Loy; and "The Mad Genius" (1931), directed by Michael Curtiz, with John Barrymore, Boris Karloff, and Mirian Marsh.

Oct. 26: "Stagecoach" (†) and "The Long Voyage Home." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 19 at 2:30: "Atarashiki Tsuchi" (1936), in Japanese and German, directed by Arnold Fanck and Mansaku Itami, with Setsuko Hara and Sessue Hayakawa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "Saiyuki: Tessen Koshu" (1941), in Japanese, directed by Nagamasa Kawakita, an animated film; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Anatahan" (1953), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "I'll Always Love You" (1933), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Elsa De Giorgi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at noon: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "1860" (1933), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Giuseppe Gulino and Aida Bellia; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5: "I'll Always Love You." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon: "And Then There Were None." . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "La Signora di Tutti" (1934), in Italian, directed by Max Ophuls, with Isa Miranda; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: "La Signora Senza Camelie" (1953), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Lucia Bose and Alain Cuny; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at noon: "Beginnings" (1976), directed by Maren and Reed Erskine, and "The Craziest Thing You Ever Saw" (1971), directed by Alfred R. Shands and Peter R. Pearce. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Seconda B." (1934), in Italian, directed by Goffredo Alessandrini, with Sergio Tofano; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6: "1860." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: "Beginnings" and "The Craziest Thing You Ever Saw." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "Bataille du Rail" (1945), in French, directed by René Clement, foreword by Charles Boyer; English narration and subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade" (1978), directed by Lorraine Gray. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "Figaro's Big Day" (1931), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Gianfranco Giachetti and Leda Gloria; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6: "La Signora di Tutti." . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 8:30: "Vecchia Guardia" (1934), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Gianfranco Giachetti. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 22: "Showboat 1988—The Remake" (1978), directed by Richard Schmidt. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 24: A videotape program by Froese, Greenfield, Harvey, and T.R. Uthco. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Oct. 19-22: "Controlling Interest: The World of the Multinational Corporation" (1978), produced by California Newsreel; "Bottle Babies" (1975), directed by Peter Krieg; and "CIA Case Officer" (1978), directed by Saul Landau. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 26: "The Turbulent 30's: Films of Political Struggle," a program of seven short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Cinema Village; Oct. 24.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Autumn Sonata—With Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, and Lena Nyman; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Baronet.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—A charming, neglected romantic comedy. The happiest screen collaboration of Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton—they're both wonderful—is in this adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story, "The Vessel of Wrath." It's set on an island in the Pacific, which Maugham calls Baru, and it's concerned with the efforts of the prim, missionary Lanchester to reform the carnal, ribald beachcomber Laughton. The situation is the reverse of that in Maugham's Sadie Thompson story, but with a light, comic tone. The Hepburn-Bogart "African Queen" probably took a few notions from it. Erich Pommer directed, with Robert Newton. (A 1954 version, starring Glynis Johns, with Newton in the Laughton role, isn't in the same class.) (Thalia; Oct. 25-26.)

Bells Are Ringing (1960)—The famous Adolph Green/Betty Comden/Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she so obviously has brains. (Regency; Oct. 24-25.)

The Big Fix—With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach, and Bonnie Bedelia; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

The Big Sleep—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Mar-

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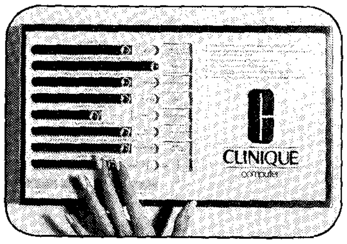

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lowe. Directed by Michael Winner. (Olympia; starting Oct. 20.)

The Black Pearl—With Gilbert Roland and Carl Anderson, directed by Saul Swimmer. (Guild.)

Bloodbrothers—Trying for something crude, powerful, volatile, the director, Robert Mulligan, has made a film that opens like an ABC Movie of the Week. It has Sears, Roebuck imagery—you order it from the catalogue. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner, like that of "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." People laugh with hysterical heartiness in this movie, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms, Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/2/78.) (Cinema II.... ¶ Criterion; Oct. 18.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 20.)

A Boy and His Dog (1976)—Sci-fi fantasy, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards, based on a Harlan Ellison short novel and directed by L. Q. Jones. (Olympia; through Oct. 19.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. Peck, in his jungle hideaway, staring into the future as he walks unconcernedly among the mutants he has created, just doesn't have it in him to inspire primitive terror; his effects are all on the surface, and he looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter (a fictional counterpart of Simon Wiesenthal). Olivier does a flirtatious impersonation of aged, hammy Jewish actors, such as the late Albert Basserman and Felix Bressart, with their querulous, whiny voices and their fussiness—their way of seeming almost helpless yet resourceful, sagacious, and totally *good*.

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He takes off on this cloying humanistic style just enough to be very funny, and then, in the key sequences, he rises above his Viennese singsongy charm and demonstrates that the harmless-old-bore act of the aged can be a way of saving oneself for the things that count. He's the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Ziegfeld.)

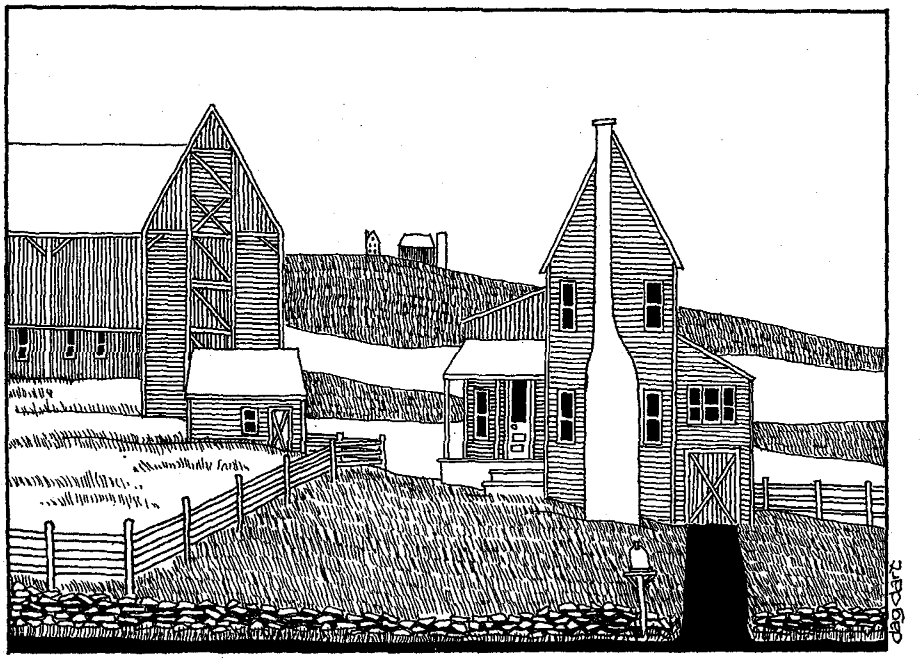
Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much better than the almost totally incompetent horror trash that was being turned out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Céline and Julie Go Boating—With Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (Little Theatre; through Oct. 22.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Cinema Village; Oct. 25-26.)



Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Olympia through Oct. 19.... ¶ Rivoli; starting Oct 20.)

Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride—With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. (Victoria.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Oct. 19.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and importan film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

Death on the Nile—The Agatha Christie story with Peter Ustinov, directed by John Guillermin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1952)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme o jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (D. W. Griffith, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate (8/21/78) (Art.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St. through Oct. 24.)

Goin' South—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Coronet.)

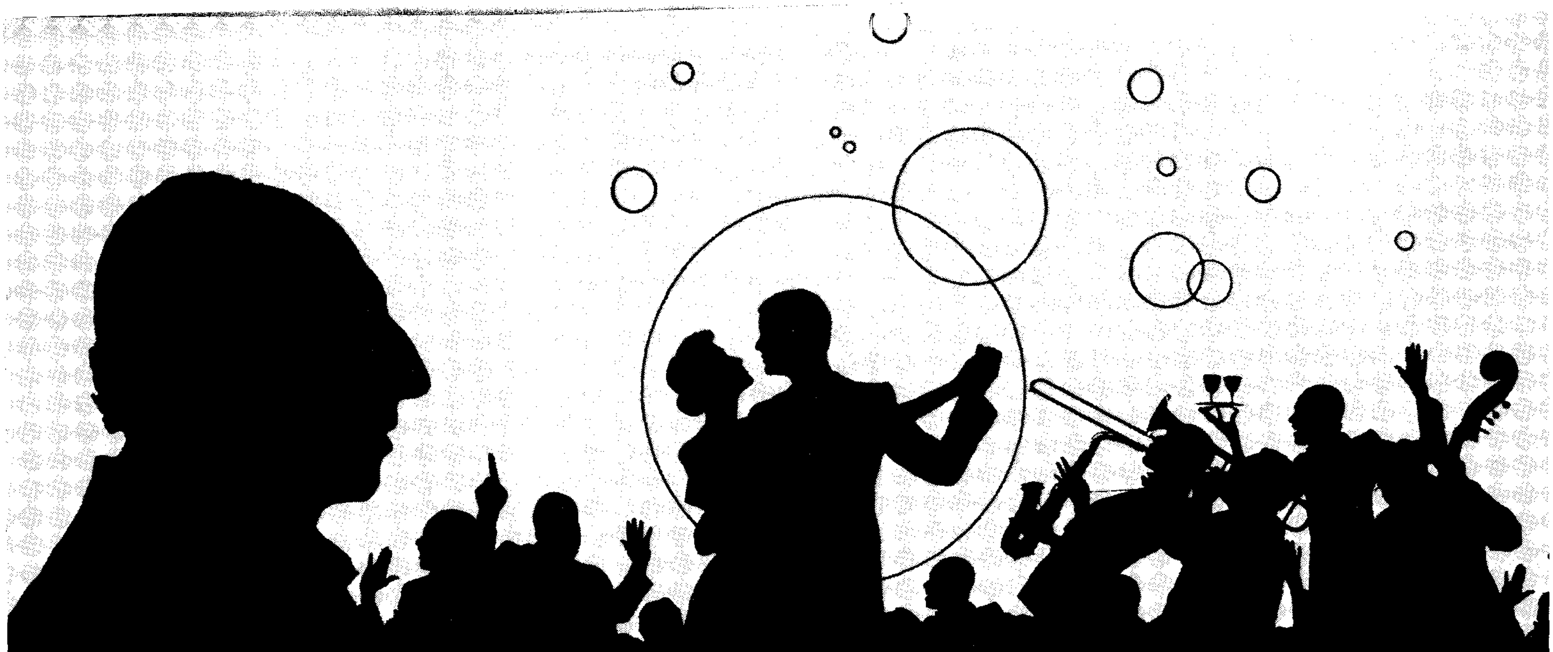
Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a pas decade that the people who lived through i will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy... ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 19.)

Gypsy (1962)—A thoroughly repellent adaptation of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and other credits match. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. (Cinema Village; Oct. 22-23.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead footbal player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty (7/10/78) (Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad and Embassy.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blu movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny sometimes pretty forced. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen who has written and directed a magnificen study of a family in the midst of chang Nearly all the members of the family ar



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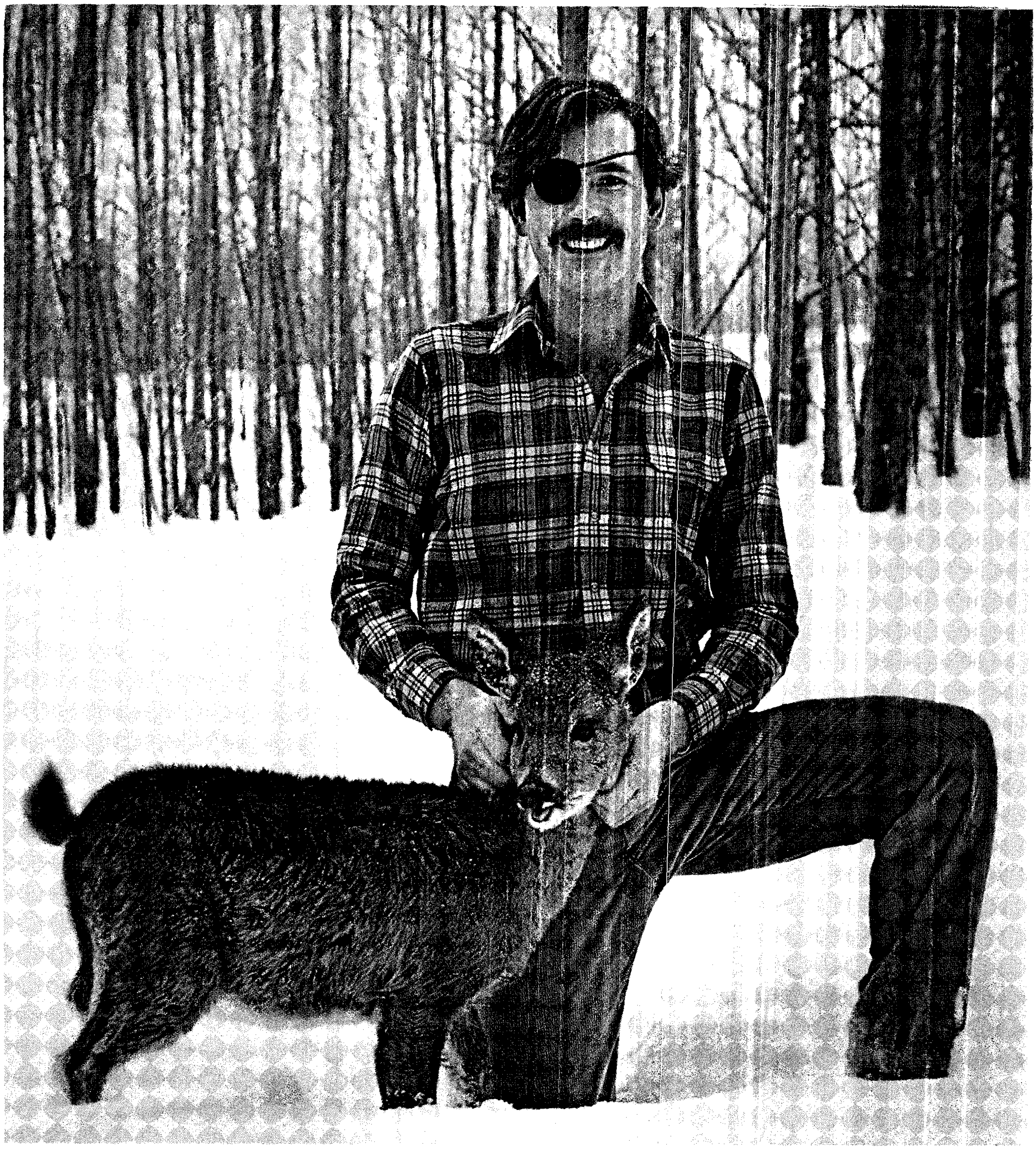

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script was derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 24-25.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 24.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Regency; starting Oct. 26.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—One of the finest of all the movies that deal with life at sea, and one of the most successful of all attempts to put Eugene O'Neill on film—perhaps because the director, John Ford, and the adapter, Dudley Nichols, were so free in their approach to O'Neill's material. The young Mildred Natwick has a memorable scene in a café with John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald's return to the ship is a truly great moment. Gregg Toland did the cinematography (which includes some early experiments in deep focus); with Thomas Mitchell, Wilfrid Lawson, Ward Bond, John Qualen, and Joe Sawyer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

Macunaima (1972)—A satirical fairy-tale extravaganza from Brazil, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 24.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 22-23.)

Midnight Express—With Brad Davis, Jimmy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, Gemini 2, and Loews State 2.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Ninotchka (1939)—"Garbo Laughs," said the original ads, but there is by now a widespread story that when the time came for her laughing scene she pantomimed laughter beautifully, but no sound emerged; it was later provided by someone anonymous in the lab. The rest of her performance is her own—and she brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. Screenplay by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, from a screen story by Melchior Lengyel. (The material is no more than a musical-comedy turn, which it became in the stage musical "Silk Stockings," filmed in 1957.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20-21.)

No Time for Breakfast—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Perceval—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 19.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Rivoli; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Oct. 25.)

The Search (1948)—Both Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift made their screen débuts with the director Fred Zinnemann—Brando in "The Men" (1950) and Clift in this film, which was made in a quasi-documentary style (using actors as if they were documentary subjects and mixing them in with non-professionals) in a Zurich studio and in the U.N.R.R.A. camps in the U.S. Occupied Zone of Germany. It's about the terrors of the refugee children of the Second World War. A group of them panic when they're being put in a Red Cross ambulance, because they think they're being tricked into a motorized gas chamber, and a wild, inarticulate little boy (played by nine-year-old Ivan Jandl, from Prague) runs away. Clift plays an American soldier who finds the boy, takes him in, gradually wins his trust, and restores him to speech. Clift's gestures and vocal rhythms and his emotional rapport with the child are different from the acting that moviegoers had been familiar with; he's intensely engaging in a new stylized, yet realistic, way. The movie crosscuts between what is happening to the boy and scenes of his desperate, persistent Czech mother (played by singer Jarmila Novotna), who is trudging from camp to camp in search of him. The emotion gets to viewers, even though the manipulated suspense and the sentimental softening prevent the film from doing anything like justice to its subject. As an U.N.R.R.A. worker, Aline MacMahon radiates motherly warmth; with Wendell Corey. Zinnemann had been working in Hollywood

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since 1930, but many people who saw this film thought him a brilliant new European director, and his reputation was made. (Regency; Oct. 22-23.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Oct. 20-21.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin doesn't have the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning). At this point in his career, he could have achieved some virtuoso stunts, but he lurches his way through the picture; he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 24.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 20.)

Somebody Killed Her Husband—A romantic suspense comedy that resembles the pictures that Ginger Rogers did in the late thirties—the ones about ordinary, pleasant people falling in love and getting into farfetched scrapes. But when this dishy blonde (Farrah Fawcett-Majors, in her first movie as a star) walks through the toy department of Macy's with her toddler son in a stroller and spills a bag of pretzels, and a clerk (Jeff Bridges) rushes to her assistance and looks into her teeth and it's love at first sight, everything seems a little custardy and congealed. Did the screenwriter, Reginald Rose, pull the script out of a filing cabinet where it had rested for decades? Bridges probably does better by the dated romantic badinage than anybody else could have, and he makes the movie semi-watchable. John Glover's pinched-faced, amused craziness is also entertaining, and John Wood and Tammy Grimes try for a stylish, arch ghoulishness, but they don't have the witty lines that are needed to support that style. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (10/9/78) (Trans-Lux East.)

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Stagecoach (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion; starting Oct. 20.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Oct. 24.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in a doper's single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. It's an exploitation slapstick comedy, rather than a family picture, such as "Blazing Saddles" or "High Anxiety"—which means that it's dirtier, wilder, and sillier. (It's also better paced.) With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 19.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (10/2/78) (Sutton, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

Welcome to L.A. (1977)—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected, and you can sense their unease as they trudge from one cheerless affair to the next. (3/21/77) (Cinema Village; Oct. 25-26.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?—With George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Robert Morley; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Murray Hill, Plaza, and Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; Oct. 19-23. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 25.)

Who'll Stop the Rain—An interesting film by the Czech-born director Karel Reisz, made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Olympia; starting Oct. 20.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film: an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Victor Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Oct. 20-21.)

The Wiz—Based on the Broadway musical, with Diana Ross as Dorothy, Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow, Nipsey Russell as the Tin Man, Ted Ross as the Cowardly Lion, Lena Horne as Glinda the Good Witch, and Richard Pryor as the Wiz. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Oct. 25.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Regency; starting Oct. 26.)

Women—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema.)

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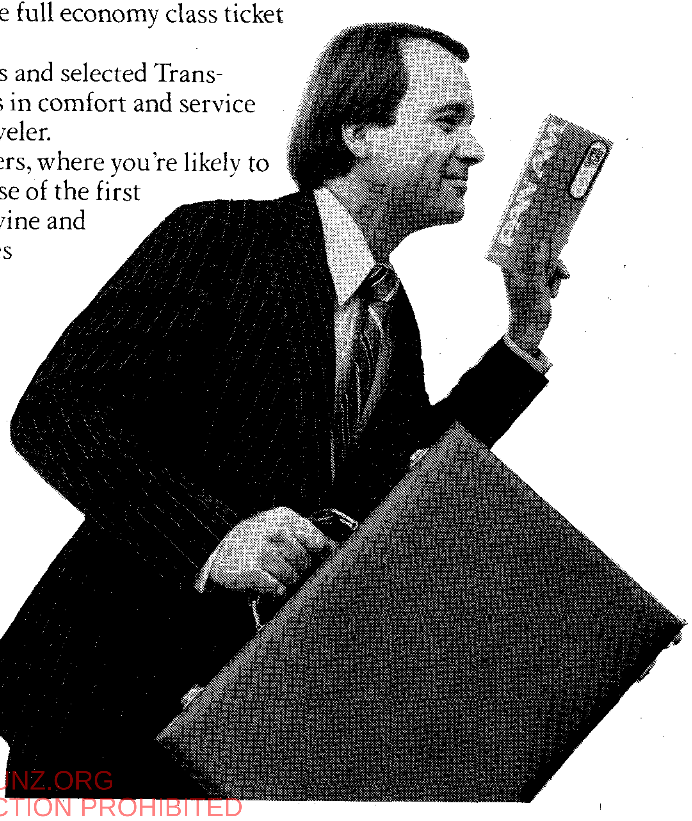

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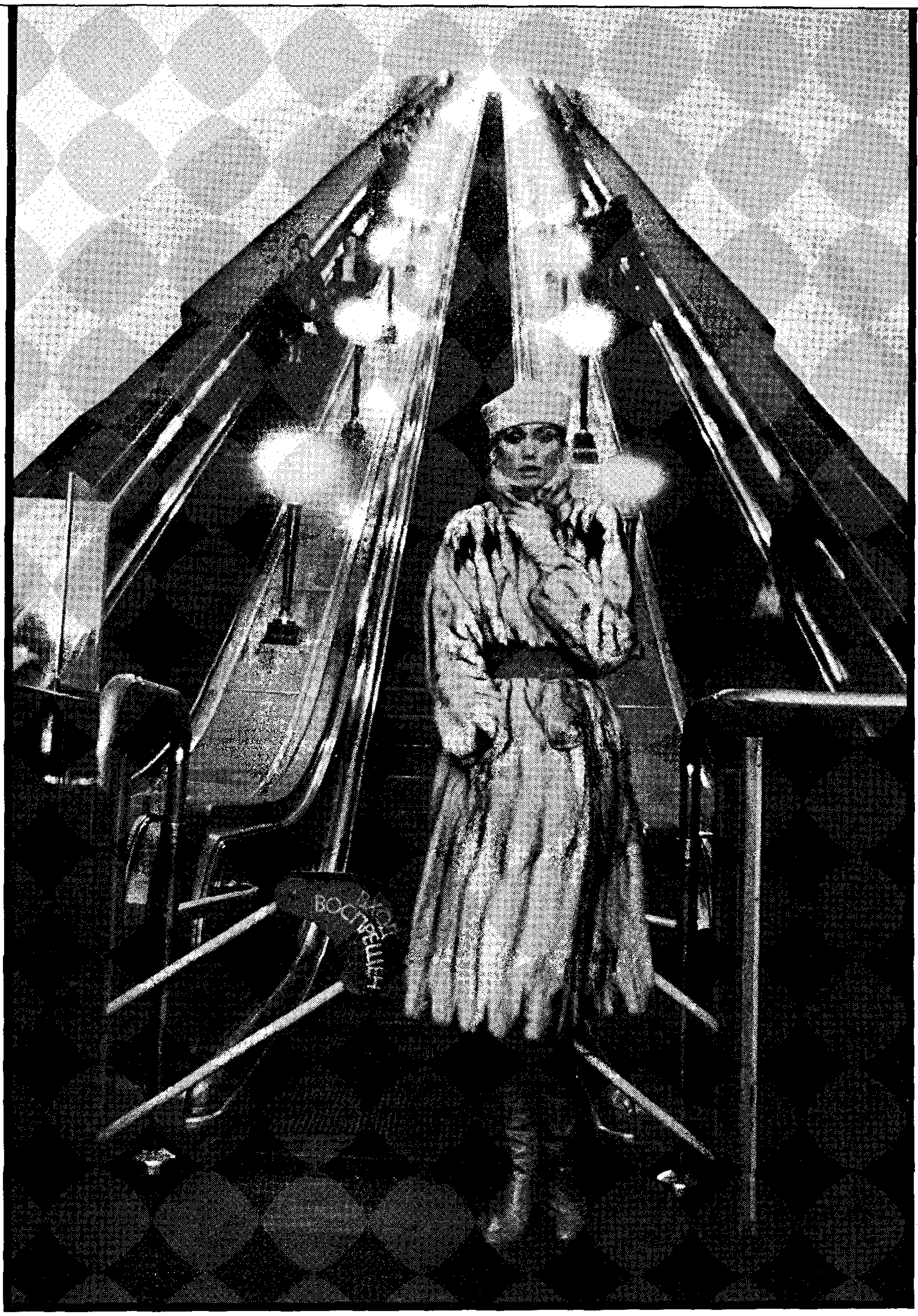

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THE NEW YORKER

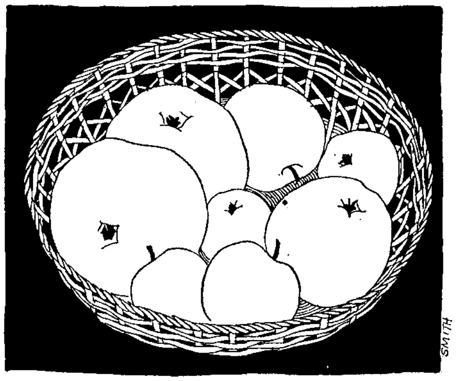
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours who writes from time to time about people who perform in the theatre or the concert hall has sent us the following:

In the past few weeks, we lost two great entertainers. Edgar Bergen, who died in Las Vegas, in his sleep, not long after announcing that he was about to retire from show business, meant more to the generation that grew up, as I did, with radio. On the radio, Bergen created an illusion within an illusion—that he and his alter ego, neither of whom one could see, were at once himself and not himself. His humor was gentle, and, if it did not always make one laugh out loud, it did make one feel good. I never knew Edgar Bergen, but when I was fifteen I represented my school newspaper here in New York at a press conference he gave for high-school-newspaper writers. He was a good-looking man, and I recall having the impression that he was very smart. I also recall asking a somewhat stupid question, which he answered with great forbearance and civility. That was, I think, typical of him, and it was typical of him to give a press conference for high-school-newspaper writers.

Jacques Brel, who died in Paris nine days after Bergen died, was the greatest singer-composer entertainer I have ever seen. The tradition of the *chansonnier* is as old as the French language itself. Poet-singers such as Brel, Georges Brassens, and Léo Ferré have felt themselves to be a part of a chain that extends back to François Villon. Like Brassens and Ferré, Brel got his start, in the nineteen-fifties, in what were essentially student bars and cafés. Brel, although he was born in Brussels, lived most of his adult life in France. (His father was Flemish and his mother Walloon, and he was bilingual, although his French was spoken with the slightly guttural accent characteristic of many French-speaking Belgians.) When I went to Paris to live, in 1959, he was just hitting the big time. His song "La Valse à Mille Temps" (it is a wonderful song, about a couple falling in love and dancing to a waltz that goes faster and faster) was being played constantly on the radio. Then and for some years afterward, he was largely unknown in this country. His début here was in December of 1965, when he sang in Carnegie Hall to a packed house—consisting, one gathered, of every Francophile in the Eastern United States. During that trip, I got a chance to meet him. Both onstage and off, he was intense, enormously intelligent, and totally honest. He never gave an encore after a performance; he said giving encores was a little like begging. The following summer, because I had the intention of writing something about his life, I went to Geneva with him and his small band when they were engaged to play in some casinos in French towns just over the border in Savoie. (French casinos are required by law to offer entertainment, and that is why one finds so much music being performed in them.) Sometimes Brel would arrive by car at a casino, and sometimes he would fly in, in his own small plane; he was a skilled pilot. He would do his show and then leave. He put so much of himself into his two hours or so of singing that afterward he was almost prostrate with fatigue. On one occasion, in his dressing room, he let me in on the process by which he wrote songs while he was on such tours. He used a tape recorder, and by listening to the tape one could hear the song as it was being born. First, there would be some humming and a few notes on his guitar. Then a word or two: "*Mon père*," or "*Je t'aime*." The phrases would be repeated, and new ones added. The whole thing grew organically. I am not sure when he put it all down on paper. Although I did not know it, that summer was his last *tour de chanson*. I remember his coming off the stage at the casino in Évian, wringing wet and musing aloud to himself as to what would happen if he went back onstage and simply announced that he would never sing in public again. The following winter, in Paris, he announced just that, and, although he acted in a few films and also on the stage, he never did entertain in public again as a *chansonnier*. In the last few years, there were rumors that Brel was suffering from cancer. He had retired to Hiva Oa, an island in the French Marquesas. A year ago, however, he made one more record—the first in many years. As I write this, I am listening to one of the songs on this record. It is about death: "*Mourir cela n'est rien. Mourir la belle affaire. Mais vieillir . . . Oh, vieillir . . .*" Brel never did grow old. When he died, he was forty-nine.



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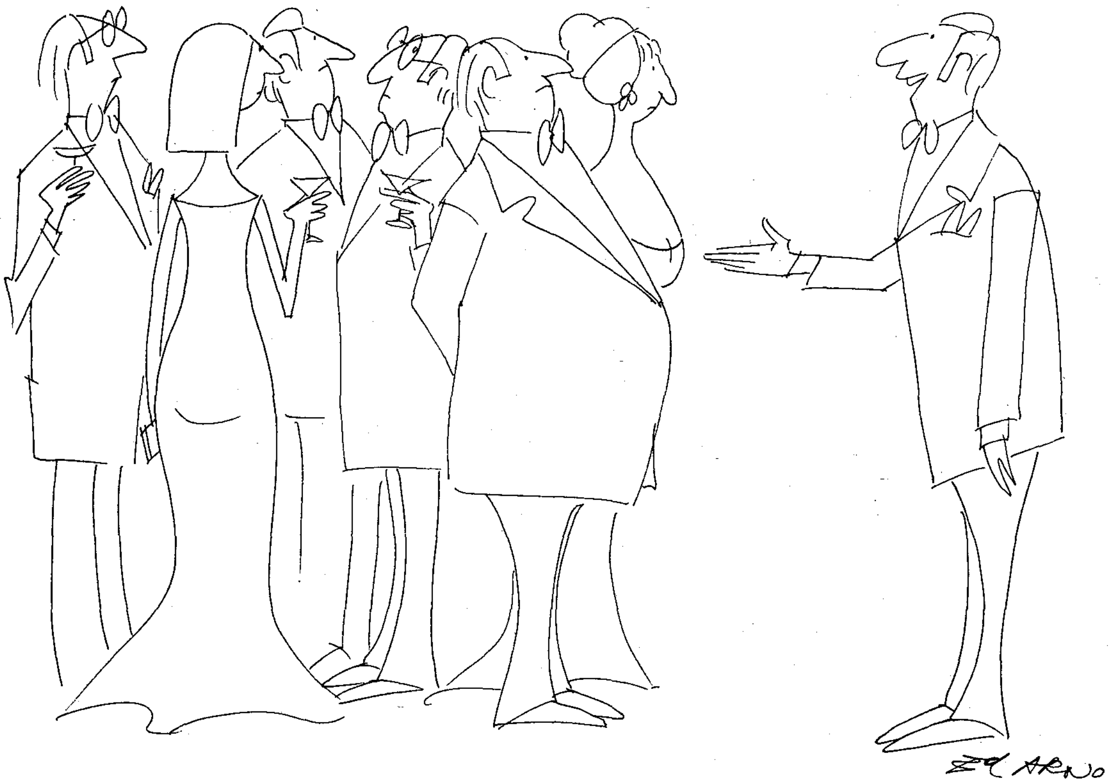
Observer from Vietnam

IN 1940, when Nguyen Co Thach was nineteen years old, he was put in jail by the French as a member of the recently outlawed Indo-China Communist Party. He spent the next five years there. Now a Deputy Foreign Minister of the unified Socialist Republic of Vietnam, Mr. Thach, graying and distinguished-looking, turned to that experience when we asked him the other day what he thought of New York. We were interviewing him in an office in a high-rise apartment complex overlooking the East River. "There is no green," he said, speaking seriously, in excellent English. "No trees, grass, and so on. Up



"Hi, I'm Harry Phillips. I have never run for office and never intend to run for office."

• •

on the twenty-ninth floor, we see only cement blocks. Man must have a natural environment." Mr. Thach, who laughs often, laughed then, and added, in jest, "It looks as if I were in jail."

Mr. Thach is here for a few weeks as a member of a delegation meeting with diplomats who have gathered for the opening of the new session of the United Nations General Assembly. What is more important, he is also spending some time in private, informal talks with some members of our State Department, led by Richard Holbrooke, the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. The United States and Vietnam have yet to establish diplomatic relations, and Vietnam's desire for economic aid (described as "war reparations" by some conservative members of Congress) is a major obstacle. Also, President Carter has renewed an executive decision that bars all trade between the two nations pending diplomatic ties. During this visit, Mr. Thach has made it clear that the United States nevertheless continues to play a major role in Vietnam's foreign-policy planning—and in its aspirations.

Mr. Thach candidly acknowledged that the new Communist government in Hanoi has been learning that peace in a unified Vietnam is difficult to maintain. Within the past year, for example, the Vietnamese have found themselves engaged in warfare with the new government of Cambodia, whose Communist leaders were their allies during the Vietnam War. A series of battles have taken place between the two nations, which have a common border, and at one point the radical government in Cambodia publicly accused Vietnam of "working hand-in-glove" with the United States Central Intelligence Agency to stage a coup d'état in Phnom Penh. And, to the north, Vietnam has been drawn into an increasingly bitter dispute with China, another former ally. That dispute centers on Chinese protests against alleged mistreatment by Vietnam of its citizens of Chinese descent. Last summer, China announced that it was cancelling all of its economic and technical aid to Vietnam and withdrawing all of its experts who had been at work there.

There are serious domestic problems, too, Mr. Thach said, although the new Communist government has wide support among the citizens of what was once capitalist South Vietnam. Many of Vietnam's problems are perhaps inevitable in a postwar economy that lacks large-scale foreign aid. Mr. Thach cited an article in a recent issue of the *Vietnam Courier*, a monthly government publication in English from Hanoi, which summarized the nation's crises this way: "We have to find employment for three million jobless people, including over one million demobilized soldiers and policemen of the former regime; we have to balance the stopping of U.S. aid [to the former South Vietnam], which amounted to one billion dollars a year in economic aid alone; we have to rehabilitate the hundreds of thousands of prostitutes and drug-addicts and deal with other social evils." The publication also noted that to effect change "requires more competent cadres and materials and capital than the country at present possesses," and added, "This accounts for many of the delays and regrettable errors and shortcomings."

Rebuffed by China, at war with Cambodia, Vietnam has turned to the Soviet Union for economic and military aid, a dependence that—so American foreign-policy experts believe—it does not desire. Mr. Thach indicated that since arriving in New York he has met twice with Mr. Holbrooke, but, being appropriately discreet, he characterized those meetings only as "very useful." He was much more willing to speak about his country's diplomatic goals regarding the United States. "Our position," he said, "is that the normalization of relations with the United States is in the interests of both countries and in the interests of peace and stability of all of Southeast Asia." His government believes that the key issues between it and the United States—they include a full accounting for the remains of those Americans still missing in action from the Vietnam War and a resumption of economic aid—can, in his words, "be settled step by step." Mr. Thach went on to say, "We think that the first issue, which is normalization of relations, can be settled first. As for the second problem, we have a willingness to help the M.I.A. families get information. We have been doing this, but it is not a very easy job. After all, your country still has M.I.A. problems from the Second World War. We think that the aid problem can be settled in the long run, too. Even now we are benefitting from the good will of the American people for humanitarian purposes, and the United States government is willing to facilitate that relief." Mr. Thach was referring to privately arranged relief shipments of food and other supplies from the United States.

Another important issue has been relaxation of the Presidential trade embargo. A few months ago, Mr. Thach said, a delegation of businessmen representing the American Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong accepted an invitation to visit Hanoi. "They want the business and we want it," Mr. Thach said. "It would be profitable for both sides. And the United States has publicly told us that, once normalization is going, trade will come along." Mr. Thach shrugged, and smiled again. "We will survive, even without the coöperation of the United States. But we would like to build up our country with American coöperation. We don't want the hostility of America. But if it is so, we will still build up our country." After pausing a few moments, he added intently, "I tell you, we are very serious going into war and very serious building peace. We are believable people."

During the French Indo-China War, Mr. Thach said, he spent five years as a personal aide and secretary to General Vo Nguyen Giap, who for thirty-three years has commanded Communist Vietnam's armed forces; and since 1964—which, he noted, was "the year of the Gulf of Tonkin"—he has been a Foreign Ministry specialist in United States affairs.

One question seemed inevitable: Would it have made a difference if he and his colleagues in the upper levels of the North Vietnamese government could have visited New York in the mid-nineteen-sixties and seen for themselves the power and wealth of their enemy?

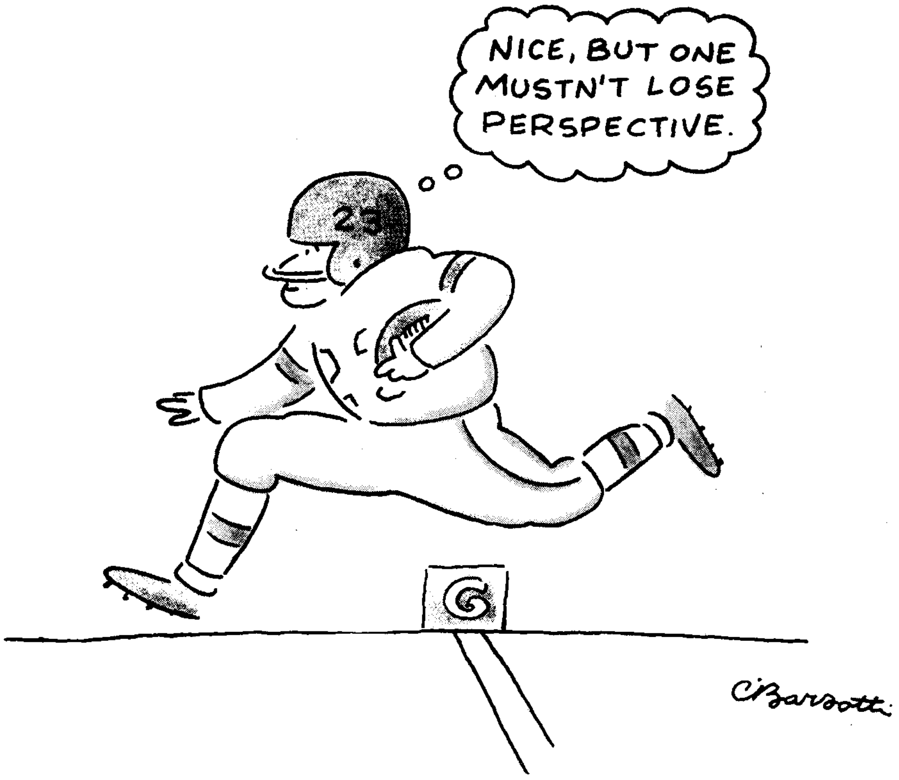
Mr. Thach glanced toward the factories of Long Island City, across the river, and said, "In one respect you are very strong. But I see your weaknesses. I see that your people are not united as a nation. I have walked through your Chinatown, your Italian town. The gap between the rich and the poor is too wide. In my country, we are very poor, but we have hope. We are *equally* poor. I can see for the first time your dispirited peoples." He was referring to a recent visit to Harlem. "Here there is too much poor and too much rich."

Like any tourist, Mr. Thach also expressed concern about crime. "Yesterday, I saw a poster from a university on how to avoid rape. And here, for certain bicycles"—his voice took on a note of incredulity—"you must link them high to a tree with a chain." He laughed. "In my country—no." He continued, "Further, I have seen your waste consumption. If you continue this waste, I don't think you can go on forever. One day, if your oil is not coming in, and your raw materials . . ." Mr. Thach ended the sentence with another shrug.

The Deputy Foreign Minister said that he had just finished reading "Gone with the Wind," explaining that "during the war we couldn't get it," and continued, "Now, with this visit, I have seen the mentality between the North and South. In the South, they understand that the Yankees are the invaders of the South. In my country, it is quite different, because all of the South comes from the North. We have no such problem between North and South Vietnam." He suggested that the American experience in the Civil War might have led to a miscalculation about the strong feeling for unification which, he said, existed among many Vietnamese Northerners and Southerners throughout the Vietnam War, regardless of their political beliefs. "Perhaps America understood the Vietnamese problem as similar to their own problem between the North and South," he said. "You based your understanding of the South and North in Vietnam on the realities of Yankees and Texans, and that's not right."

In conversations with us a little later, Mr. Holbrooke and other State Department officials explained that the Carter Administration will not offer direct economic aid to Vietnam and will not recognize Vietnam until the Vietnamese drop what the Administration says is their demand for some kind of an aid commitment. But the American officials did make it clear that the Administration is concerned about Vietnam's drift toward the Soviet Union and has been actively seeking ways to reduce tensions between the United States and Vietnam. Recently, they said, the Administration has taken such steps as loosening travel restrictions and not interfering with the shipment of privately arranged humanitarian aid to Vietnam. "We have worked very hard to remove hostility without doing something that Congress would destroy us for—providing direct American aid," Mr. Holbrooke said, adding, "Vietnam has all the problems, and it is being driven toward Moscow. We've done everything we can to show that we're not hostile."

Tensions between Vietnam and the United States have indeed been reduced, it appears, but no informed official on either side is expecting an immediate diplomatic breakthrough. The State Department's position seems to be that any change in the basic United States negotiating position is dependent on action by Congress, which is unable or unwilling to look beyond the country's experience in the Vietnam War. In a letter made public last month, seventeen senators—including not only conservative Republicans but such liberal Democrats as William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, and Birch Bayh, of Indiana—urged President Carter to "remain firm" in refusing to provide any economic aid to Vietnam. "Such aid," the senators wrote, "continues to be a goal sought by the Socialist Republic of Vietnam as part of the process leading to the establishment of formal


NICE, BUT ONE MUSTN'T LOSE PERSPECTIVE.
23
CBarsotti

diplomatic relations with the government in Hanoi." The letter continued, "The plain fact is that Hanoi . . . is receiving aid from the U.S.S.R. . . . Assistance from the United States can only ease the burden now borne by the Soviets. To do this does not appear to be in our national interest."

Things

WE met up with a woman friend last week and couldn't help observing that she looked—well, sort of lighter. She gave us the following explanation:

My main project this fall is getting rid of things. I've always been the nesting type—never gone in for the mattress-on-the-floor, out-of-a-suitcase way of life. But suddenly I'm really bored by possessions. They may be all right for people with stable lives—the sort who are born and die in their grandfather's house—but I'm convinced that they don't make sense for New Yorkers. I have friends who all but had nervous breakdowns because their weekend houses were stripped of antiques by thieves who backed up a truck. I have friends who lost favorite coffeepots and toasters—whole worlds, in fact—through divorce. I've crated up my books and moved so often that I use a library now and refuse to buy books anymore. The halls at my office have just been spruced up, and that has given me the incentive to look inside a filing cabinet I haven't even opened since 1971. I've told relatives and friends that I'm now inclined toward gifts that disappear—things to eat, say, or tickets to the opera. I don't bring home my theatre programs, either. I'm bored to tears with my houseplants and I'm giving them all away. I don't want any more of those amusing little objects from country auctions or any of Bloomingdale's latest "ideas." And I suddenly realized I wouldn't want to die and leave behind a pile of little boxes from Azuma.

In the spring, burglars stole everything from my apartment that glittered or made a noise—jewelry, TV, stereo, radio, even the sewing machine. I was shattered at first, but then I began to feel a curious sense of relief. I almost wish they'd stolen more—especially the possessions I've accumulated that don't even belong to me. Friends take advantage of me because I have one more closet than they have. I'm stuck with this broken-down old magazine rack that had to be put somewhere when my sister's mother-in-law took her furniture out of storage. But, with my tough new policy, the wretched thing will have to go. I've already got my friend Barney to clear out his pile of paintings. I felt sorry for him, in a way. After all, he had been living quite contentedly detached from them for two years or more. But when I saw him sidling out with pictures in each hand and tucked under his arms, I spoke up just the same. "Take that primitive statue thing of yours as well," I heard my new voice saying. I rummaged it out ruthlessly from behind a pile of shoes and skis, and Barney looked depressed. It was hideous—a waist-high ogre of heavy marble, with a deformed head like something off a totem pole. There it stood, fixing with a malevolent and dyspeptic grin the person who had given it closet room and the rightful owner who had tried so hard to shake it off. "If you don't take it now, I'm putting it out on the street," I said. I saw Barney to the elevator, shoved the monster in after him, and waved goodbye. I understand now why my mother is forever encouraging us all to get our old riding hats and yellowing love letters out of her attic. She has no problem with storage space, and she never needs to look at our old rubbish, but she has rubbish of her own to dispose of, and ours is psychologically in the way.

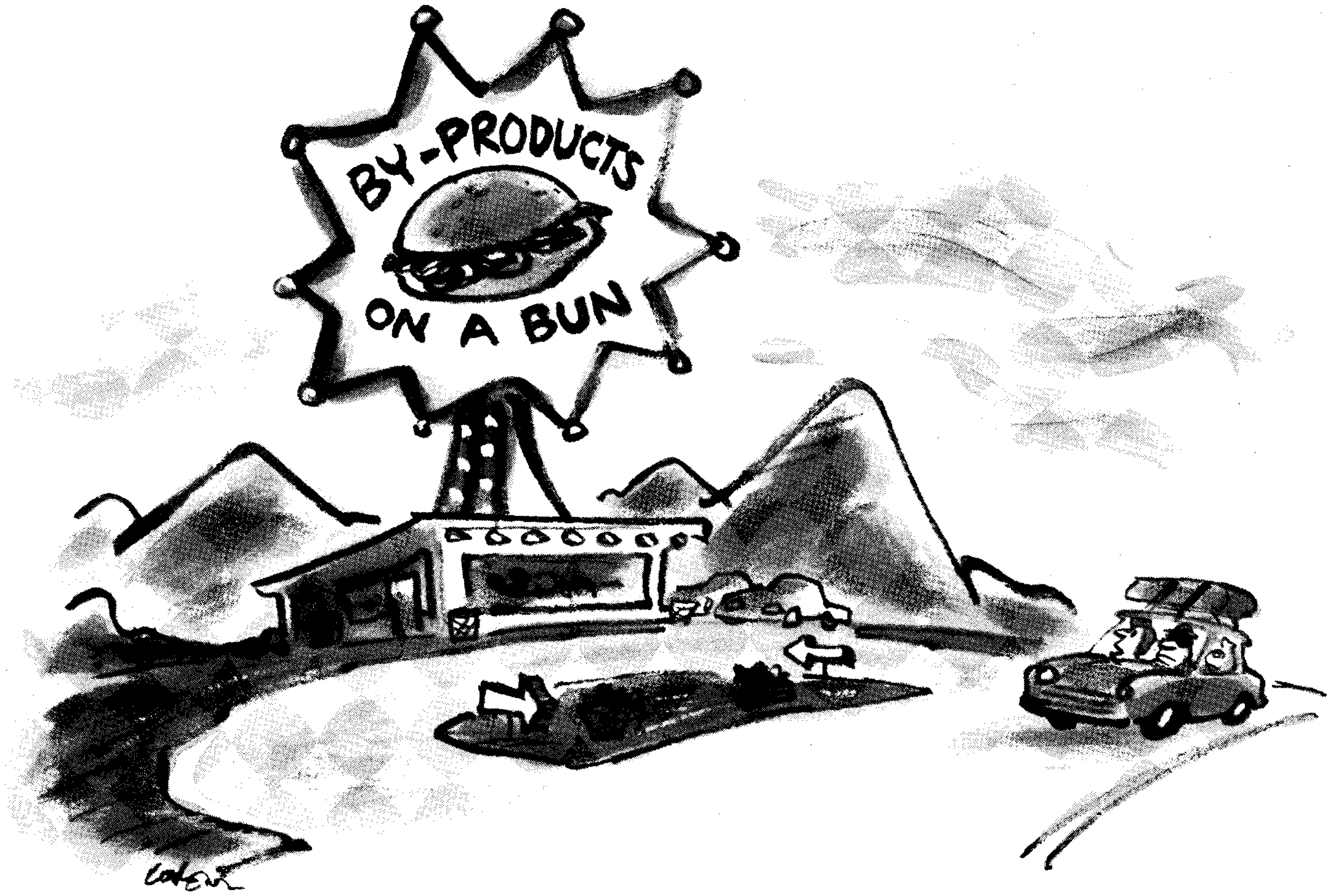
Last week, when a torrential flood from the apartment upstairs brought down the ceilings of all three of my clothes closets at once, I was ready for the cue. I've packed up everything that got spotted—as well as all the clothes that didn't fit or just weren't me—and the Salvation Army pickup is on its way. While I was off on vacation, the girl next door was using my terrace, and someone gave her this enormous crab he'd caught. She couldn't think how to cook it, so she stuck it in my freezer to get it out of her way. The frozen crab's not even mine to eat up, and it confronts me each time I reach in for ice. That's my biggest problem at the moment, but I'm working on it. A marble ogre down, a crab to go.

Winning

FRIDAY before last, the measure extending by three years and three months the term for ratification by the states of the Equal Rights Amendment passed in the Senate, by a vote of 60–36. It had previously carried in the House. E.R.A. supporters had felt that the extension would pass but had been seriously worried about an earlier vote, on Wednesday, on an amendment by Senator Jake Garn, Republican of Utah, which would have allowed states that had already ratified the amendment to rescind such votes—a sort of two-steps-back resolution, many felt, and quite dangerous. In the thick of the battle against the Garn amendment was President Carter's new special assistant, Sarah Ragle Weddington, thirty-three, who had been active at the White House (replacing Midge Costanza) only about a month.

We met Sarah Weddington a week before the Wednesday vote, at a New York luncheon, at the American Place Theatre, on West Forty-sixth Street, that was sponsored by the National Women's Political Caucus. We knew that she was a lawyer from Texas who had argued before the Supreme Court a case involving her state's abortion laws (and won it); had been elected a state representative at the age of twenty-seven; and was considered by those who knew her to be an ardent yet "reasonable" feminist. A hundred and seventy people, men and women but mostly women, attended the luncheon—tuna and egg-salad sandwiches, on various homemade brown breads—with the theatre's director, Wynn Handman, stage-managing, "because I know where the air-conditioner buttons are." Jane McMichael, the executive director of the Caucus, introduced Ms. Weddington by saying that she was "a woman who sets her sights on winning and *wins*." Jane McMichael also described Ms. Weddington as "gentle but tough, warm but cool." Then Ms. Weddington, wearing a gentle but tough black dress, her hair (cinnamon-colored) in a warm but cool bun—making her look somewhat older than was strictly necessary—told us a little about herself.

"In 1969, I was a young lawyer," she said. "Women from the University of Texas wanted to do abortion counselling and needed to know if it was legal in Texas. This led to a question about the general constitutionality of the Texas abortion law, whereby abortions were illegal except when they were needed to save the life of the mother. Where there's a wrong there's a remedy, so we filed suit, which led to a change in the law. We had to take it to the Supreme Court. By 1972, I had decided that the only way to make gains was for women to be in the



"On second thought, let's drive on a bit."

statehouse, where laws are made. I ran and was elected." She listed a few things she was proud of: an equal-credit-opportunity act, rape-law reform, a measure establishing the right of women to use their own names in various connections. "Then I got a call from the White House," she said. "At a meeting with President Carter, he told me that the E.R.A. was one of his top priorities, and I took the job." She went on to tell us some of the things she'd been doing on behalf of the E.R.A. "On the weekend of September 16th and 17th, I flew to Nevada and spoke for it. Then, that Monday, we held a meeting in the East Room, presided over by Mrs. Carter, for all the Administration-appointed women," she said. "It seemed to me they were a resource we hadn't used enough. On Tuesday, we asked the President to speak to Senator Byrd about the E.R.A. at a congressional leadership breakfast. On Wednesday, we got Mrs. Mondale to give a lunch for all the Senate wives. On Thursday, the Vice-President and Frank Moore—White House congressional liaison—worked on those senators who were wavering on the rescission issue. On Saturday, Byrd put the extension vote on the Senate calendar. Last night, at a Presidential dinner, the President specifically mentioned his support of the extension—this and a reference to the Camp David accords got the loudest, longest applause. Tomorrow, we'll have a meeting of all the congressional-liaison people to find out how they can help. Mrs. Carter has been making phone calls." Ms. Weddington paused, then said, "I'm not afraid of power. I'm only afraid of not using it to the fullest for the right ends."

We were in Washington two days before the Senate voted on the rescission amendment, and we visited the Senate to find out how the amendment (and Ms. Weddington) was doing. The Senate gallery was so crowded that the guards had begun a rotation process: ten minutes or so inside and then you were moved along. Pro-E.R.A. women wearing white blouses à la suffragettes and carrying green-and-white signs that read "YES, E.R.A." and "THERE'S NO TIME LIMIT ON EQUALITY" were there, among them Bella Abzug; Ellie Smeal, of NOW; Liz Carpenter; and Sharon Percy Rockefeller. Pro-rescission, anti-E.R.A. women carried red-and-white signs proclaiming "STOP THE UNFAIRNESS DOCTRINE," "STOP THE E.R.A.," and among them was Phyllis Schlafly. The accomplishments of the anti-Garn forces reportedly included the dispatching to Rome of Senator Thomas Eagleton, Democrat of Missouri, as the Senate's representative at the funeral of Pope John Paul I. Eagleton had announced that he was going to vote for the Garn amendment. During the roll call, Sarah Weddington availed herself of Vice-President Mondale's office, where she listened to the tally over a squawk box, green felt-tipped pen in hand. The rescission measure failed, 54–44.

Passage of the extension on Friday morning was something of an anticlimax, but a gleeful, jumping anticlimax. "After the vote," Ms. Weddington told us, "we had a photo session in Vice-President Mondale's office—Senator Birch Bayh, Senator Byrd, Vice-President Mondale, and myself. And after that NOW held a reception in the Dirksen Building for all the senators and representatives who voted for extension. It was a crucial issue for women this session, a cornerstone principle; it means that the United States is firmly committed to the concept of equal rights. Other advances will come—not just by legislation but because of changes in attitudes. I feel sheer joy."

SOMEWHERE ELSE

TWENTY-TWO Americans were touring China. I was among them. We took many photographs. We had learned how to say hello, goodbye, may I take your photograph? Frequently the people did not wish to be photographed.

Now, why *is* that? we asked. We take pictures in order to remember the Chinese people better, to be able to tell our friends about them after supper and give slide shows in churches and schools later on. Truthfully, we do it with politics in mind, if not in total command.

Mr. Wong, the political guidance counsellor in the Travel Service, said it was because of Antonioni's film on China and his denigrating attraction to archaic charm. His middle-power chauvinism looked on China as the soufflé of Europe, to rise and fall according to the nourishment beaten into it by American capital investment and avant-garde art.

He said the high vigilance of the people would not allow us to imitate this filmmaker's disdain for technologies that visibly assert themselves in urban steel and all along the terraces of rice and soy and wheat.

One day, in the hotel meeting room, he said, You do not love the Chinese people.

Now, he shouldn't have said that. It made us stop listening—especially Ruth Larsen, Ann Reyer, and me. We were to a tourist in love with the Chinese revolution, Mao Tse-tung, and the Chinese people. Those who were affectionate did once in a while hug a guide or interpreter. Others hoped that before the tour ended, they'd be able to walk along a street in Shanghai or Canton holding hands with a Chinese person of their own sex, just as the Chinese did—chatting politics, exchanging ideological news. Surreptitiously we looked into family courtyards every now and then to see real life, from which, though in love, we'd been excluded.

When we began to listen to Mr. Wong again, he was accusing one of us of taking pictures without permission. Where? When? Where? Who? we asked. We hoped we were not about to suffer Socialist injustice, because we loved Socialism.

Right here in Tientsin, in front of the hotel, Mr. Wong said.

Ah, we thought, it's possible. There were terrible temptations for photograph-taking right across the street from the hotel, in the beautiful small park. There the young played Ping-Pong, the old slowly at 1/25th did Tai Chi. Also, the middle-aged textile workers had left their sewing machines for a few days in order to participate in designing the cloth they fabricated. They stood around the rose garden drawing leaves and roses. One of us could have done that—just snapped a picture, too excited to say, May I please take your photograph?

Mr. Wong continued. The accused, he said, had photographed a lower middle peasant lugging a two-wheel cart full of country produce into the city. A boy had been sleeping on top.

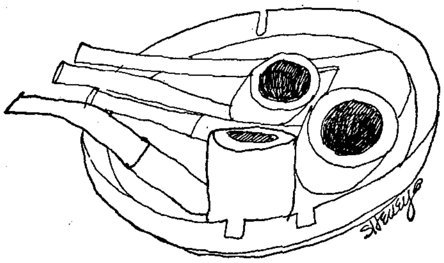
Ah, what a picture! China! The heavy cart, the toiling man, the narrow street—once England's street (huge buildings lined with first-class plumbing for the English empire's waste), like the downtown Free West anywhere. In the foreground the photographed man labored—probably bringing early spring vegetables to some distant neighborhood in order to carry back to his commune honey buckets of the city's stinking gold.

This act, this photographing, had been reported by one vigilant Chinese worker incensed by Antonioni's betrayal. Mr. Wong pointed his political finger at our brilliant comrade Frederick J. Lorenz. You! he said. Especially *you* are not a friend.

A general gasp and three nervous snickers. Immediately Ruth Larsen touched Fred's shoulder to show loyalty. Freddy! Not Freddy! Joe Larsen jumped up. He walked to the door. He put his hand on the knob.

We had all assumed that Mr. Wong's guilty man would be Martin, a jolly friend to all revolutions, an old-time union organizer, history lover, passionate photographer. (Before our tour ended, he had taken 4,387 pictures, although his camera had been broken for two days. It was not exactly broken; it had simply closed its eye, exhausted.)

Ruth, Ann, and I had discussed Freddy. Ruth thought he should have been spoken to long ago, but not for his photography. In this China, where all the grownups dressed in modest gray, blue, and green, Freddy wore very short white California shorts with a mustard-colored California B.V.D. shirt and, above his bronze, blue-eyed face, golden tan California curly hair. She didn't think that was nice.



Who are you, Ruth? The commissar of underwear? Ann had asked.

At breakfast Ruth had started to address him: Freddy! Then she'd thought, Oh, boy! There you go again—the typical analysis by the old, which is: Rough politics is O.K. if it leans on the arm of bourgeois appropriateness. So she'd said, You sure keep your suntan a long time, Freddy.

Fred closed his eyes in order to think in solitude. We suffered a tour-wide two-minute fear. We waited for Fred's decision. He opened his eyes, then rose in high courtroom style to rebut.

Mr. Wong made a little smile. He looked around at us all. His finger pointed once more: You, Mr. Lorenz, have been accused by still another worker of invading a noodle factory.

Cries of No! No! Christ! Come on! He's kidding! Three young people, who liked to see us older folks caught in political contradiction or treasonous bewilderment, simply laughed.

One of us, Duane Smith, had put his life savings into this trip. He'd studied Chinese for six years in night school in order to come one day to this place and be understood by the Chinese people in Tien An Men Square. He didn't laugh. He whispered, This is serious. What if they throw us out?

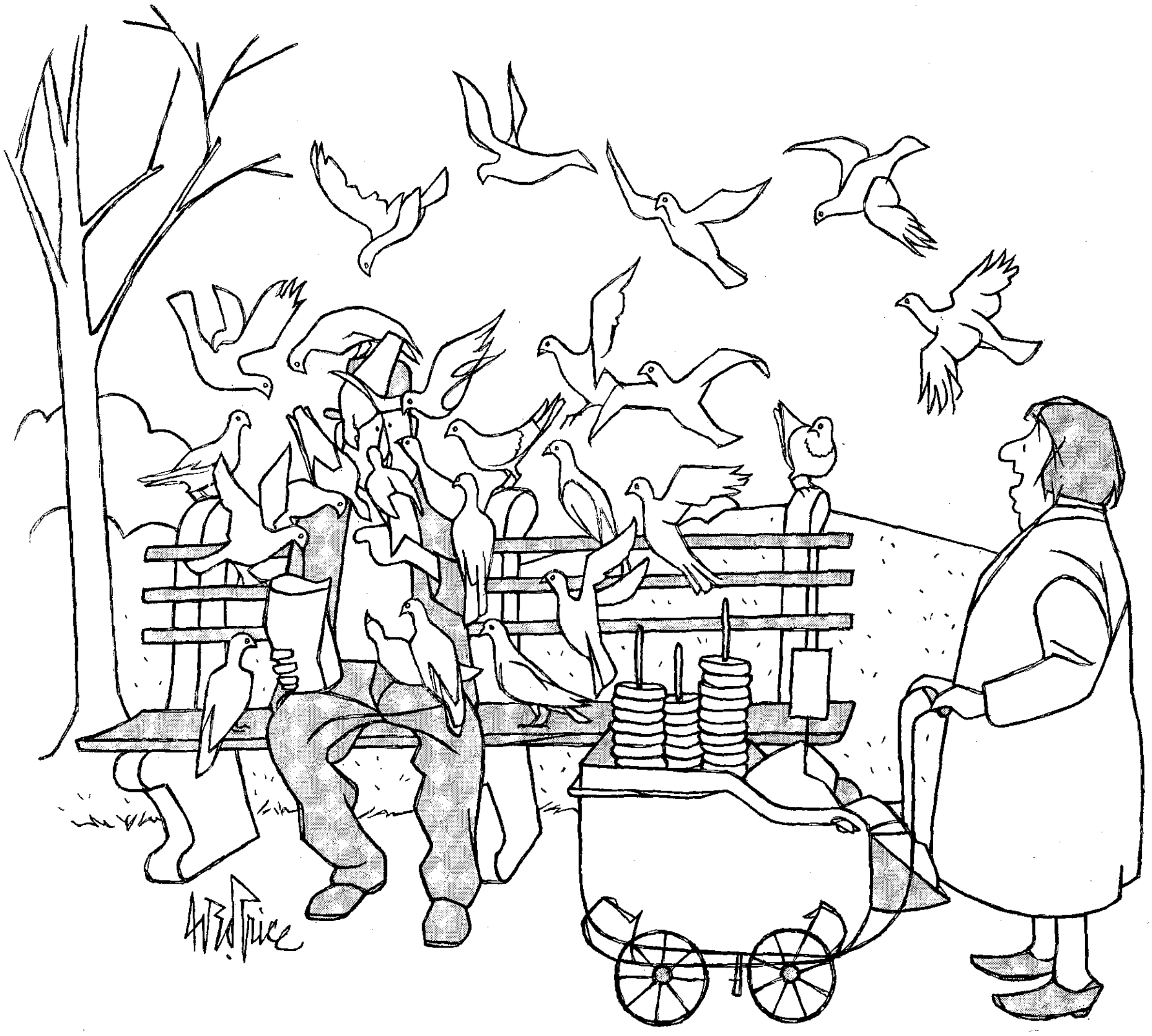
Ruth said, Never!

Invading what? said Fred. Joe! he called out. He said, Oh, God! and sat down. What was China talking about?

Joe Larsen chewed sugarless gum very hard. He walked around and around in a little circle of annoyance near the door. Then he moved directly across the room to look at Mr. Wong. He believed in doing that. His politics was based on staring truthfully into the cruel eye of power.

Mr. Wong, he said, you know, in Peking I visited a street noodle factory, too. One not far from the hotel.

Joe said he wanted to be absolutely clear. It was his fault that he and Fred had stopped at the noodle shop in the city of Tientsin. He was, when not in China, writing a novel, a utopia, a speculative fiction in which the self-reliant small necessary technology of noodle-making was one short chapter. He had considered it a good omen to have passed this street factory and to have been invited to observe all the



"Is that you, Herbie?"

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soft hanging noodles and, in the bins, the stiff dried noodles. He admired the manageable machine that shaped, cut, and extruded them.

Why is he admitting all that? Duane Smith said. He'll get us thrown out.

Never, said Ruth.

The others had hoped for more interesting admissions. Joe often took long walks when the rest of us were visiting points of cultural interest. At supper he would tell us how he drank tea with old men, a condition he liked to consider himself a member of. He had taken a ferry ride with noisy Chinese families to the other side of a river. There, in an outlying district, two old people—guardians of the street—had shown him how to dispose of a banana peel.

Some of our people with poor character structures were jealous of his adventures. They'd been a little ashamed of their timidity when he spoke, but now that he was being spoken to, they were proud of their group discipline.

Mr. Wong, Joe said, Fred accompanied *me*. He was not alone. It was my idea. I'm crazy about your street noodle factories. Lane factories, I believe you call them?

Mr. Wong looked at Joe. Then he pretended Joe wasn't there and never had been. Mr. Wong did not like to be interfered with right in the middle of a political correction. Also, he did not seem to want to accuse two people at once. Why? Perhaps accusing one person was sharper, required only one finger and one harsh cry. At any rate, he ignored Joe and the interesting Socialist question of decentralized neighborhood industry. Instead he said, Mr. Lorenz, why did you choose to photograph that peasant?

What? Me? Me? Me?

Fred said Me? so many times because he was (and is) one of our foremost movement lawyers. He's accustomed to approbation from his peers and shyness from petitioners. He can be depended upon to take the most hopeless case and to construct, out of his legal education and political experience, hope!—along with a furious protesting constituency.

So once more he cried, Me? Oh, take my film. Take it. Take the camera. You'll see. There's nothing. . . . Take it. I don't even *like* to take pictures. I hate the lousy thing.

He tried to jerk the camera off his neck. He failed.

That's true, Mr. Wong, said Martin, trying out a reasonable tone (as one comrade *should* speak to another). My camera was broken last week and he gave me his. It didn't bother him at all.

We are not interested, said Mr. Wong. You will be here twelve more days. We wanted you to know that the Chinese people are vigilant. He made the tiniest bow, turned, and left.

Some of us gathered around Fred. Others gathered as far from Fred as possible.

Later that evening we were invited to share our folk heritage with the Tientsin Women's Federation. We sang "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

The next afternoon Ruth talked to Ho, one of our guides. We all liked him, because he rolled his pants up to the knee when it was hot. She said, You know, Fred's one of our great poor-people's lawyers.

But you guys aren't into law so much, are you? said Ann. She has always been a little sarcastic.

You deserve this, I said to Ho. Who asked you to invite Antonioni the star of the declining West? I bet lots of less-known people were dying to make the film.

Let's get off his back, said Martin, composing us nicely in his lens, snapping a group photograph. Duane Smith said, Please! Leave him alone.

Ho had become accustomed to our harassment. He folded his trouser legs one more lap above the knee. But it's right, is it not? he said. You must ask

NEW GRAVEYARD IN NEW JERSEY

One stands almost grateful in the freezing air
To feel mildly alive, shovelling some earth
Into the broken ground while new fields lie all
Around, fallow, awaiting spring or summer
Plowings, or the jackhammers of deep winter
Again, to blossom sometime in white tombstones.
It is too cold and too late in the year to pluck
A handful of grass and mutter of grass and
Dust. Up toward the eastern horizon, the high-
Way—down toward the low, grayish hills westward—
Runs out in a broad, constantly extending
Band whose traffic even in this clear air sighs
Rather than roaring. The cold spade drops its dirt
Into earth's dry, ungrateful trough.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

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the people first, do they wish to be photographed?

Yes, I said, but that's not the point and you know it, Ho.

And tomorrow, when you visit the countryside and the fisheries, you will inquire before you take a picture of the poor or lower middle peasant?

Sure, said Ann.

You will say, even if it is only a child, may I take your photograph?

O.K., O.K., we said. Relax! We heard you the first five hundred times.

ABOUT three months later, Martin invited us to a China reunion at his house, full of food, slides, insights, and commentary. Twelve people came. Ann had flown to Portugal that very morning. Duane Smith had written from California to say naturally he couldn't make it but would Martin lend his fishery slides for a couple of weeks and airmail them at once special delivery, certified. Fred was sure he'd see us; he was due in New York for a week of conferences.

The three young people were present, looking lovely. They were friendly. Two were still solemn with hard new politics, but one who had mocked us with sneers and gloom asked would we please begin the evening by holding hands and singing "Listen, listen, listen to my heart's song, I'll never forget you, I'll never forsake you."

I said, Why not? Let's see what happens.

Ruth said, My God! What's come over you? Anyway, where's Joe?

Someone said we should start either eating or looking. Joe was clearly impossible. He had been undisciplined in two countries. The younger people with the ache of youth were eating all the cheese.

Joe arrived forty minutes late, starved, sweaty. I have to tell you what happened, he said.

You know that nice park in the South Bronx, the one I like, where I've been working on and off this summer? Well, I finished up just a couple of hours ago. The boys I work with had already gone home—we had a great party—and I stuffed the camera and Juan's films of the fiesta into a musette bag.

I knew I was going to see all of you, so I sort of sauntered my way back to the subway, imagining our conversations and, well, excited—you know I get excited.

Those lousy streets. I've been in the neighborhood all these weeks with the summer work kids—not just the park but the lots—building some playgrounds and the kind of giant climber I showed you, Marty. Remember? And filming, getting the kids to see—not that anyone *sees*. Maybe just to keep a record. Sometimes we're raising a couple of beams and suddenly a building across the street begins to smolder—smoke, big white smoke, then flames out of every window. The Bronx kids usually keep going, but the other boys—they're Puerto Rican, too, they come with me from the lower East Side and one boy from Brooklyn—they're amazed. They can't believe—a block tougher than their own. After the fire engines, after the fire, when everything cools off, they like to see the junkies toss brass pipes, real old brass, out of the windows. Some of those houses were nice tenements once.

I know, said Ruth. I lived in one.

Me too, said Martin.

That's right. We have some film if you ever want to see—the block is burning down on one side of the street, and the kids are trying to build something on the other.

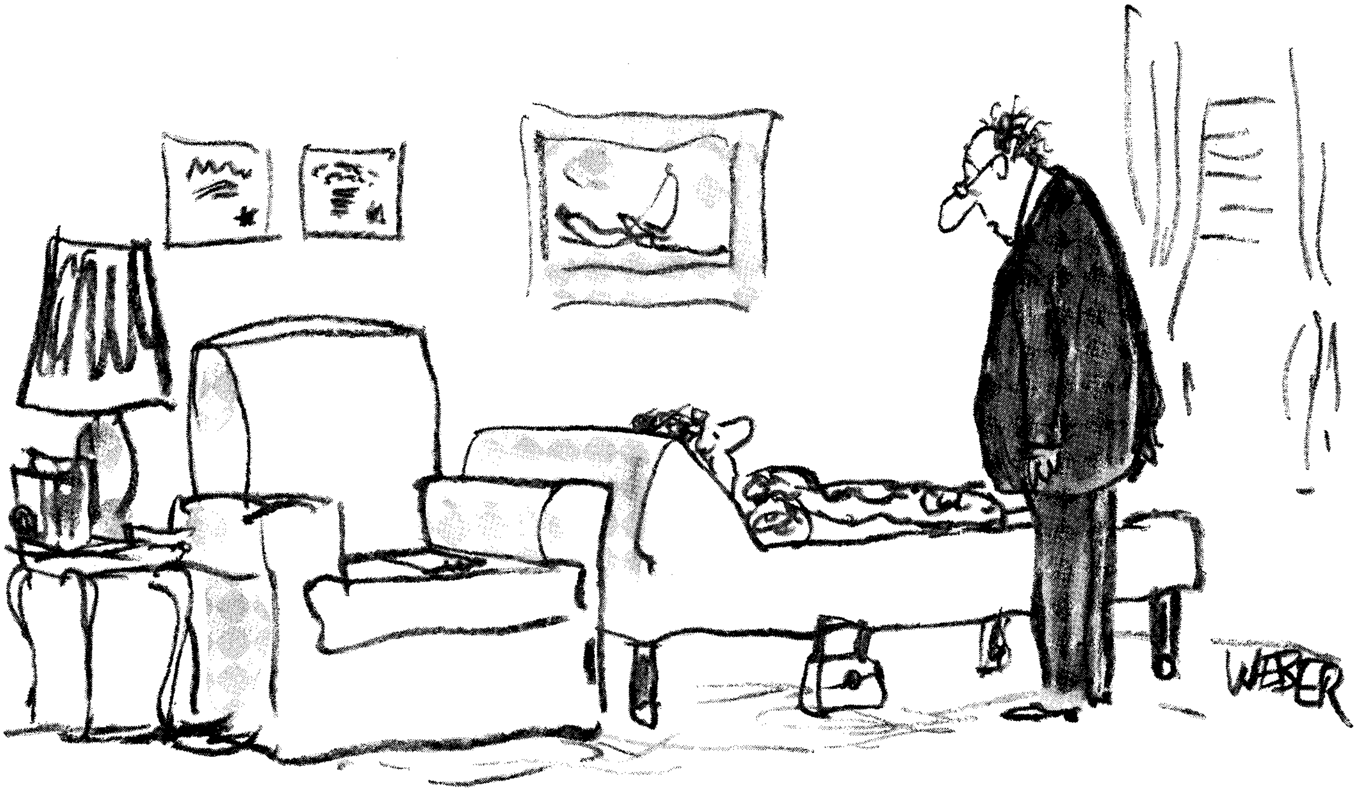
Anyway, it's such a great day, I just walked along kind of dreaming. I passed a factory. There was a sign, "Empleados Necesitados." Took a couple of shots. Women came out of the factory. It was about five-thirty, I guess. They waved, I took some pictures, they waved some more.

Now, you have to understand that on any street there, among a couple dozen abandoned buildings, there's always one or two that look nearly intact. Usually men and boys sit around the front of a building like that. That's what I saw, just a block or two after the factory. I hadn't planned on filming, but we did need a couple of good long background shots—the kids either do that wild back-and-forth panning or they shoot for the eyeball. So I began this slow pan across the top floor—black windows and charred roofs—and as the camera slowly took it all in, I could see out of the corner of my eye a group of guys on one of the stoops. They were a distance away—playing a guitar, leaning on a wall, a mattress, the steps—with a couple of transistors.

I had an awful uncomfortable feeling about including them in the long pan. In fact, I can't remember—did I, or did I stop short? I may have wanted to include them—because I hate exposés, you know. It could have been right—correct—to show that energy those guys sometimes have in the early evening, not just the nodding-out residents of the famous South Bronx.

Still, I know that any non-Hispanic white man with a camera looks like a narc. So I put the camera away. Well, what did I do then? I guess I continued my walk toward the subway—a little quickly, maybe. I knew I'd better move.

About ten seconds after I began to feel safe, I heard a running thud. A human form flew past me, ripping the musette bag off my shoulder. He kept going, swerved, cut across an empty lot to the next street. He was so fast and so violent, but he'd just thrust his arm through the shoulder strap, moving it from my shoulder to his—hadn't hurt me at all, a craftsman—but I was shook up. I stood still. My heart was jumping. I watched him. I turned.



"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Crumett, but all at once I've had it up to here with psychiatry."

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Those guys down the block were all laughing. We were the only people on that long burned-out block.

What could I do? I started to resume my lifelong trip to the subway, but I'll tell you I couldn't stand for it to end that way. For some reason I wanted them to know who I was. Also, I didn't want to become scared of walking around that neighborhood. I work there, damn it. I don't know if those are the real reasons. Whatever—I had to talk to them. So I walked back and went up to them. They laughed. I said, Listen, I know it probably wasn't so great to have shot that film over your heads like that, but I don't think I included you.

I told them they probably knew me—I was working a couple of blocks away, and at least a couple of them must have been over there. I said the film I'd just shot was not so important, but the other stuff had been taken by the Youth Corps kids and they'd feel bad.

The fellow on the top step said, That's one sad story, old man. I looked up. On the fire escape above us, the guy who'd snatched the musette bag was unravelling the film right out of the camera. Hopping around, dancing, laughing.

That's O.K., I said, like some kind of jerk. I don't really care, but I would like the other film. Can't do it, the guy says. I kept pushing: It isn't mine—it's the kids' on 141st. Then I just stood there looking at them. I didn't move. Couldn't. I must have looked so dumb, or maybe they recognized me. Anyway, they had a small speedy Spanish conference, and the leader, top step man, hollered up, Paco, bring it down. No, no, Paco says. He was draping the exposed film in and out of the fire-escape bars. Bring it down, top-step said. Paco looked absolutely miserable, but he handed the bag over. He was disgusted.

I told them thanks. They said, That's O.K., man. Then I did something strange. Why, I don't know. I said, It's true I need the film, but here, you take the camera.

No, no, said the leader.

Take it, I said.

No, no—you crazy, man?

Listen, take it, use it. We'll come over and help you out. You can make a movie.

Don't want it—you deaf? *No.* No.

I said, You've got to take it. I'll be on the 143rd Street lot.

I shoved the camera into their hands. I walked away fast. And here I am—that's all there is. What do you think?

What in the world! said Ruth.

Forget the world, said Joe. I'm sorry I told you the story. I don't know why I did. I must be nuts.

Martin said, I know why you told the story. You wanted to show that just because a person owns a camera they do not own the whole world and you understand it.

That's what you think, said Joe. I think I told it to you because it just happened. Don't make a big Marxist deal about it.

O.K., don't get upset, said Martin. He began to fuss with the projector. Now, let's be calm, he said. Get your chairs, everybody. Ruthie, put the lights out. Wait'll you see the color, folks. Number one. Here it comes, that old man, he's holding that grandchild in a pink and orange sweater—where was that?

Oh, Christ, said Joe, can't you remember anything? It was in a courtyard in a village near Nanking.

—Grace Paley

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Corned Beef Casserole

Slice and coarsely chop ½ medium-size head cabbage. Slice 1 onion and separate into rings. Peel and slice 2 medium potatoes. Blend 1 can (10¾ ozs.) cream of celery soup with ¼ can water. Layer ingredients in 1½-qt. casserole, starting and ending with soup. Sprinkle with salt and pepper as you layer. Bake in a preheated 350°F. oven for 45 to 55 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.—*Family Weekly.*

O.K., but what do we do with this damned corned beef?

GREEN GEORGETTE

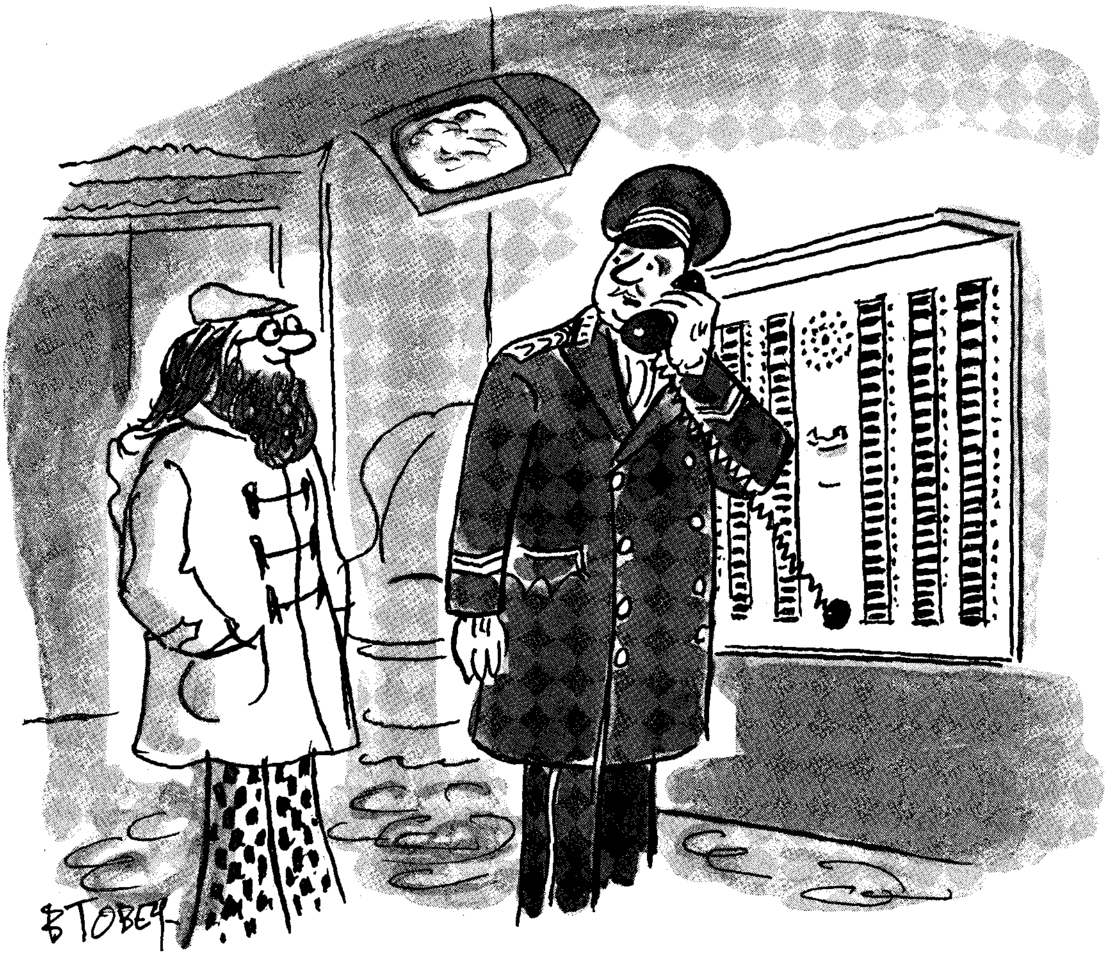
"MAMA and I have been asked to the Jamesons'." All the week, I told myself that, repeating the words again and again. It was to be Sunday evening and I did not know what we might have to eat, but it was bound to be delicious. I boasted about it at school. At twelve years of age, it is no trifling event to go with one's mother to a grand house. My thoughts were of nothing but the visit. I would rehearse every moment of it—going there, knocking on their door, and then being admitted. I reckoned that Rita, their maid, would open it and we would be ushered in to the room where the piano is. It is a black piano. I saw it the day they moved here, to Tubbercurry. I saw the four men drag it in, and when it was put down it made a little sound, as if the strings had been touched somewhere in its bowels.

They have been here about four months. Mr. Jameson works in the bank and walks there each morning at twenty minutes to nine, always carry*ing an attaché case. People ask what is* in it, but nobody knows. It is some secret. He is not too friendly with the locals—just gives a kind of smile to one or two of the important people. He is quite fat and, though he walks slowly, you would think from his face that he had been rushing. There is always a glaze of sweat on it when I encounter him on my way to school, and his cheeks are purple as he leans over the bridge to look down at the rocks, or perhaps the perch and the minnows as they are carried along in the current of brown, frothing water.

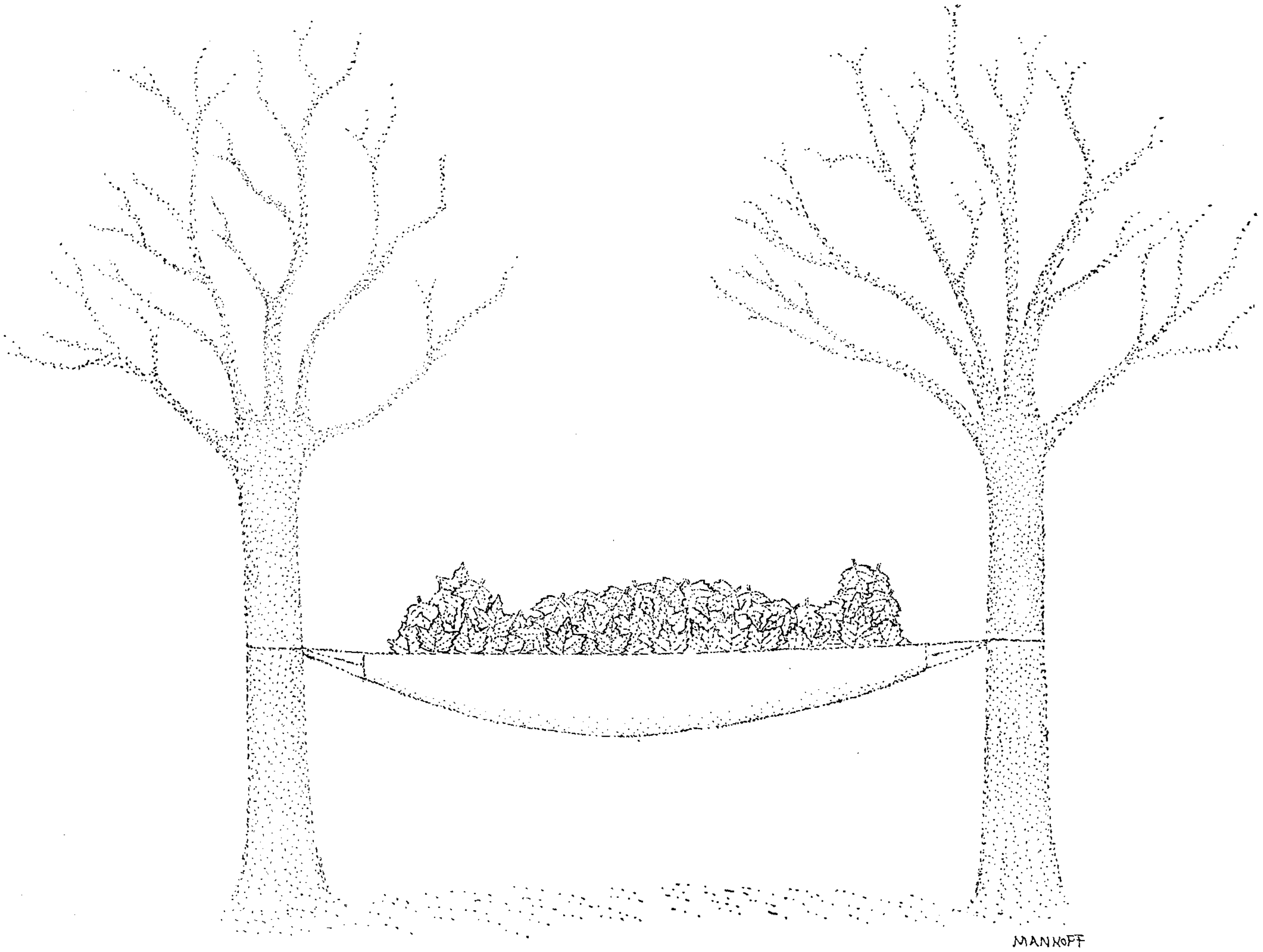
He is not popular. His wife, on the other hand, is the admiration of the parish. She is like a queen. There is not one person who does not comment on her. We watch, we gape, every Sunday when she comes in to Mass, and we admire her style. She has not worn the same thing twice and, even if she does wear the same costume or coat, she uses different accessories and so it appears to be a different outfit. When she first came, it was February, and she wore a Teddy-bear coat that had brown buttons with cracks in *them. They were a bit like horse chest*nuts. Then, the following Sunday, she had a brown bouclé coat that came almost to her ankles, and she wore it open, so that we could see the sheer dress inside. She wears long scarves, which she drapes around her neck, and, always, high-heeled court shoes. She has lizard court shoes, as well as suède and patent leather. She has a dainty foot. Her supply of brooches is wizard. She wears them either in the lapel of her coat or costume or on the scarf—not in the front, where any fool might wear them, but at the side. She has a butterfly brooch and a multicolored beetle and a beautiful long leaf the color of Jack Frost. Not all of them tie with a pin; there is one with a clasp, and it was dropped in the chapel one day but luckily found by the sacristan.

We had heard that Mrs. Jameson's first name was Vera. Her sister Effie lives with them, and in the shop one day she asked for arrowroot for Vera, who was bilious. Effie is plainer and has only two outfits, and these are tweed. Effie seems more religious—that is to say, she prays constantly at Mass and her eyes are shut tight and she keeps *kissing her crucifix. Vera, on the other* hand, looks about her and then looks straight ahead at the altar, as if she is seeing something momentous in it. Maybe it is the flowers that catch her attention, or maybe she wants to make sure that she can peer in when the tabernacle door is opened. We, all of us, watch for that, as we are inclined to think that Christ might step out and come among us, but the trouble is the priest does it so stealthily and his vestments are so capacious that we cannot see in and it is locked at all other times.

At Mass, I try to have a seat in front of Mrs. Jameson, so that I can turn round and stare at her. She has a few little habits, such as biting and then smacking her lips, or running her hands hurriedly along the beads of her pearled rosary. Another thing, she takes ages to blink. She keeps her eyes open for such a long time and stares as if into a pool. To do it oneself would make one dizzy. She knows we all look at her, but she is indifferent to us and does



"Do you know a Jake Hollis? He says he met you on the beach at Amagansett."



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not give a glare that implies "Be off, trash" or "Stop staring."

MAMA said we would walk down to the Jamesons' after tea on Sunday, because it was not certain if we were invited for eats or not, and we might even go in by the side door. There is a side entrance and a little dark path under a big beech tree, and there is a lawn roller that is never moved. My father had not been invited, so we imagined that it was an occasion for ladies only. There would probably be her sister, herself, Mama, and I. Their two girls are away at boarding school. They are twins and they are called Chloe and Cissy, but I was glad that they were away, as otherwise I might be put in the nursery with them and not be able to gaze at the grownups. I knew that I would not say a word. I would not want to.

Our being asked was a miracle, and Mama thought so, too. It came about in the strangest way. The Jamesons were having a supper party. The whole town knew about it. They were having suckling pig, followed by apple fritters and cream. The maid boasted of it in the butcher's, the hardware, and the grocery shop. The guests were other banking people from far afield and a hunting lady, who lives apart from her husband and who is trying to convert people to some dire religion.

At any rate, on the day of their supper party all the cream in the creamery had turned sour. The vats had not been scalded properly and everything had to be thrown out. Rita, the maid, went first to the creamery and then to the three shops, and all she could get was tinned cream with a carnation on the label. Mrs. Jameson was aghast. She said one does not give tinned cream to people of note and that fresh cream must be had. Rita thought of us. She knew us well and used to come the odd Saturday to help my mother, but once she went to them she did not want to know us, and looked over the opposite wall, with her head in the air, when she passed our gate. Still, she arrived with a jug and half a crown, and Mama said, "Hello, stranger."

Rita said they were in a terrible dither because there was no fresh cream, and could Mama in the goodness of her heart help out. Mama did not say yes at once. She took Rita to task for being so snotty with us and for not telling us that she would no longer come on a Saturday to scrub. Rita got very flustered and said that she knew she had done wrong, and that she was awake nights over it and was biting her nails. She showed her bitten nails, and they were almost flesh.

Mama then took the white jug. It was a lovely jug with kingfishers on the face of it and a very dainty handle. Mama vanished into the pantry. There were three large pans of cream settling, and with the tips of her fingers she skimmed each one. She did it perfectly, making sure that no milk got in. The separated milk was blue in color compared with the lovely butter-yellow richness of the cream. She refused the money. Having been tart with Rita, she was now contrite and gave her a bag of cooking apples.

We did not hear anything for a week except that the dinner went off wonderfully and that there were four cars with different license plates, denoting different counties. Some of the ladies sang after dinner and one could be heard in the public house across the road, singing "There's a Bridle Hanging on the Wall." This could have been the hunting lady, but that is only speculation.

Mama said I was to wear my green knitted dress with the scalloped angora edging and to carry my coat, in case it got chilly on the way home. It is about half a mile's walk. She herself resolved to wear her sirdar suit, the one she'd knitted, and I knew that in her heart she hoped the conversation would get around to the fact that she did knit it, as she is proud of it. It looks like a model from a shop. Indeed, if they were to admire it I knew she might offer to knit one for Mrs. Jameson. She is like that. She will probably make them a rug or a stool or a wallet. I know how she longs for that secretly. She would like nothing better than that they would come to our house on Sunday evenings, so that she could shower them with cakes and sausage rolls and a new soufflé, which she has perfected, made from carrageen moss. It has to cool on the windowsill for hours.

Sunday, on the way to the Jamesons', she said that we were not to mention anything about our lives, or the geese that got stolen, or my father's tantrums, or, above all, his drinking bouts. Anyhow, we were so happy to be going that we were looking on the brighter side of things. My father had sulked before we left and made demands as to where his supper was and why should he have to put on a kettle. The kettle was already filled and simmering on the side of the stove. Logs and turf were in, and we had closed in the hens and chickens. Because it was still bright, we had terrible trouble getting them in. They ran and flew about in a frenzy, and at one point I was certain that we might not be able to go.

We used the hall door, because the gate that led to the path was stiff and the hasp would not yield. You should see their big knocker. It was polished to a T. The sister let us in and conducted us to the drawing room, and there was Mrs. Jameson, looking like a painting. She was wearing a green georgette dress with a long matching scarf and her beetle brooch. The scarf was swathed three or four times around her throat and she had rouge on. When she shook hands, I thought I would faint. I thought I was touching air or a meringue.

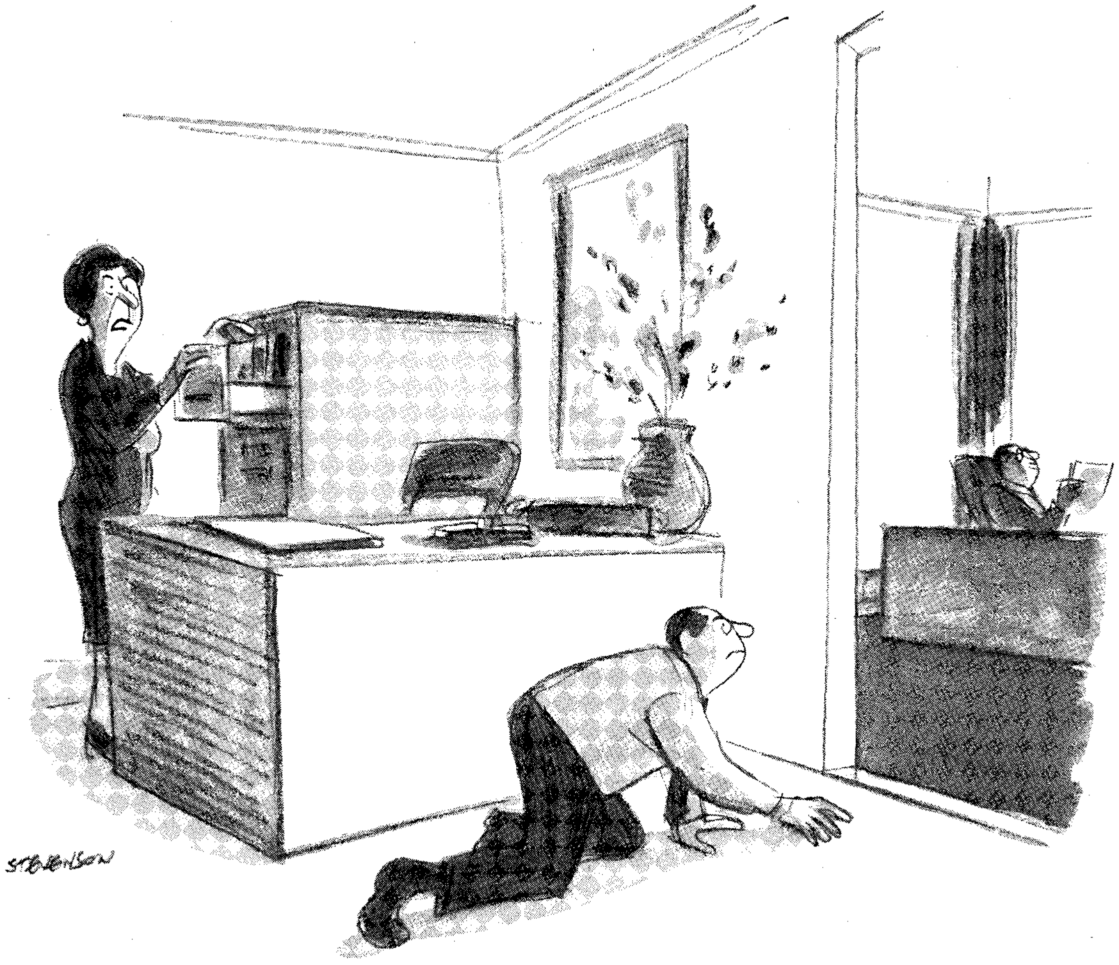
"Such pretty ringlets," she said, and then turned to Mama and said how much she'd looked forward to their meeting and how terribly kind it was to give her that delicious cream, and at once they had a topic. They discussed whether cream should be whipped with a fork or a wire beater, and they agreed that a wire beater can make it so thick that if one is absent-minded one has a bowl of butter instead of a bowl of cream.

There was a fire in the room and two alabaster lamps with beautiful white globes. It was like a room in a story, with the logs crackling quietly, the fender and the fire irons gleaming, and a picture above the fireplace of a knight riding through a storm. I sat on a stool. Mrs. Jameson was opposite, and I admired the way she touched her scarf or moved it a little to one side. She seemed faintly irritated when her sister gushed too much. Her sister was saying how much they loved the parish, and loved the canal and the boating, and loved their walks in Raheen Road, and were getting on famously with the locals.

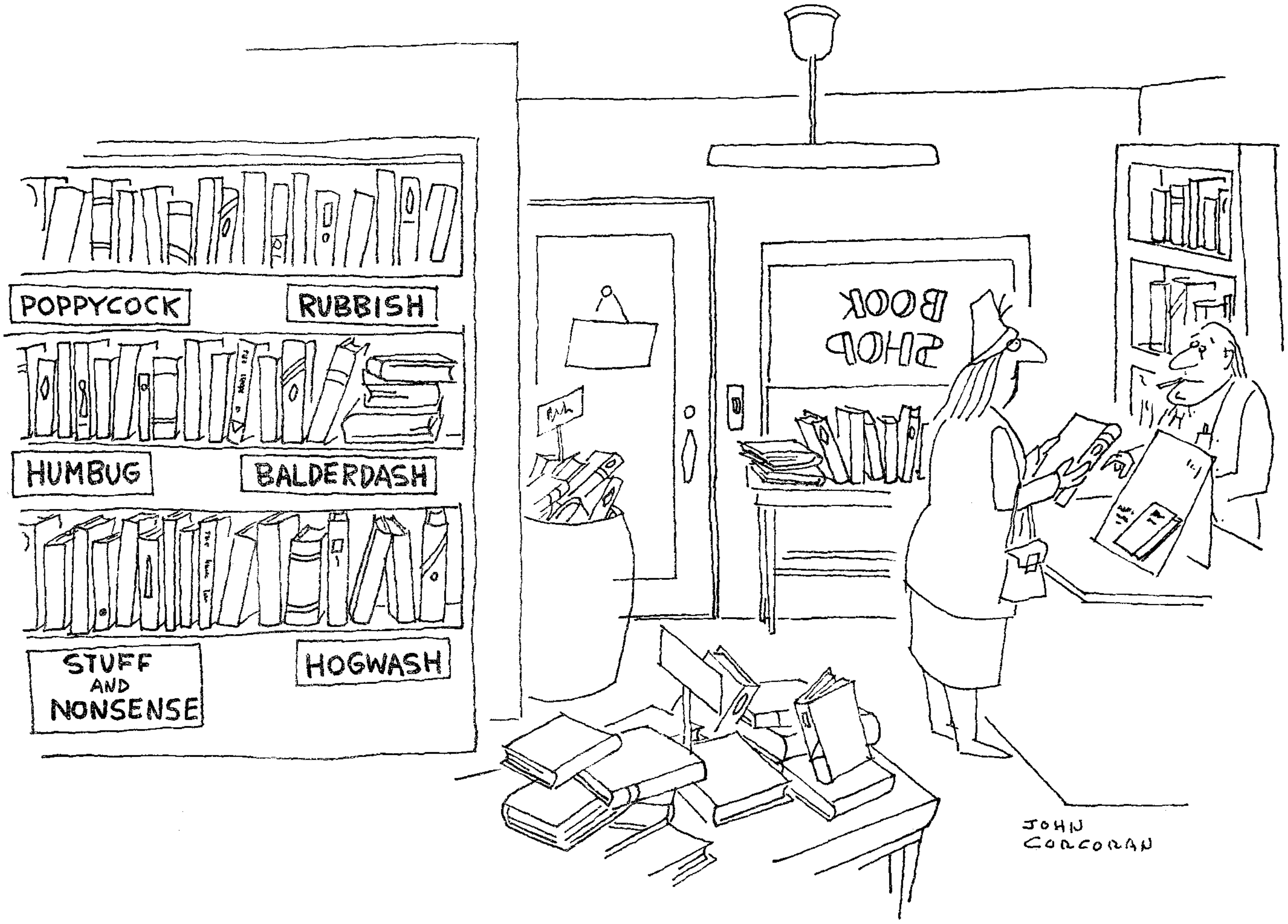
"Hugh doesn't love it," Mrs. Jameson said.

Hearing her pronounce her husband's name was indecent; it was almost as if she had lifted her dress and showed us her stocking tops or her garters. After that, Mama became very sympathetic and confessed that she did not love it when she first came. Mama had been to America, to Brooklyn, and was most anxious to let them know this, because it gave her more status than other people and it enabled her to boast a little of the exquisite clothes she had once had. Mrs. Jameson expressed great interest in this, and asked Mama why on earth she had come home! Mama became solemn. She said she had come home on a holiday and by a mere fluke got engaged and then got married. A little sigh escaped from Mrs. Jameson, and it was clearly about marriage.

I saw her as a woman suffocating, and I felt it more clearly when she said that Hugh would not be joining us since he was such a bad mixer. Where was he? Upstairs? In the room on the opposite side



"Now, now, Mr. Trombley, you know don't have access!"



of the hall, or maybe in the garden hoeing? He was not a man to go to any of the public houses, so if he was not with us he must be somewhere about. Maybe he was in the kitchen. As she uncrossed her legs, Mrs. Jameson lifted her dress a fraction, and then I saw to my heart's content her beautiful shoes. They were like filigree. They were cloth shoes, chiefly silver, with a purple thread running through it, and they tied in a bow at the instep. I could have knelt down and kissed them.

All of a sudden, Effie got up and went out. Mama liked that, because she wanted to get confidential with Mrs. Jameson and to share views about marriage, childbearing, and the change of life—all eminent subjects with her.

"It's not a bed of roses," Mama said, and Mrs. Jameson concurred.

Mrs. Jameson mentioned that she had been married off at twenty-one and didn't know a thing. On the morning of her wedding, she'd asked her father to take her away. Her twins were now about twelve, so quietly I calculated that she was thirty-three. She said small towns were stifling and with bank folk the conversation was all bank bank bank. Then every few years they were transferred to a new town, so that one could never put down roots and it was all ghastly. But there it was.

Mama sympathized and said that it was hard to credit it, but, despite setbacks, she loved her farm and her kitchen garden and her house and would not part with them now. Then she slipped in the fact that she hoped Mrs. Jameson would do us the honor of a visit one evening, and there was a very absent-minded "yes." There were times when it seemed as if Mrs. Jameson had floated away from us, as if she were not listening, not seeing, and, above all, not enjoying. But at that point we did not know that she was ill.

THE supper was wheeled in by Effie on a two-tiered trolley. There was a choice of sandwiches with cress sprinkled over them, two kinds of cake, and assorted biscuits. The tea set was a beautiful china and the teapot had a handle like a kettle. It was made of straw. It was impractical, because when Effie poured she spilled on all four saucers. Mama got overexcited and said to me to look at that spread, to just look at how perfect it was, and I knew that she was wondering in her mind if she would be able to equal it when they came to us. Mrs. Jameson nibbled and there was that listlessness, as if she weren't conscious of what she was doing.

"Do tuck in," she said to me, even though I had a sandwich to my lips, and another on my side plate, and a cake. It was a shop cake and I would have sworn that it came from the Dainty Dairy in the city. The icing was pink, but beautifully soft, and inside the cake was moist because of being filled with lemon curd. It was breathtaking. Mama said that if ever they wanted cream, eggs, cabbage, or apples they were just to let us know. Normally, Mama was reserved, but her yearning to be their friend surpassed everything and made her giddy. In them she saw elegance and good manners and a succession of perfect Sunday evenings such as she would have loved in her own life. She saw a beautiful room, a beautiful languid woman, and a sister who served.

Of course, she was mistaken. We discovered this most rudely. Mrs. Jameson put down her cup with a thud and then stroked her forehead. For an instant, I thought she was about to weep. Then she said to her sister, "Effie, I think I'll have to see Dr. Tom." We could see that she was most agitated and on the brink of tears, and she held her hand to her throat as if there was a goitre there. Effie rushed across and unwound the scarf, and Mrs. Jameson said that her glands were swollen and now her lip was swelling. She got up and crossed the room to look in a mirror that was part of a little candelabra, and she let out a little shriek.

"It's worse," she said to Effie, and put her finger to her lower lip. To our eyes there was no swelling there, just a slightly chapped lip with a cold sore. Effie said they would ring the doctor at once, but Mrs. Jameson said she would rather go there—she would rather go to his private house. I felt squashed. Mama must have, too. Mama agreed with Effie and said they should send for him—that he would come in no time and bring medicines in his doctor's bag. Mrs. Jameson said that he might not bring the right thing, and Mama said that it was amazing, the things that fitted into that bag.

"Get Hugh," Mrs. Jameson said, and Effie flitted off, leaving us to watch Mrs. Jameson touch her lip with her forefinger and gauge how much it was still swelling. Mama asked could she have eaten something perhaps—something that gave her this sudden inflammation. Mrs. Jameson said it was probably so. She had been gardening, she said. Mama said perhaps it was nettles, and Mrs. Jameson tersely dismissed that, by saying she always wore gardening gloves. Mama could not find the right thing to say. Effie was back, with her coat on, and her expression seemed to say "He does not want to drive you."

"We'd better go, Vera," she said, putting the Teddy-bear coat on Vera's shoulders, and we saw them out, and saw them get into the green baby Ford and drive off with an amazing speed, without even hooting. Effie had only just learned to drive. We debated about what we should do. Of course, the truth was, we did not want to go home yet. So we lingered, admiring the brass knocker and the perforated mat that allowed for the muck to fall through. Mama vowed that when she had money she would invest in one of them and so not be down on her knees scrubbing a kitchen floor three times a week.

It was not yet dark. Across the road, men were sitting outside the pub drinking and murmuring to each other, and Mama said that although it was a lovely house, it did not have a very salubrious view. We recognized the men in the dusk and were grateful that my father was not among them. It was a hushed night and there was a smell of flowers. It was a mixture of lilac and hawthorn plus geraniums from the next-door house. The woman there had a sun porch and she cultivated tomatoes and geraniums. She was a crank. She and the Jamesons were not on speaking terms, and Mama said that she was probably in the sun porch, crouched down, eying us.

WE went in and surprised Mr. Jameson, who had come to get the remainder of the sandwiches. He

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FIVE POEMS

THE DISTANT

O distant, distant; deep unapproachable; receive always
the silent ones in their absence, in the absence of the others,
when the danger from the near ones, from the near itself, burdens
during nights of promise with many-colored lights in the gardens,
when the half-closed eyes of lions and tigers scintillate
with flashing green omissions in their cages
and the old jester in front of the dark mirror
washes off his painted tears so that he can weep—
O quiet ungrantable, you with the long, damp hand,
quiet invisible, without borrowing and lending, without obligations,
nailing nails on the air, shoring up the world
in that deep inaction where music reigns.

WINTER SUNSHINE

It was that we looked at both sides—time fell into a certain balance—
the inside mirror and the tree and the disabled veteran's kiosk. Hour on hour
multicolored magazines and newspapers—the nudes, smoke, those killed,
ravines;
this dark anonymity; and the walls opposite: lit up.
Pleasure, yelled the woman, red pleasure with red fingernails,
red body slaughtered; and the sheet hanging down to the stone stairway
and the three handsome young men, linked shoulder to shoulder (the one in
the middle a statue),
strolling reluctantly in the sunlit insouciance of death.

SECURITY DEPOSITS

The money-changer's counter made of glass—what strange coins, what
false teeth
of gold, silver, iron; and single gold teeth of the dead; Eleni's necklace;
an enormous hatpin; the Old Testament silver-bound
with red and green stones. The large clock on the town hall struck twelve.
They took the poultry out of the freezer. The shoeshine man stood at the door
with the boots of Antinoüs slipped over his hands. Then
a little breeze from the south; the long sheet stirred. Under the bed
you could see the dead bride's pure-white high-heeled shoe.

PREPARING THE CEREMONY

Something has gone wrong with the celebration they're preparing for me.
They go up and down stairs, jostle each other in the corridors.
The three chandeliers in the large hall have come on.
Up on the podium the glass of water glows. They announce me.
I urge my feet; search myself with my hands; I'm missing.
And if I try to go down the stairs, the usher will arrest me.

COURT EXHIBIT

The woman was still lying on the bed. He
took out his glass eye, set it down on the table,
took a step, stopped. Now do you believe me? he said to her.
She picked up the glass eye, brought it close to her eye; she looked at him.

—YANNIS RITSOS

(Translated, from the Greek, by Edmund Keeley.)

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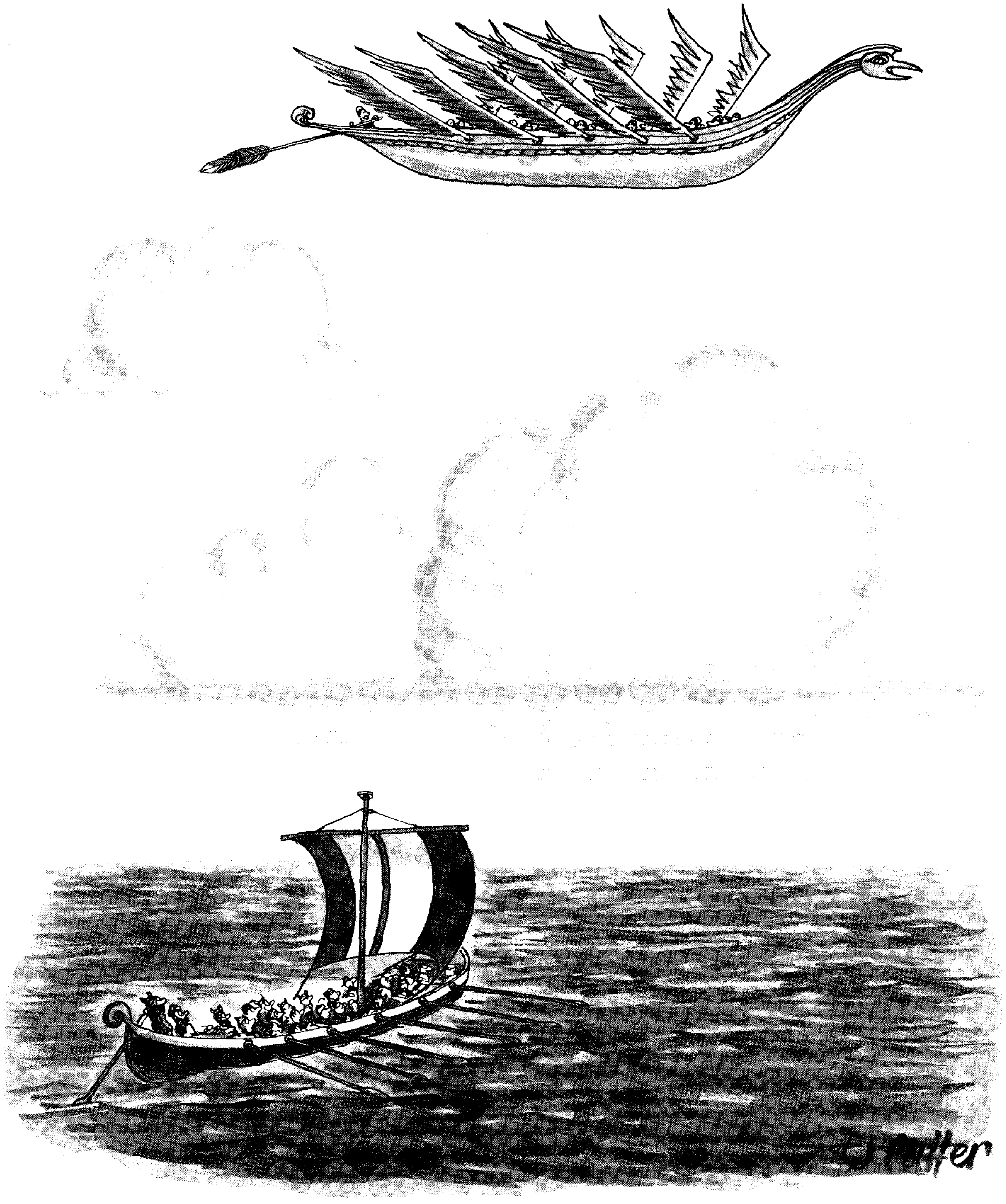

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was like a thief or a tinker, bolting off with them, and out of awkwardness Mama said would he like a fresh cup of tea. He muttered no and disappeared. There was a strong smell of drink from him and, when he'd gone, Mama shook her head sagely and said one never knew the skeletons that lurked in cupboards. Out of habit, she poked the fire and put a sod on it, and then she vetted the room. She estimated the cost of all the furnishings, and said if she could have one item it would be the tea trolley and the cut-glass bowl with the curled-up rose leaves in it. But she would not give you tuppence for the piano. Then she studied a tapestry and said that it was probably very old, probably an heirloom.

I asked what was the matter with Mrs. Jameson. I knew that there was something odd about a woman going to a doctor late at night, something amiss.

"It beats me," Mama said.

There was no swelling, to speak of, and her lip had no more than a cold sore on it. I expect that Mama thought it was nerves, but she would not say so. Nerves are about the worst thing people can get—worse than sciatica, or eczema, or shingles, or the change of life. Nerves make people funny, make them laugh or cry at the most unsuitable moments and imagine things like men under their beds or mice crawling into their shoes.

"I loved her silver shoes," I said, and Mama said, "Did you, darling," but she was busy cogitating. There were things she was trying to fathom, such as how much did he drink, did they get on, why were children of twelve in a boarding school, and why did the sister live with them. There was another thing, and it was Mrs. Jameson's being so keen to visit the doctor's house. The doctor was a lady's man. Mama did not say this, but I knew that he had kissed nurses in the grounds of the hospital and had taken a nurse once to Galway; they had tea in The Stella and went to the pictures and did not come out when the picture was over. That story spread.

Mama said that though the green georgette was beautiful and the shoes divine, they were funny things to wear if you were going to a doctor. Mama said it was different if you were going to a dress dance or even a card party. I thought how at that very moment Vera might be on a couch and the doctor leaning over her, patting her lip with witch hazel or smearing it with Vaseline. In my mind, I gave her the fragrance of the rose leaves plus another perfume sachet tucked into her bodice. It had the smell of carnation. Like a lunatic, I imagined them kissing.

WHEN Mrs. Jameson and Effie got back, they showed real surprise at our still being there. I even think they were annoyed. "Nothing too serious, I hope," Mama said. Effie flinched and said nothing serious, they'd been given an ointment and a tonic because Vera was run down. Vera looked flushed, as if something thrilling had happened. Mama said later she had a look of "devilment." Vera gloated over the doctor and his wife. She said that they were on first names after a few minutes, and it was as if they'd known each other all their lives. It seems they had to wait in the hall at first, as the doctor was injecting some epileptic child, and while they were waiting his wife came through and offered them a sherry. At some subsequent moment, his wife said, "Call me Pauline." Mama's hopes were thus dashed. I know that for sure.

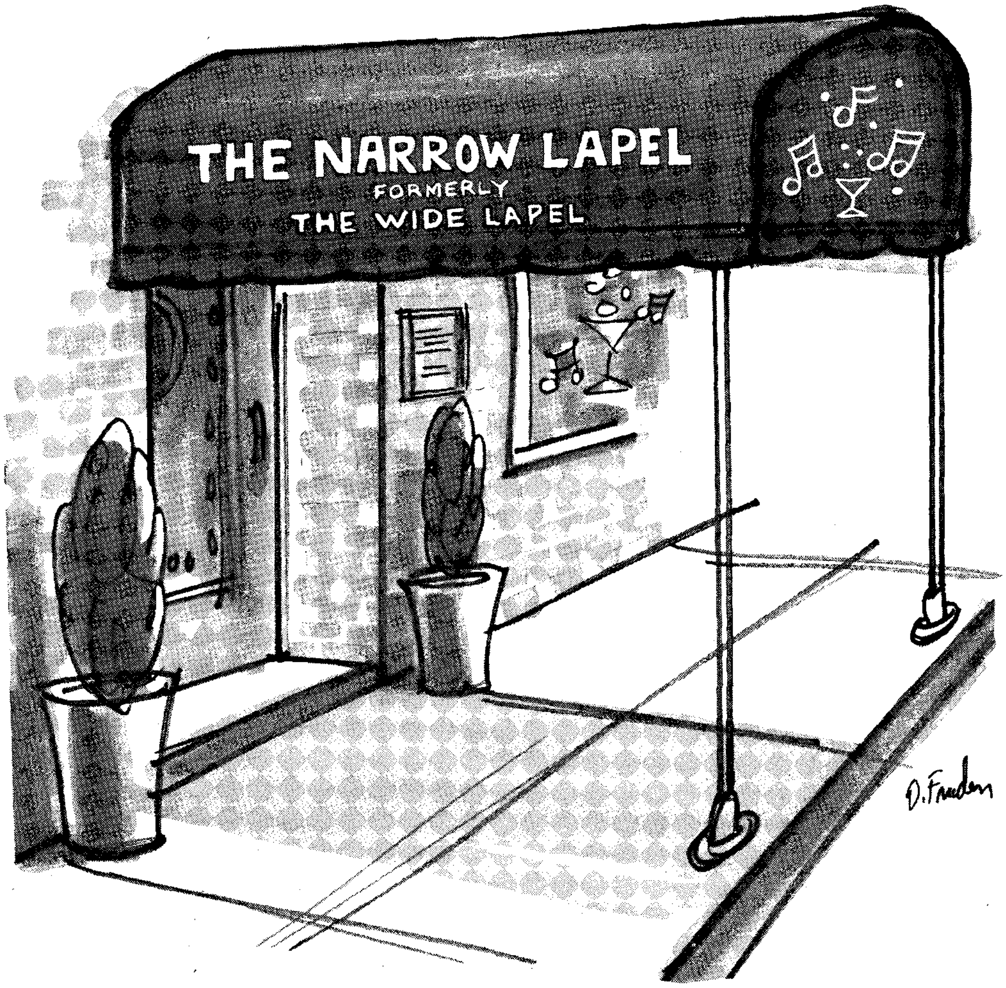
At one time, the doctor's wife used to visit us—indeed, haunt us—and Mama did things for her like knit and sew and bake, but suddenly she got tired of us and told the postman that we were no one of note and that we were the laughingstock of the parish and that *she* would not be visiting us again. She even said our milk had a terrible smell, though it was the time of the year when the grass is so rich that all milk smells a bit strong. Being a town person, she would not know that. Another thing, the doctor's wife drinks, and Mama forecast that she and Mrs. Jameson would shortly be bending the elbow together and probably going to a public house or driving to Galway to have binges together.

Mrs. Jameson mentioned that the doctor and his wife promised to take her to a point-to-point, and to Effie she said, "What on earth will I wear?"

Effie said, "Now, now," and that in view of the commotion and having to go out in the night air Vera should go straight to bed, and Mama said of course and asked if we could be excused. She was too conciliatory. Not wanting to go, she clung for a second longer than was sensible.

"Well, now I can say that I met Mrs. Jameson," Mama said as if she were making a speech from a platform.

"So glad you both could come," Mrs. Jameson said.



WE walked home in a gloom. The grass was wet with dew, and on either side of our avenue the cattle lay in large bulks. I could hear some of them cough and wheeze. There was a light from the kitchen window of our house, and Mama said my father hadn't gone to bed yet, and that that was a good sign, as usually he went to bed if he was livid.

"There's no place like home," she said. She often says it, but I do not believe she means it, or if she does, it is only part true. The question now is, will they ever visit us.

—Edna O'Brien

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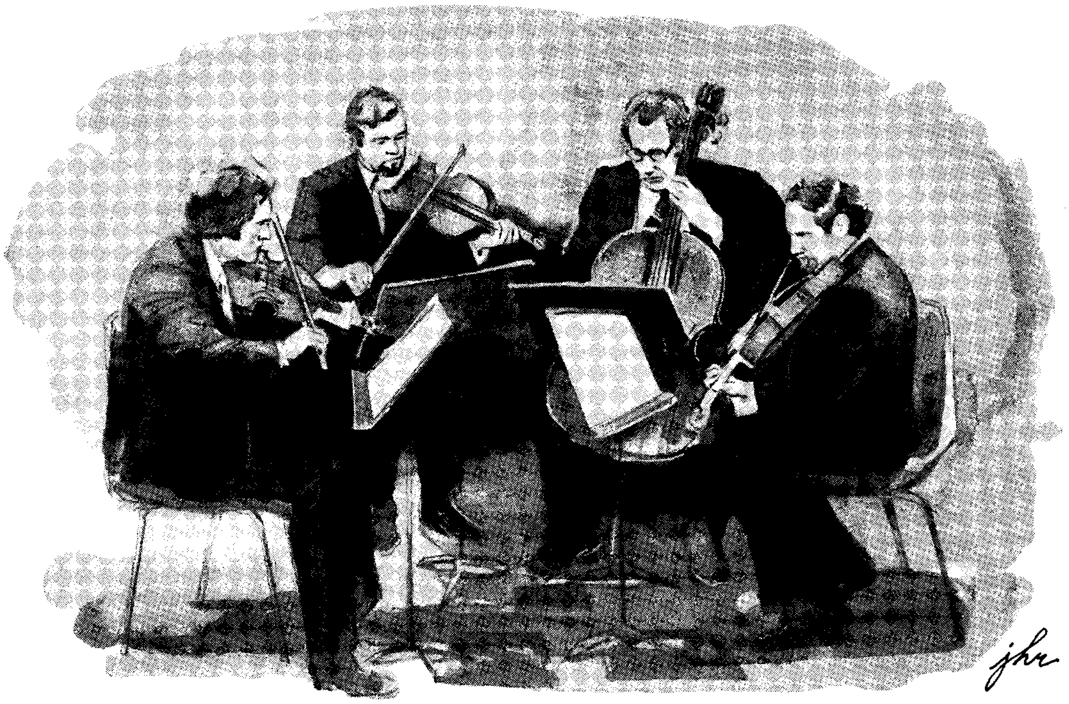
Mr. Roberts said that Senator Talmadge had not written the letter with any idea of self-gain and that no conflict of interest was involved. He said that on Aug. 19, 1966, when the letter was written, the Senator did not know that six years later, a syndicate of which he was part would own land at the interchange site.

Terming the letter to the highway agency "a classic case of a referral of a constituent's request," Mr. Roberts said, "We didn't recommend it, we didn't approve it, we simply endorsed it."—*The Times.*

Oh.

PROFILES

STRING QUARTET



ON a sunny Tuesday morning in May, the Guarneri Quartet, the preëminent string quartet in the world today, rehearsed at the suburban home of John Dalley, the second violinist, in Haworth, New Jersey. The other members of the quartet live in Manhattan, and, according to their custom, the cellist, David Soyer, drove them out. Soyer, who was wearing a sweatshirt and slacks, is a tall, broad-shouldered man in his mid-fifties, with a high forehead, gray wavy hair combed back, blue-gray eyes, an aquiline nose, and an open, affable manner. He wears glasses onstage—the only one in the quartet who does—and he sometimes looks stern, dour. To his amusement, he has often been described by friends as "avuncular," and he could be everybody's favorite professor. He walked at a fast pace the two blocks to the garage on the West Side where he keeps his red Volvo, carrying his cello in its hard case as if it were weightless, although it is thirty awkward pounds, and on tour he will take a cab a few blocks to spare his arm. He commented on the lovely weather to the garage attendant before he put his cello in the back seat and headed up Broadway to Eighty-sixth Street, where Michael Tree, the violist—who had taken a crosstown bus from his home, on the East Side—was waiting on a bench. Tree, wearing a crisp checked sports shirt and slacks, was, at forty-three, the next oldest in the group. He is a trim, handsome man of medium height, with curling brown hair that is thinning on top, a beard and mustache tinged with gold, high cheekbones, and amazing blue eyes that, along with a characteristic blush, seem to register his feelings immediately. He got into the back seat, rested the top of the cello on his lap, and leaned his viola against his knees. Tree and Soyer both appeared sleepy, but their spirits were high. The end of their 1976-77 season was in sight, and so were the two months' vacation the quartet takes every year. Behind them were a hundred or so concerts and about sixty thousand miles of travel throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, and Europe. Ahead were two concerts at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A., of French and Czech music, which was not in that season's repertoire (postponed because of a labor dispute—the quartet will not cross a picket line); three concerts in Vancouver, with the pianist Peter Serkin; three concerts at the University of South Florida, in Tampa; a concert at Wolf Trap park, in Virginia; one open rehearsal and a concert at the University of Kentucky, in Lexington; and their final performance of the season, at the Caramoor Music Festival, in Westchester.

Soyer made a left turn on Eighty-seventh Street and drove north on Riverside Drive. Tree said that he'd spent ten hours the day before teaching at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, and his two-year-old daughter, Anna, woke him a number of times during the night. His son, Konrad, now six, had done the same thing at that age; both clearly wanted to reassure themselves that he was really home.

Arnold Steinhardt, the first violinist, in jeans and a sports shirt, was waiting in front of an apartment building on the Drive. At forty, he was the youngest—a thin, tall man (six feet three), who looks even taller because of a thick head of wavy black hair that is just beginning to turn gray. He has a high forehead, heavy black brows that almost meet in the middle, wide-set green eyes, a long nose, a thin mouth. The over-all effect is such—especially when he is wearing white tie and tails—that if he were playing in an earlier century ladies would carry smelling salts in their beaded evening bags. Steinhardt said, "I'm *tired*. I don't want to go to New Jersey. I don't want to rehearse. I resign." Nevertheless, he folded himself into the front seat, violin between his knees, and Soyer proceeded north to the George Washington Bridge.

Tree said that since they'd given themselves a three-day weekend they would have to work from ten to five, instead of their usual ten to one. They planned to rehearse part of next season's repertoire as well as works they would be playing in the immediate future. Soyer said he *had* to quit at one. He had two pupils he didn't want to disappoint. The first, a girl, had learned cello as a child, lying on her back—therapy for a muscular disease. She had recovered, and she was talented, Soyer said, and so was the other, a boy whose previous teacher's criticism had been savage. Soyer hoped to help bolster the kid's ego as well as teach him to play.

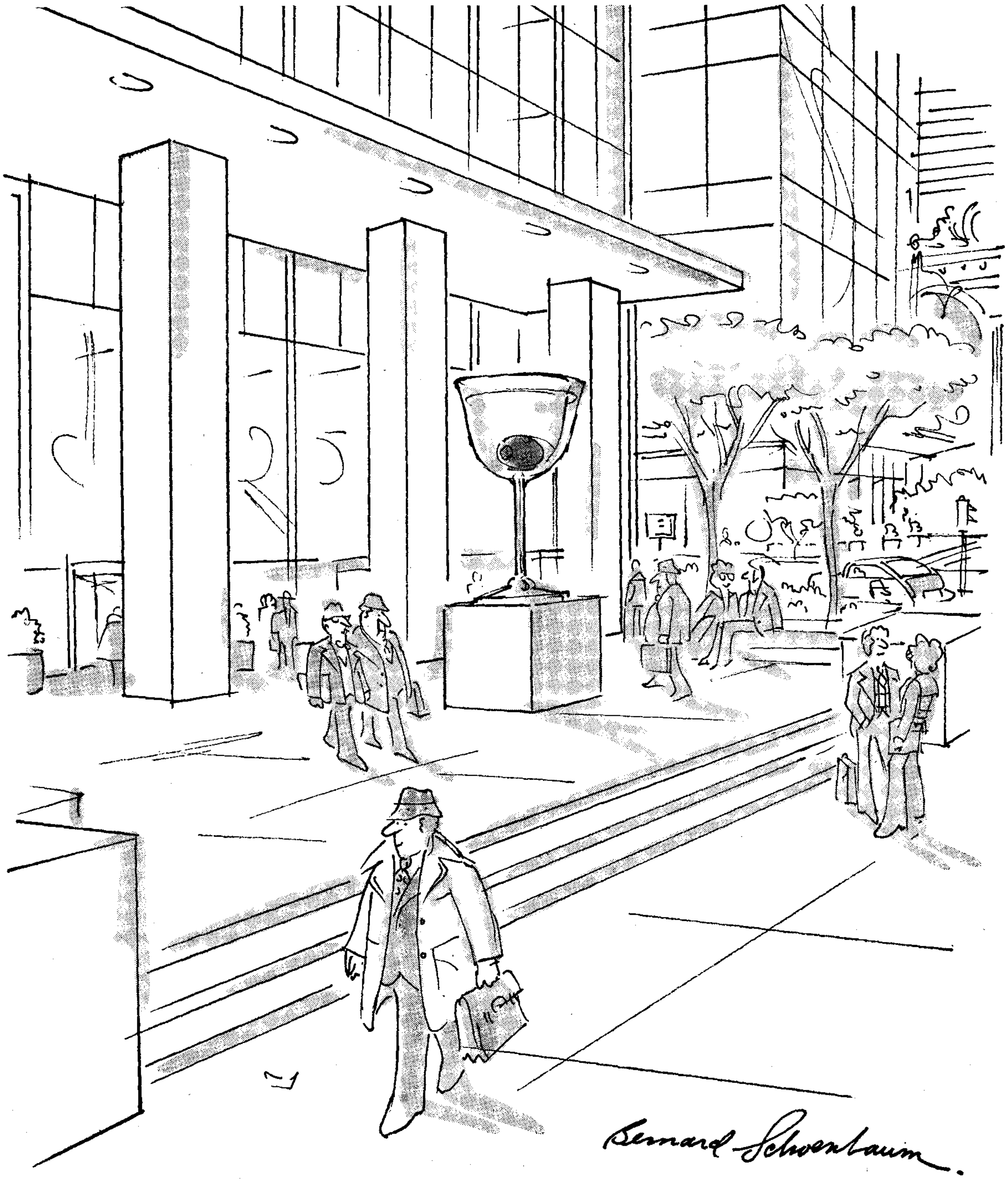
Tree said in that case they should plan a longer rehearsal for the following day. Soyer's talk of pupils reminded Tree of an unnerving experience he'd had at Curtis. One of his students—exceptionally talented—had not been working hard enough, and Tree gave him a stern lecture about the need for total dedication in music. To his surprise, the young man began to cry. Tree's eyes widened in astonishment as he talked about it. He seemed stunned. He is a gentle man, and though such scenes are not uncommon between teacher and pupil, it was the first time it had happened to him.

Soyer said, "I used to make my pupils cry, but then I realized they weren't learning anything. They were just crying. So I stopped." All three are on the Curtis faculty.

Steinhardt, who had been silent, said, "I had a *terrible* dream last night. I gave a recital and I was so bad that the audience didn't applaud, boo, or hiss. They walked out. I could see their backs; they were silently leaving the hall. Not a sound, and I just stood onstage and watched them leave."

Soyer said, "That's a classic anxiety dream." They drove over the bridge and through a part of New Jersey that is bright with red, pink, and salmon azalea, dogwood, and lilacs in May, and Soyer, who used to live there, rattled off the names of suburbs they were passing through—Englewood Cliffs, Tenafly, Cresskill, Dumont . . . Tree spotted some tennis courts and said wistfully, "Hey, Arnold, look at all those empty courts." Tree and Steinhardt both play tennis, often with each other. Tree said he had a sore right arm and thought it was tennis elbow; he planned to see a tennis pro to find out what he was doing wrong as soon as he had the time.

Soyer said, "I'll give you odds it's not tennis elbow. I bet it's the Schubert. Sasha Schneider told me that every time the Budapest played that piece, the next morning he'd cut himself shaving." The Schubert Soyer referred to was the G Major—usually called the Great G Major, because of its length (forty-five minutes, give or take a minute) and the strenuous physical demands it imposes on the performers. The Guarneri had programmed it for the season against the advice of the Amadeus Quartet, who warned them that it was too much to take on tour. The Guarneri offers four different programs each season, and, as Tree explains it, the people who engage them are allowed to choose quartets from different programs: "Like a Chinese menu: one from Column A, one from Column B. And sometimes they don't want anything on the menu. They want a completely different program, and on tour that's hard." The Schubert isn't offered often by other quartets, and the Guarneri sometimes found themselves playing it five times a week. The three lower voices have long tremolo passages—the curse of opera orchestras, which often play nothing else while the entire plot of an opera is outlined for the audience. But pit players can hold back when the wrist and arm grow weary, spell each other to a certain extent. In a quartet, the intensity of each voice must remain constant.



At John Dalley's house, Nancy Dalley was in the kitchen, ironing damp jeans dry for one of the three Dalley children. She is a tall, pretty brown-haired woman, and when Steinhardt walked in, extended his hand, and said, "Hi! I'm Arnold Steinhardt. Could I have some coffee, please?" she laughed, shook his hand, and poured him a cup from a pot she always has waiting for them. She also always has bagels warming in the oven

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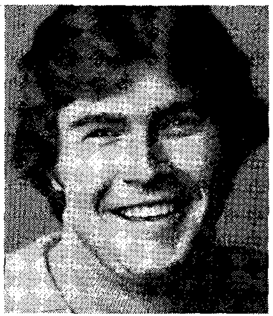

"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
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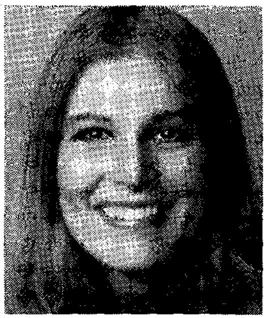

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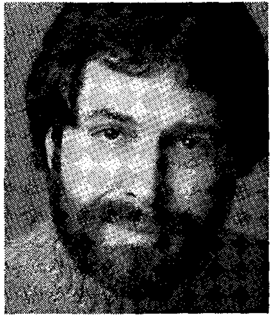

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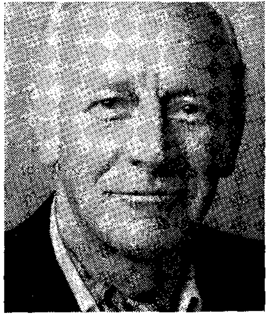

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for the coffee break they take midway through a rehearsal.

Dalley was kneeling on the kitchen floor fixing a broken toy. Dalley, in his early forties, has a certain look of the Midwest he comes from. He has brown hair that dips down over his forehead, blue eyes, a slightly upturned nose, and a trim beard. He moves with grace, and the others say there isn't anything he doesn't do naturally with a high degree of excellence. Steinhardt once said, "John hits a tennis ball and it comes whizzing over the net so fast you don't see it or hear it or believe he hit it." Dalley handed the fixed toy to Erik, aged three, and said, "Let's get this over with."

The four went into a small room off the kitchen which barely held them and the stands and four chairs. On tour, they play in some auditoriums with such rotten acoustics—usually multipurpose halls—that they don't care where they rehearse, as long as they can hear each other. They unpacked their instruments, sat down, and tuned. Soyer played a scale and some harmonics on his C string, peeled it off, and said, "A twenty-six-dollar lemon." He replaced it in seconds with a new string he took from his case. Steinhardt practiced a run in the Haydn Opus 77, No. 2—part of next season's program. Dalley and Tree, too, were practicing, and Soyer, who was waiting patiently, got them to settle down and get to work, as he always does, by saying, "So . . . *Nu*?"

The quartet works hard on new repertoire, rehearsing in the spring and early fall. They want to have each piece firmly and fluidly in their fingers and bow arms, because often on the road their schedule is so tight they're lucky if they have time to even warm up. They have an easy rapport with one another, and it is clear that each respects criticism from the others, and will give a suggestion consideration, even if disagreement is the end result. They pause often to discuss bowings; when two or three or all have the same legato phrase in different voices, or in unison, the bowing should be the same for uniform dynamics. Logically, they begin many phrases with an up bow, at the tip. A phrase often begins quietly and builds in strength. Volume is at the frog of the bow, not the tip. Tree says, "There are many moments when we have to agree on bowings, though I believe we're less rigid than many other groups. We're often playing at different parts of the bow. Oftentimes, in fast writing, in spiccato-type passages, we'll disagree and end up playing what each of us is best at, and we'll attack it from that point of view, hoping to make it sound concerted, rather than stupidly insisting on doing the same thing." Often someone will say, "How are you going to bow that, Arnold?" and, as often as not, Steinhardt will say, "What's your pleasure?"

Program notes for Guarneri concerts tell the reader that they are a quartet without a leader. In the days before the Budapest Quartet—in which Alexander (Sasha) Schneider played second violin—the first violin led and the others followed. But it was clear to the Budapest, as it is to the Guarneri, that the classic composers had no such thing in mind. A theme can bounce from one instrument to another like a tennis ball in mixed doubles, and when more than one player has an entrance at the same time, they discuss which one will lead. Sometimes one says he would like the lead, and so it's settled. Quite often there is no debate: the logical choice is Dalley. Tree, who says he is wedded to his pencil, marks everything down. He says he's equally wedded to his eraser, because in the course of polishing a work they often change their minds about earlier decisions.

They discuss diminuendos, ritards, dynamics at length. They can spend five minutes arguing about half a bar. Different editions have different editors, and the composer's true intentions are not always known. If no one has seen the autograph, the original, there can be a great deal of argument. (At a rehearsal with Peter Serkin of a Brahms quartet, Steinhardt could hardly believe the score was accurate; he was the only one instructed to use a mute. Serkin had seen the autograph, and said that the viola and cello were originally muted and then the mute marks were crossed out. Steinhardt said, "I bet Brahms didn't cross them out. I bet his maid, Bertha, did.") When editions conflict, the Guarneri do what they feel is most convincing. Steinhardt says, "Someone may feel strongly that a phrase has to have a ritard, or do something of a certain nature, and if there's disagreement he'll take it very much to heart, because it's something he's worked out himself. After too much argument, you realize that that particular spot is a centimetre long and the whole piece is a hundred *metres*, and it doesn't matter that much. And sometimes when we're split two for and two against a fine point of interpretation, we'll say, 'Let's try it this way tonight and the other way tomorrow.' And then the two who were against find during the performance that it's not so bad after all. These things work themselves out in the playing."

They began the rehearsal with the Schubert E-Flat-Major Opus 125, No. 1—an early work, written when Schubert was still in his teens. It is open, transparent, like some early Mozarts, but more sentimental. Soyer wasn't enthusiastic about it, and occasionally, as they made their way through it, he'd say, "Aw, Arnold." Steinhardt said, "It's *so* beautiful. Hang in there—you'll grow to love it."

Although Schubert died at thirty-one, his contribution to chamber-music literature is considered by many to be second only to that of Beethoven. In addition to his famous "Trout" Quintet—violin, viola, cello, piano, and string bass—Schubert wrote a string quintet (the C Major, Opus 163) that employs an extra cello, rather than an extra viola, and it has been proclaimed the greatest chamber work ever written. Musicians often say of a piece that touches them deeply that they would like to have that particular work played at their funeral. A prominent English violinist had inscribed on his tombstone the first six-bar theme of the Schubert cello quintet followed by a quote from Shakespeare: "So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,/ So long lives this, and this gives life to thee." The pianist Arthur Rubinstein has requested that the slow movement be played at his funeral. The Guarneri programs it when a cellist they like is in the area. One year, they did it, in Palo Alto, at Stanford, with Bonnie Hampton, the cellist in the Francesco Trio, whose playing they knew from the Casals Festival, and the following spring they would do it again, by special request, in New York, with Jules Eskin, the principal cellist of the Boston Symphony.

For the Haydn Opus 77, No. 2, a late work and one of his finest quartets, Dalley produced a score, which he placed on the floor next to his chair. Haydn is considered the father of the string quartet—Mozart dedicated six of his best to him. As many as eighty-three of them can be ascribed to Haydn, if you count, as some musicologists do, "The Seven Last Words of Christ" as seven, rather than one (each consists of one long movement, instead of the traditional four), and include No. 83, which he never finished. After the second movement, the Minuet, the composer stopped. On the bottom of the score, he wrote, "*Hin ist alle meine Kraft, alt und schwach bin ich*"—"Fled is all my strength, old and weak am I." Soyer points out that Haydn lived on for six years. Soyer also says, "Before Haydn sat down to work, he would put on a brocade suit and a silver wig and kneel down and pray to God for help."

As they made their way through the four movements of the Haydn, they spoke in a kind of shorthand to each other. Points were raised and sometimes not settled. Questions sometimes went unanswered. Dalley said, "I think that ritard is a little obvious," and Steinhardt suggested, "Maybe if we do it but pretend we're not, we can get away with it." Dalley added, "The whole first movement sounds punched, and where did you get that subito piano?" Steinhardt admitted, "It's not in the part. I just made it." Tree said, "You guys still don't agree on the length of those eighth notes," and Soyer interjected, "They should be *crisp*. Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck—*not* duck-a-duck-a-duck." Dalley said, "We don't agree on intonation, either. It's hideously out of tune." Soyer added, "We're going to have to make this *move*, or it will get very boring. Can't we play the second part with a little more motion?" At one point, Dalley had the theme, and Steinhardt said, "We're all too loud. John can't be heard. And, John, are you going to make a crescendo there?" Dalley said, "I'm not going to make a big thing of it. It shouldn't sound heavy-handed." Steinhardt complained to Soyer and Tree, "You guys are killing me when I take over the theme from John. Just because you have a forte, you don't *have* to do it. What's marked in the score isn't the last word—it's not the Bible." Sometimes they continued to play while they talked. Soyer asked, "What will I do with my tonic resolution if you go triple piano there?" And Steinhardt quipped, "I'm sure you'll think of something." Tree said, "Even if the music had no markings, we would instinctively make a crescendo there," and Dalley, ever avoiding the obvious, said, "That's precisely why I don't want to do it." Soyer said, "We're getting impaled on this. Let's back off and approach again."

The slow movement, perhaps reminiscent to them of Haydn's "Emperor" Quartet, whose Adagio is the German national anthem, got them off the musical track and talking in metaphors: "I see shiny helmets, men marching." "Guns and bayonets and tanks are coming." "Soldiers in uniform—thousands of them." "*Sieg heil!*" (The four often talk about a composer as if he were a close friend, and it is not unusual for them to become wildly irreverent while they read through a work they actually revere. Thus, one time when they were working on a Bartók, Soyer intoned as they played, "János has just come home from the war. It is raining, and he is soaked. He falls in the mud, and a pig bites him. The villagers recognize him and they kick him." Bartók went up into the mountains to record peasant folk tunes that he would later incorporate into his compositions, and Steinhardt interrupted Soyer to say, "The peasants were superstitious; they were afraid that if they sang into a tape recorder they would lose their voices, so Bartók hid the mike in a pot of chicken paprikash and said, 'Won't you sing a little tune into my chicken paprikash?'" At this point, they'd stopped playing and were laughing. Another time, they were rehearsing the Dvořák Piano Quintet with Garrick Ohlsson. In the last movement, the strings play sustained whole notes—an accompaniment to the piano which sounds like organ chords. Soyer said, "He wrote this in a cathedral." The voices part and grow lively, and Tree said, "Now he's in a café, *looking* at the cathedral." Then the string parts become almost raucous, and Steinhardt added, "He's still in that café, but now he's looking at a cathouse.")

They ended the rehearsal with a work by the Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski. It is, as chamber music goes, modern, though not avant-garde. They programmed the piece because they thought it was a good one, and not because of criticism by sponsors that audiences were being "Beethovened to death." Tree says, "We're certainly not the darlings of young composers, though we feel a responsibility as performers to play their works. We play twentieth-century classics—the important works of Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, Stravinsky, Hindemith; but that wouldn't placate most young composers today. They consider the Lutoslawski old hat—it was written in 1964. We have a closetful of manuscripts, and we read through many of them, but when we program a work it can't be a one-shot thing. We've played Kirchner, the Sessions Second, and taken them into places where the audiences have never heard an American quartet. We'll play a work sixty or seventy or eighty times, depending on how often it is chosen, and we feel we're doing more of a service to modern composers than those who do something once for an audience of intellectuals. We play something new if we think it's good."

As Dalley explained the Lutoslawski, "There are bars, but not always in the same place for each instrument, and instructions. If you follow the viola, say, you can start almost immediately or you can wait awhile; it's up to the individual player. So everything is in a different place within a given framework. The composer doesn't want it played the same way twice, and it's written in a way that makes uniformity impossible. He wants *you* to discover where your notes are in relation to the others'. There are meeting points, marked with letters, and there the bar lines are in the same place. It's like a code. Once you've cracked it, it's tremendous fun to play." The piece begins with the first violin playing an almost inaudible three-note figure, and directions in the part say that the fig-

Points of View

ure should be repeated "until you see the audience has become completely quiet." An unreasonable request, many audiences might feel. This morning, the four were reading through the piece—two movements—together for the first time, and at one point Tree said to Soyer, "Don't worry about losing me. I know what you're doing at N and I'll catch up with you there."

They'd all been tired at the beginning of the rehearsal, but music seems to engender energy in performers, and when they finished rehearsing they were absolutely hopping.

"I got what I wanted, but it wasn't what I expected."

THERE is an exuberance of chamber music in America today—about two hundred and fifty professional string quartets (and more forming), as opposed to a dozen or so twenty-five years ago, according to Benjamin Dunham, the executive director of a newly founded organization called Chamber Music America. Chamber music has its origins in Europe, where centuries ago only the privileged were educated to understand it, and in many cases perform it. Music commissioned by kings, counts, and princes gradually made its way out of the castles and into concert halls and homes, and it proliferated in Europe. Music has always been written "to order," commissioned to fulfill a need, celebrate an occasion, or utilize specific instruments, but whereas the combinations of chamber ensembles are almost innumerable, the repertoire that has established itself in the past two centuries would indicate that the string quartet—two violins, a viola, and a cello—provided the form many composers found most challenging. The quartet also provides a base for, among other things, piano quintets (quartet plus piano), viola quintets (quartet plus viola), sextets (quartet plus viola and cello), and octets (two quartets). The quartet is also often linked, in various combinations, with the flute, French horn, clarinet, and guitar.

The growth of chamber music in America has been gradual, and, as is true of many art forms here, the reason was partly money—or a lack of it. Many European countries have been generous with groups that perform chamber music, but America has not been. The National Endowment for the Arts allocates funds for musical organizations with budgets of more than a hundred thousand dollars; the line was drawn there to exclude chamber groups, on the ground that there would be no accurate way of gauging the need and quality of such a vast assortment. Chamber Music America was organized to help small groups get funding, and it has appealed for support to a House subcommittee that deals with the Department of the Interior and related agencies. The appeal, sandwiched between a proposal involving forestry and one on the subject of air pollution, is being considered as part of a general program for improving life in America.

One of the first prominent American quartets was a wealthy man's plaything, the Flonzaley Quartet—four Europeans indentured in 1903 by Edward J. de Coppet, of New York, and named for his summer estate near Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. The quartet practiced and performed privately for de Coppet for a year before touring Europe and America. De Coppet knew how to keep a quartet together. A clause in the contract the four men signed stipulated that none of them could get married for ten years. They all had mistresses, and when the ten years were up one of the men said, "There goes my only excuse."

In America in the late fifties, there were two major quartets—the Juilliard and the Budapest. The Budapest, a European group that had settled in America, was the preëminent quartet in the world at the time. Some of Benjamin Dunham's two hundred and fifty are quartets-in-residence in colleges and conservatories that two decades ago had none. Chamber-music audiences here, at one time predominantly and visibly European, expanded as more and more Americans developed a taste for the music. Over the years, a demand grew that needed a supply. Music lovers were annoyed by the battering loud sounds that assaulted them everywhere—in elevators, supermarkets, parks, and on movie soundtracks—and some were getting bored with the steady diet of standard orchestral repertoire and solo piano and violin works. Those who began going to quartet concerts enjoyed the intimacy and interplay of four musicians working together, and even felt included in the performance. In music, familiarity breeds enjoyment if the music is good, and if the government was not providing funds, some individuals and private foundations were—especially after a ruling by the Internal Revenue Service in the nineteen-twenties that music was educational as well as entertaining, that it improved the quality of life in America, and that money donated to further its cause was tax deductible.

Money was, and is, by no means the only major problem. It's always hard for a quartet, for emotional reasons, to stick together. The music they play demands unusual maturity—there is a built-in competition between the two violins—and too often evokes volatile, childish tantrums, as a James Stevenson cartoon some years ago suggested: Four men are sitting in a rubble of broken music stands, scattered music, smashed instruments—the first violinist is wearing the cello like a ruff, and the neck of the viola is dangling by one

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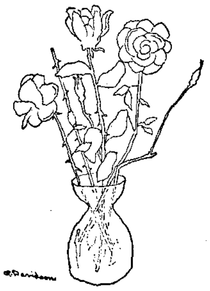
string. In the caption, the violist is saying, "As far as I'm concerned, gentlemen, this marks the end of the Schwarzwälder String Quartet." There are no records of how many American quartets formed and dissolved like snowflakes or went off like rockets because of lack of success or dissension, or a combination of both.

As the name Flonzaley might indicate, quartet names are chosen from a variety of sources. Some, mostly European, have been named for composers: the Bartók, the Smetana, the Borodin. Some, again mostly European, have been named for the first violinist and let you know who's in charge: the Végh, the Roth, the Kneisel, and the Busch. (The principle of follow-the-leader was carried to extremes by Joseph Joachim, who stood while the others sat. Some older music lovers recall hearing a quartet that billed itself as "Mischa Elman and His Band.") Quartets have been named for countries: the Quartetto Italiano, the Hungarian (two of them), and, holding on to the tail of a kite, the New Hungarian. Some have been named for cities: the Budapest, the Tokyo, and the Hollywood. Some picked names seemingly at random: the Amadeus (Mozart's middle name), the Emerson, the Audubon, the Vermeer. There is now an American Quartet and a New York Quartet, and possibly both are here to stay. They have received high praise wherever they've played, though it took a while before they settled down. The New York—four Juilliard graduates—is in residence at the University of California at Irvine, and the American is at the Mannes College of Music in Manhattan. Both are quite new, and in the process of settling down they played a game of musical chairs. The second violinist of the New York quit; the violist replaced him, and the violist in the American moved over to the New York. Some quartets have been named for schools: the Manhattan, the Yale, the Curtis, the Cleveland, and the Juilliard, and some for mere proximity to a school, perhaps with the hope that it might help: the LaSalle, for the cross street that bordered the old Juilliard School, at 125th and Broadway. That quartet fared better than the Claremont, named for the avenue that passed Juilliard on its western side, and the Claremont did better than the Tiemann, named for the cross street a block north of LaSalle. Some chose areas famous for instruments made there, and several years ago there were three Cremonas. Some chose instruments' names, even if they didn't own or play them: the Alard (for the Alard Stradivarius), the Stradivari, and the Guarneri.

For a number of years, the Guarneri Quartet was America's, and perhaps the world's, youngest major quartet, but over the years there have been changes of personnel in the Juilliard, and of the original four only Robert Mann, the first violinist, remains. The most recent additions to that quartet have resulted in the average age of the Juilliard—incongruously celebrating its thirty-third anniversary this year—being lower than the average age of the Guarneri. So the Guarneri, in its fourteenth year and with no change of personnel, is now the senior American quartet. They are said to have done for quartet music in America what Leonard Bernstein did for symphonic music—made it accessible and appealing to everyone open to a new music experience. Audiences get a quadruple dose of what many managers consider one of the most important elements for a career in music: charisma. They have been hailed all over the world as "the Great American Quartet of the era" and "the greatest string quartet in the world." According to Harold Schonberg, in the *Times*, "It has no superior on the world's stages." In over fifteen hundred concerts, they have postponed—but not cancelled—a dozen, and four times, when Michael Tree was sick, they played string trios and piano quartets. On those occasions, Steinhardt played viola. The quartet was invited to play at the White House, but they would have had to postpone a concert, so they refused. When the quartet was not yet two years old, Arthur Rubinstein chose it to record the major piano quartet and quintet repertoire. Many younger quartets—the Cleveland, the Vermeer, the Tokyo, to name a few—are doing exceptionally well, but they will have an Everest climb to catch up with the Guarneri. The Guarneri has been nominated for eight Grammy awards, and its recording of the Cavatina movement from the Beethoven Opus 130 was encapsulated in Voyager II and launched, possibly into eternity, on August 20, 1977, along with other artifacts chosen to represent the best of American culture.



Tree's father, Samuel Applebaum, is well known in the music world. He has been on the faculty of the Manhattan School of Music for twenty-

Chenonceaux. As the bride of Francis II, Mary, Queen of Scots lived at this *château.* Appropriately, this visitor wears a regal plaid, Christian Dior's vested suit of Pure Wool in autumn shades.

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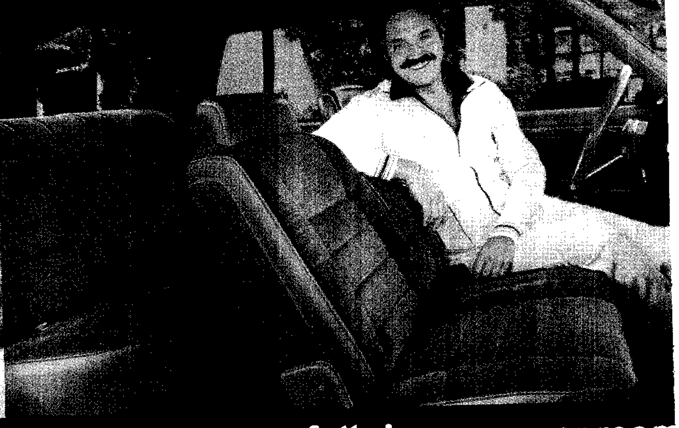

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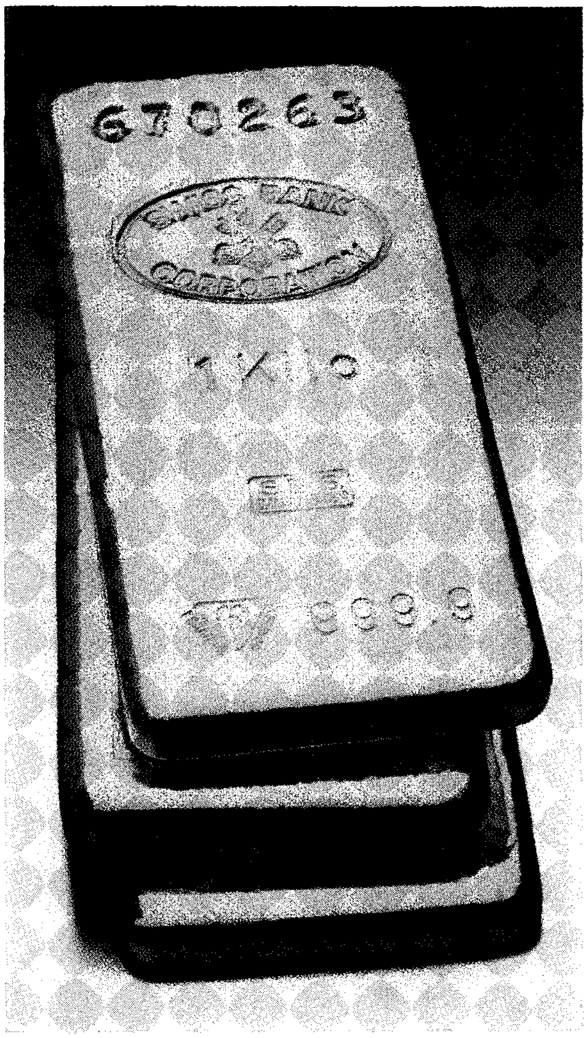

In a village in South America, a peasant steals furtively into the abandoned wing of a mine. With little food or water, he will scratch at the rock for days until he has found gold—or is discovered by the mine authorities. To him gold is money; it is a medium of exchange.

In a restaurant near his University, an economics professor lunches with his colleagues. He is explaining the recent Jamaica Agreement to remove gold as the common denominator of world currencies. To him, gold—and he uses the popular wording—has been "demonetized."

One view is educated, theoretical and modern. The other is instinctive, practical, and historical. But because powerful countries also hold these diverse views, there has been inevitable collision.

Since World War II there has been running debate on the monetary role of gold, with sophisticated arguments to support each side. Finally, in Jamaica in January, 1976, a committee of world finance ministers agreed that gold would no longer be what is termed "a unit of account." This means that nations will no longer calculate the values of their currencies in a relationship to gold—but to a group of selected currencies instead.

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No one can guess how much unity on gold policy will ever be achieved. Countries tend to follow their own economic interests and gold is now widely dispersed. The European Common Market holds more than the U.S., and some OPEC countries have bought heavily. Also, some important gold countries, Russia and Switzerland among them, do not belong to the major world monetary association.

Furthermore, nations own only *half* the world's gold. Much has been acquired by organizations such as companies or private banks, and with a deceptive absence of drama, by literally millions of individuals. In many free countries, the latter could cast a vote against an anti-gold policy.

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five years, teaching violin. He has written a number of excellent study books on the technique of violin playing that are used in schools throughout the world, and he started his son on violin. The family lived in Newark, and sooner or later all the greats passed through Newark to see Applebaum, and Michael met them. Fritz Kreisler is one of his heroes, and on the piano in the Trees' living room there is a photograph in a silver frame of the great man, with his compassionate face, smiling down at a ten-year-old Michael. Tree is too young to be awestricken, and the two are looking at each other with an openness, a candor that dissolves the sixty-year age gap.

Tree says, "I studied with my father for about ten years, and it worked very well. He broke me in gently and slowly. I never felt I was having a lesson. I had heard fiddle playing in my house from age one, and it was a natural and inevitable part of my life. It would have been amazing had I not become a musician. As is most often the case when fathers teach their sons, it's better that there be a parting of the ways, so when I was twelve I was admitted to the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia—the only music school I know of that is run totally on a scholarship basis, and, naturally, the calibre of the students there is exceptionally high. Also, I was rubbing shoulders with students almost twice my age, and because they were so good I was bewildered at first."

Tree's career began when he was twenty, with a concert in Carnegie Hall, and he was a success from the start. As Tree, who had changed his name, became well known, people in the music world began quoting his father as saying, "Only Applebaum can make a Tree." Tree went on tour in this country and Europe and South America, giving recitals and playing concertos with a number of orchestras. And in the summer of 1959 he went to Marlboro, a summer music center in Vermont which had been founded in 1951 by Rudolf Serkin, Adolf and Herman Busch, and Marcel, Louis, and Blanche Moyse. The purpose of Marlboro was to provide professionals an opportunity to get together and play all kinds of chamber music—something that would not be available to them in the normal course of their careers. Tree says, "When I first attended Marlboro, I suddenly experienced a new feeling of joy—a happiness about playing. My early experiences there were playing fiddle in pieces like the Schubert Octet, the Beethoven Septet—works with winds—and it was a revelation to me,

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because I loved the coöperative atmosphere, blending with other players, the exchange of ideas. It gave me much more joy than having to get up and battle against a symphony orchestra—playing triple forte every minute of the time. This may not be publicly understood, but solo playing is easier. You can indulge yourself in every sort of way. If you're nervous, you take more bows, play a diminuendo here, a slide there—there's much more leeway and much less pressure. There are difficult viola solos in the chamber-music literature that would be a hundred per cent easier within the context of a concerto. In an ensemble, you must blend with the others—sometimes imitate another player, continue an idea that's been stated, or a style—and it may be contrary to what you would normally do. I get more frightened in a quartet than I ever do as a soloist.

"I met Dave at Marlboro, and the pianist Anton Kuerti, and for a year or so the three of us did quite a few concerts as the Marlboro Trio. Kuerti dropped out, and Mitchell Andrews replaced him. John and Arnold came to Marlboro, too, and we had a musical reunion—cemented our friendship. We had been students together at Curtis, and they met Dave at Marlboro. I no longer remember exactly how the quartet was formed. Somebody put a bug in our ear. Sasha and Mischa Schneider, of the Budapest Quartet, and Rudolf Serkin were very much a part of it. Even Casals was aware of what was going on. At the time, Arnold was the assistant concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, and his contract had a year to go. From our student years, we knew enough about each other's personalities, musical ideas, that we were willing to gamble."

Sasha Schneider, perhaps the most enthusiastic of their mentors, did not consider it a gamble. He says, "Four boys—each a virtuoso, very good musically, and healthy, too. My God, it was the most perfect thing. We made it clear that it wouldn't be easy. The most important thing for them, or any quartet, is that after they finish their work they should not be together. And they should not travel together. You are too much together. It is much more difficult than a marriage. In a marriage, there are only two people, and you have to give in to each other—one to the other. With four, it is very difficult, especially if the four have wives. We told them the wives shouldn't mix in at all. They should stay out of things. But the most important thing is that they have the same musical education, the same mu-

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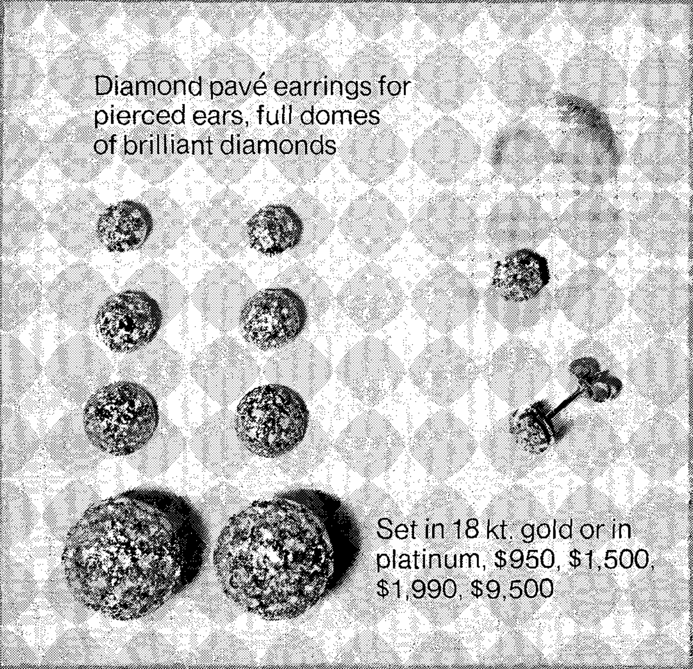

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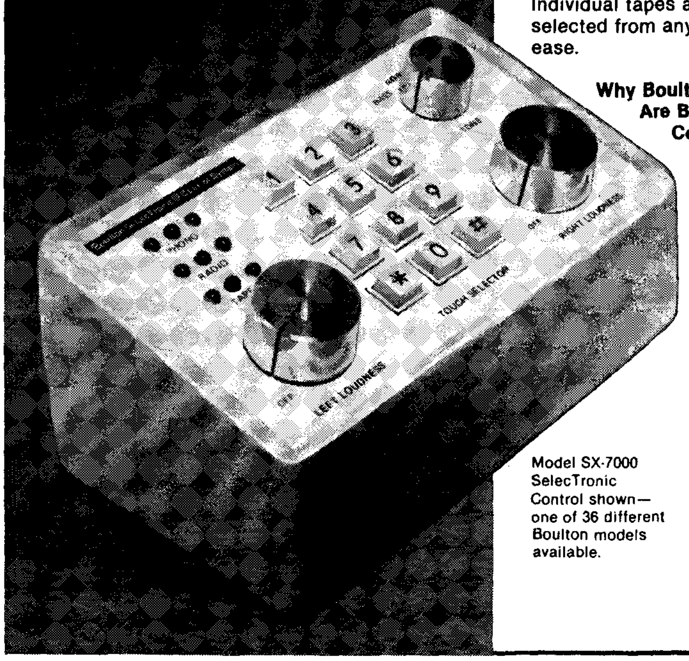

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4

sical ideas. And each must be strong individually. Four balanced, healthy men. It couldn't fail." (Heaven help the Manhattan Quartet: the two violinists are brothers, the violist and cellist are sisters, and the first violinist and the cellist are married to each other.)

"Basically, we were three violinists and a cellist," Tree has said, "and who played first was decided very quickly." They were quoted in an interview as saying that they drew straws to decide who would play what, but Tree laughs at that. He says, "We were only kidding. We would never do anything that haphazard. We feel each player is equally important—like the four wheels on a car. It's not a comment on John's playing that he's second, or on mine because I'm the violist. When there are two of anything, there are usually numbers attached, but the numbers shouldn't indicate degree of importance." Still, no matter what anyone says, in most quartets there is a tension between first and second that is sometimes insurmountable.

Tree says that they agreed in advance that whoever played second would have the option of playing in works that called for only one violin. He adds, "In certain autocratic groups in the past, that would be unheard of. We had all learned viola at Curtis, and I remember wanting to play it in the quartet, never dreaming that we would be quite so busy. I thought of playing viola as something I would do in conjunction with my violin playing. I viewed it as a furthering of my musical experience, not necessarily as a full-time job. But I've come to love it. I think like a violist now. My entire tonal concept has changed. I began to wallow in a much more sensuous, darker, chocolaty sound, and it colored my attitude about music, too. I'm not, of course, flying around the fingerboard so much. Viola parts, in general, are not as demanding technically. Also, there is a different way of articulating, because when you're in the middle register, as a violist is, you simply cannot bow and finger things the way you would on the violin and still be heard. You have to emerge. Oftentimes you have to make little accents with both hands—left *and* right—and particularly with little notes, short notes, quick notes. My first glimpse of the realities of playing viola in a group was during our first year, when we played a viola quintet with Boris Kroyt, of the Budapest. He played second, and was seated to my right. Rehearsals went fine, but during the concert, when he had solo notes he wanted to project, I suddenly felt as if he were sitting in my lap. He

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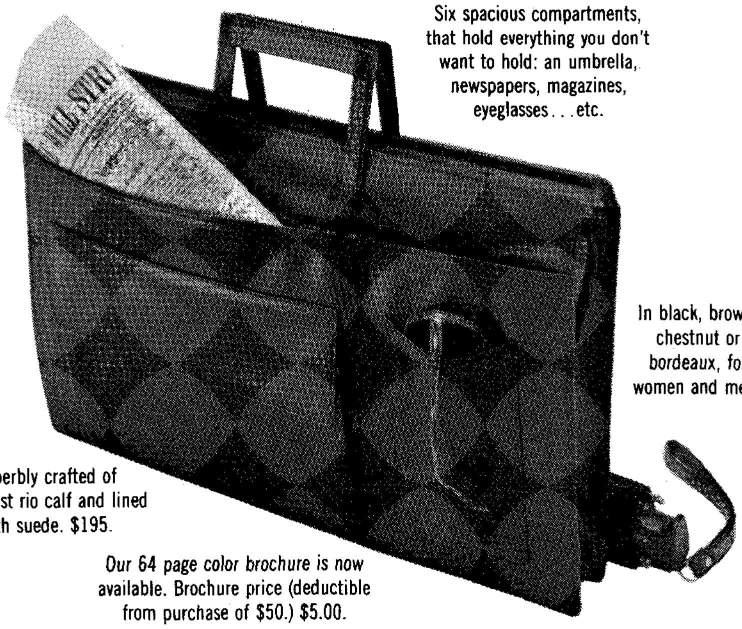

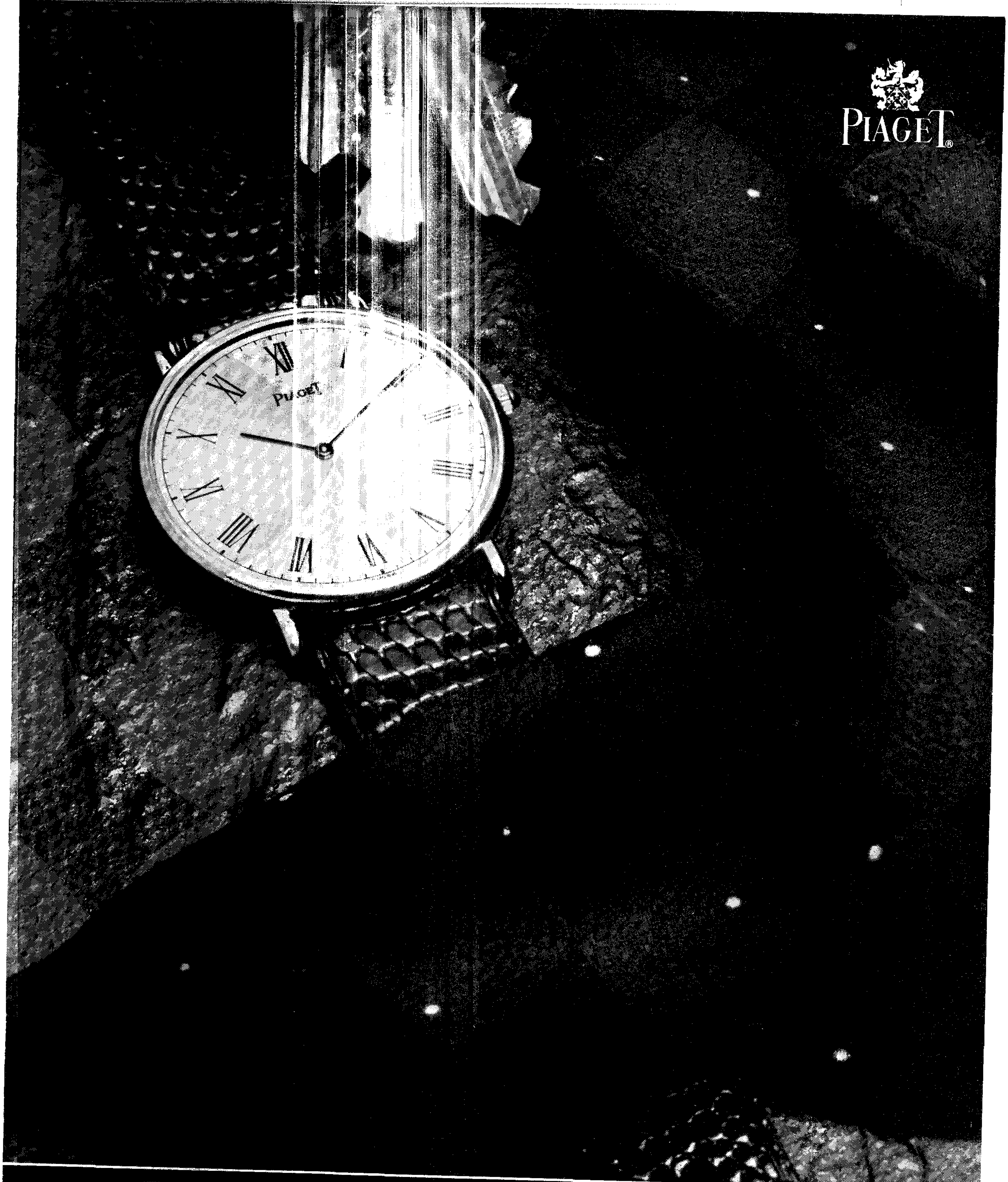

"Ah-h-h-h...automobiles," he fumed. "If only that exotic hunk of metal ran with the precision of my Piaget." Reaching for his 18 karat gold watch ticking soundlessly in its slender circular case, he mused, "Pity they don't make a car...."

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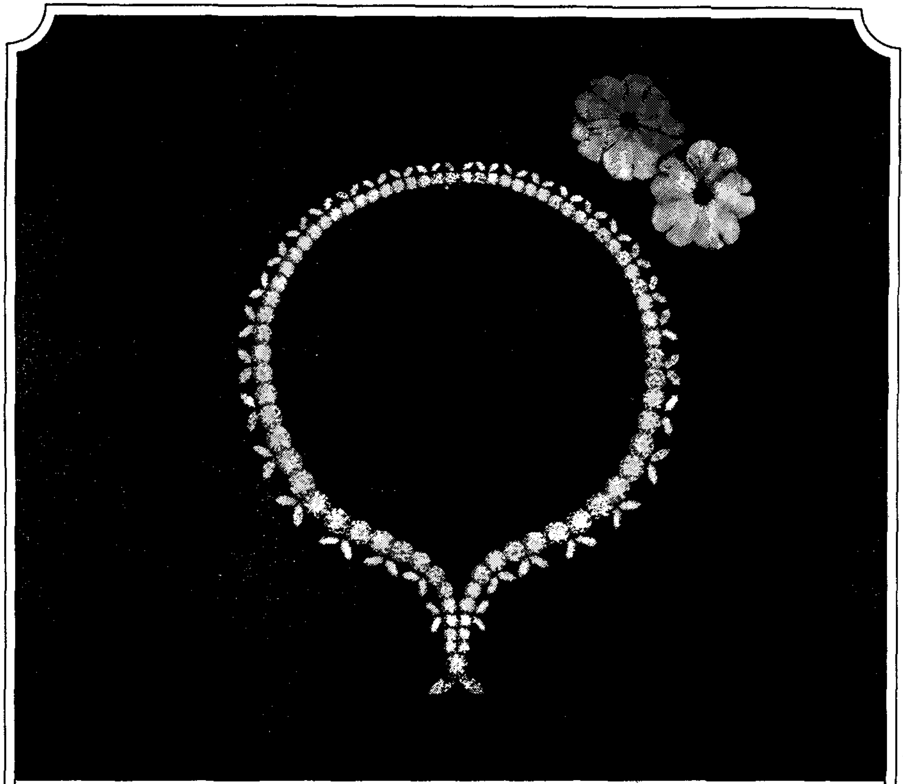

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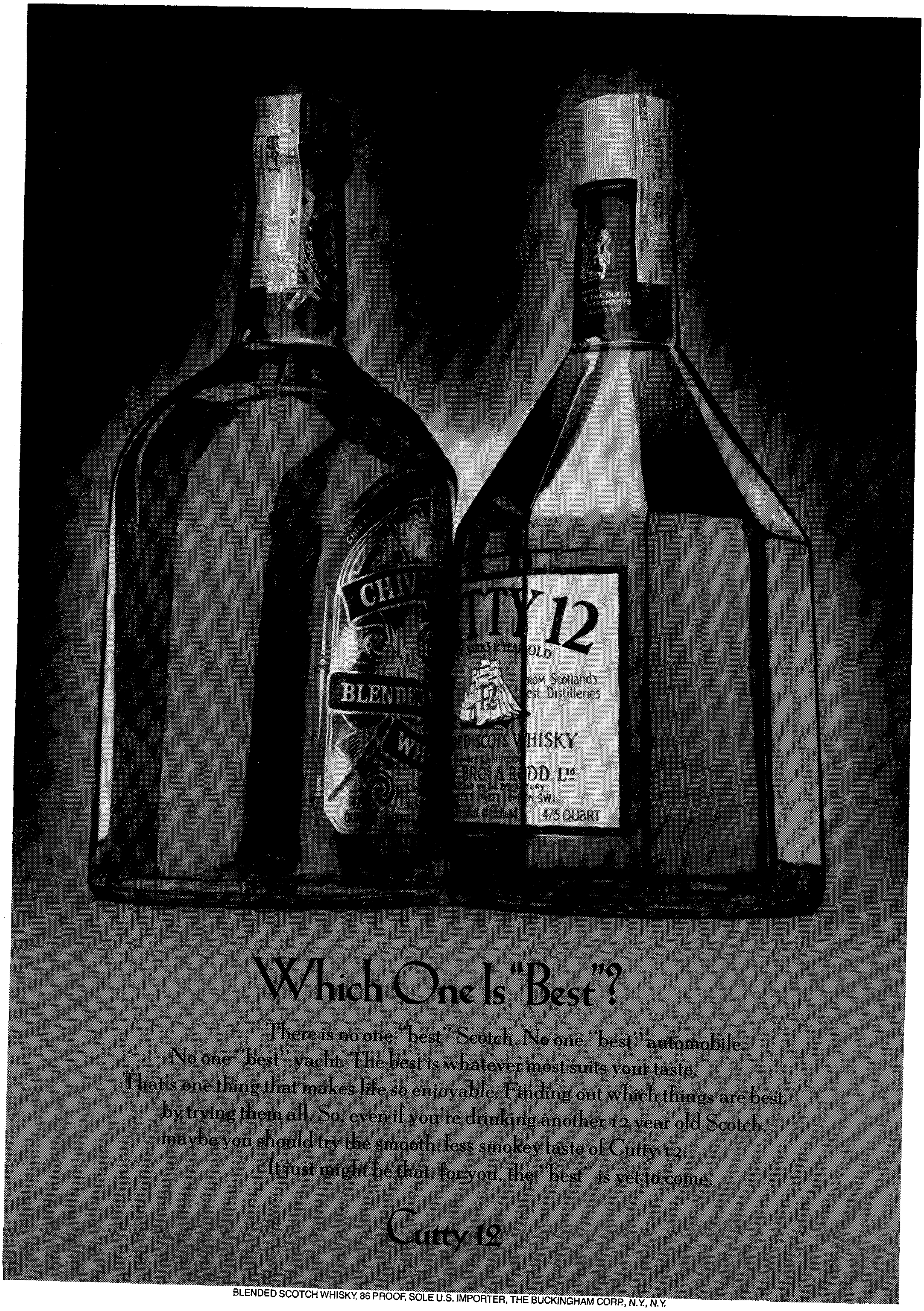
turned toward the audience, his scroll almost in my elbow, and he managed to project a great deal more—the way a singer does in an opera when he turns and faces the audience. A half turn and the acoustical situation changes."

During the year they waited for Steinhardt to complete his obligations in Cleveland, there was a lot of talk in the music world about the new quartet. Everyone expected it to be spectacular. Tree said, "Mischa told us, 'Don't play a note! You'll ruin your reputation.' We rehearsed when we could in the spring, and in Puerto Rico, during the Casals Festival—every free minute we had—and again at Marlboro, where we played together in public for the first time. The same summer, we gave our first concert on Nantucket, and Harpur College, in Binghamton, a branch of the State University of New York, gave us an in-residence contract at twenty-five hundred apiece for the year. We had very little repertoire, and our backs were against the wall from the beginning. Sometimes offstage we were still rehearsing just before we went out to play—working out last-minute ideas. We had no time to sit around and luxuriate, philosophize, take long months, or even years, as some quartets have done, to develop a style." Donal Henahan, in the *Times*, in an otherwise favorable notice on a three-year-old quartet, wrote, "It will take a few thousand more rehearsal hours and a few hundred more concert hours, perhaps, but judging from its performances this time the Primavera [four women] could be on its way to take a place among the ranking international quartets." When the Guarneri made their New York début, in February, 1965, the critics had no reservations. And after the concert—in the inauspicious auditorium of the New School, normally not on any critic's beat—Max Wilcox, of RCA, rushed backstage to talk about a recording contract. (A man from Vanguard had already approached them.) At this point, the quartet did not even have a manager. A month passed after the Guarneri signed a recording contract with RCA before they signed up with Judson, O'Neill, Beall & Steinway to manage them. The firm is now known as Harry Beall Management, and Beall continues to represent them.

It was at their début in the New School that Tree met his wife, Jani. "At the time, I was enjoying my bachelorhood, and then I saw her in the audience," Tree has said. "As I recall, I blew a few notes. It turned out that she was with friends of mine, who



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brought her backstage after the concert. I knew within sixty seconds that I wanted to marry her, though it was a while before I actually did." Jani Tree, born in Austria, is an exceptionally pretty woman—as are all the Guarneri wives. She was only eighteen when they met. Tree says, "The life I lead wouldn't work for me at all if it weren't for Jani. She's my rock, my stability, my center of gravity."

Tree says that keeping their playing fresh is one of their main problems. "Sometimes we're tired and irritable, upset at having to be away so much, and we have to talk ourselves into the proper frame of mind—though we have life easier than musicians a quarter of a century ago. In the beginning, we were sometimes away for as much as two months. Now we wouldn't dream of being away for more than three weeks at a time. In the old days, three months was considered nothing. Of course, we miss out on those ship crossings you read about, when people like Kreisler and Schnabel had reunions, relaxed and enjoyed each other's company and the company of people in allied arts. We are able to get home the same day we've played a concert thousands of miles away. Still, it's the most beautiful way to spend one's life that I can imagine. It gets more and more exciting—*never* less. In a way, it's preaching—to play for an audience of two thousand people and to *touch* them, which is a very mysterious process. I think we are probably among the lucky one-tenth of one per cent in the world who truly love and thrive on what they do for a living."

Tree recalls the quartet's tenth anniversary as one of the happiest days of his life. "It took a great deal of skill on the part of our friend Bill Lockwood, who is director of programming for Lincoln Center, to keep a cake out of our sight. We were all hovering around backstage. Philippe Entremont, the pianist, did a quintet with us, and he had to keep us collected at the door leading onstage and distract us. Onstage, Entremont took what I thought was an awfully long time getting himself adjusted at the piano, fixing his music, raising and lowering the piano bench. I wondered if he would ever stop fidgeting, when suddenly the stage door opened and Bill Lockwood came out pushing this enormous cake. We really were surprised. And the entire audience joined in singing 'Happy Birthday.' It was touching, and gratifying." Tree paused. "Well, we've had a lot of good moments. Nevertheless, it's a pre-

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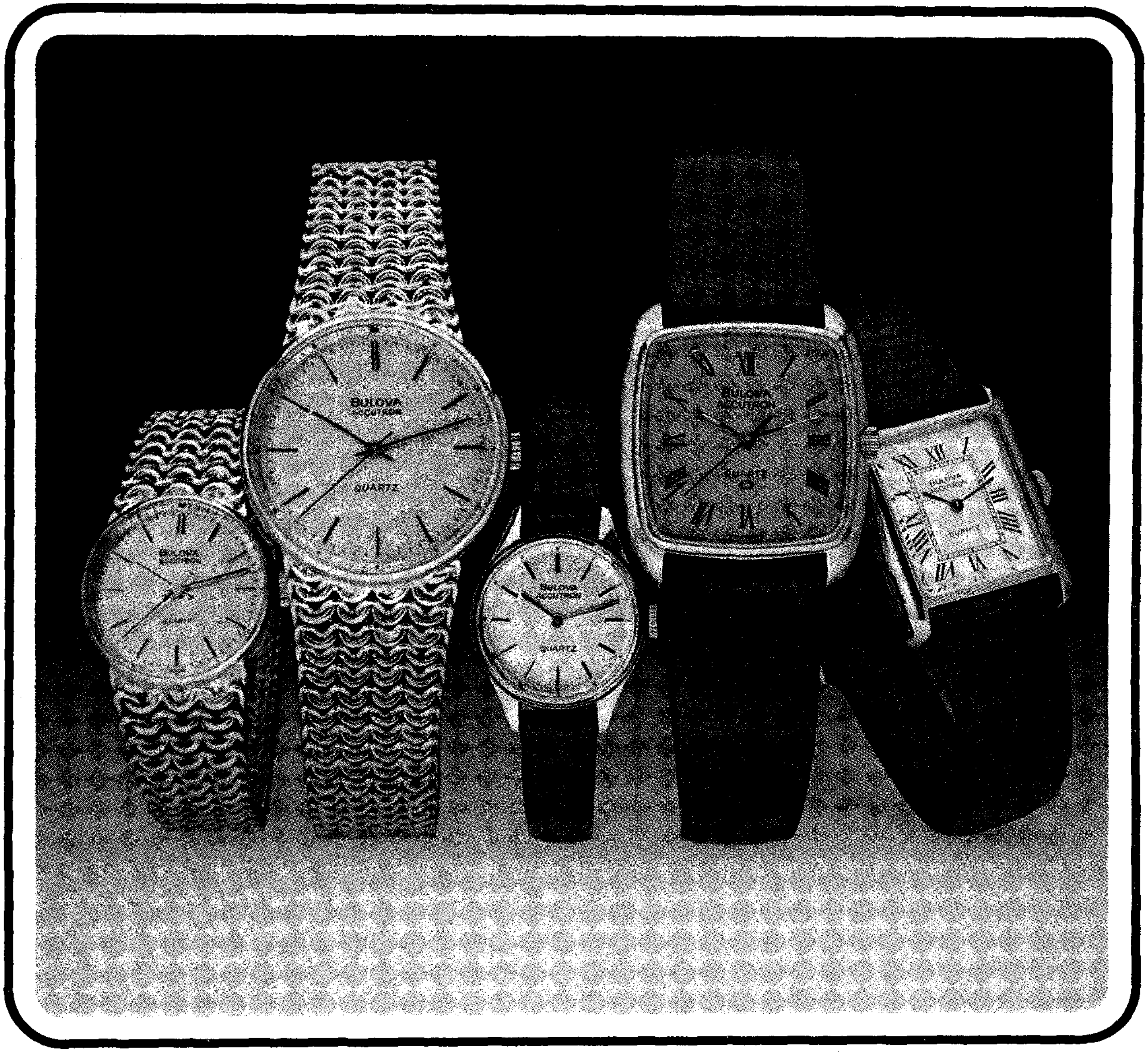

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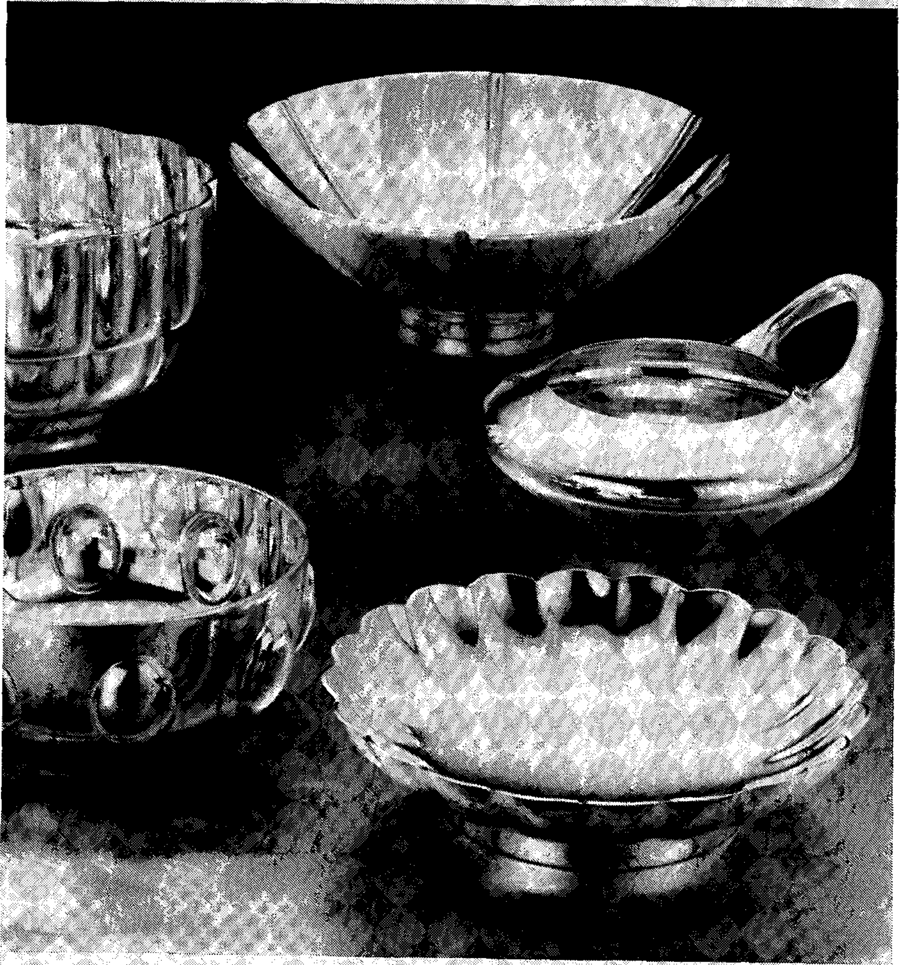
carious existence. We are so dependent on each other."

John Dalley lays to rest for all time the pejorative connotation of the term "playing second fiddle." Quartets are often said to be as strong as the second violinist. Some music lovers wish Dalley would quit the Guarneri and start his own quartet, and others fear he might. Dalley is the quiet one in the quartet. He never goes to post-concert parties—except in the Midwest, where he has friends, and where his heart is and always will be, according to Nancy Dalley—and the quartet members have such respect for each other's privacy that none of the others has ever asked him why. He's allergic to smoke, and that might be the reason. Also, he's very much a family man (he met Nancy at Curtis, where she was studying flute), and he is fiercely protective of what he considers his free time. Several years ago, the quartet was in London. So was Harry Beall, and so was Daniel Barenboim, the pianist and conductor, who is involved with the South Bank Summer Music festival, in London. Barenboim wanted the quartet to play at the festival the following summer—possibly a piano work with him. Beall tried unsuccessfully to get the five together to discuss dates and program. All four members of the Guarneri have friends in London and had scattered in four directions, so Beall shifted the plan. He set up a lunch date at the Plaza, in New York, on a Saturday when all five could be in the city. Dalley didn't show up. He sent word that it was his day off. After a New York concert, he's the first one out of the building, garment bag flying. Though they now wear dark suits and ties instead of white tie and tails—a shame, according to Beall, who says, "Coming onstage in white tie and tails, they looked like four wonderful devils"—they seem to feel imprisoned in formal clothing of any sort, and, with the exception of Soyer, who won't carry a garment bag and a cello, they all change after a concert.

Of his own introduction to music Dalley says, "I started violin lessons when I was four. My father, Orien, is a conductor, and he taught at Interlochen, the big music camp in Michigan. He also had a youth orchestra when we lived in Wichita. He believes in starting people young. I went to Interlochen summers, and I played a lot of quartets earlier than most. I began when I was fourteen, with three members of my father's youth symphony. He was kind enough to coach us once a week. Many musicians don't play chamber music un-



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til after college, which is a pity, because you can learn a lot about music and your instrument in chamber music. I did my best work between fifteen and eighteen, before Curtis. I went to school half days, and practiced the rest of the time. I lived with my teacher and his wife. She was an excellent violinist, so even my practice was supervised, since she was always at home. I knew someone was *listening*, so I *couldn't fool* around, and I learned to do things right. My teacher warned me about Curtis—the big talents I would encounter—so I wasn't quite as shocked as some of the other new students. Mike and I both studied with Efrem Zimbalist, and Arnold studied with Ivan Galamian. I played first and second in quartets at Curtis. We were interchanging all the time, which gives you a good sense of what the other voices do. The second-violin syndrome so many people talk about—a feeling of inferiority . . . It's hard to say whether playing second makes people that way or if they were that way to begin with. I think Sasha would have quit the Budapest even if he'd played first. It's his personality. He wanted to do other things. I enjoy playing violin in piano quartets—it's like reading something just for pleasure. If I hadn't played first earlier in my life a great deal, I might have a different temperamental outlook. But I've done solo playing and first, and I don't have a burning desire to do either." Dalley had a concert career similar to Tree's, playing concertos with symphonies and touring in other countries, including the Soviet Union.

"I think everyone in the quartet is indispensable," Dalley says. "It's true that I do most of the leading when Arnold doesn't. Anything involving the lower three voices is my responsibility—except in instances when the second violin is out of the picture completely—both melodically and rhythmically. The Budapest worked that way. Their first violinist, Joseph Roisman, didn't like to lead—he wasn't comfortable doing it—so Sasha took up the slack. They were probably the first democratic quartet."

Dalley has a reputation for doing everything just the right way, in terms of not only musicianship but muscle use. He says, "I don't know about that. I play golf and I don't do it right, but then I think a golf swing is the most intricate thing I can think of—next to holding a bow. You may think you have a natural swing if it feels right, but there are a thousand and one things you can do wrong. It's diabolical. But I've learned to relax. I can play golf

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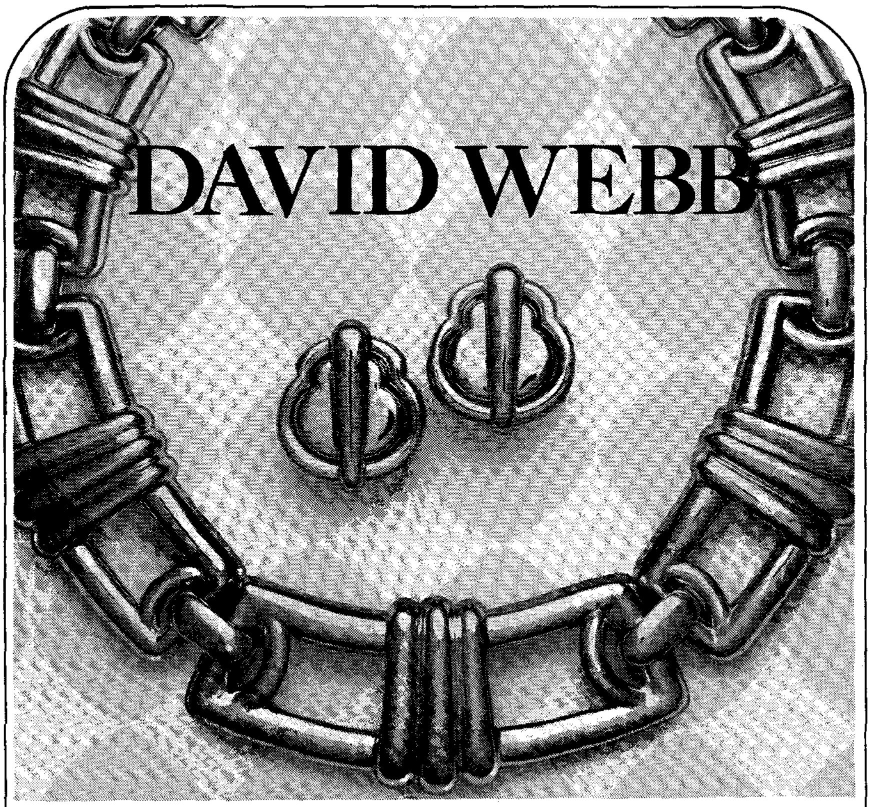

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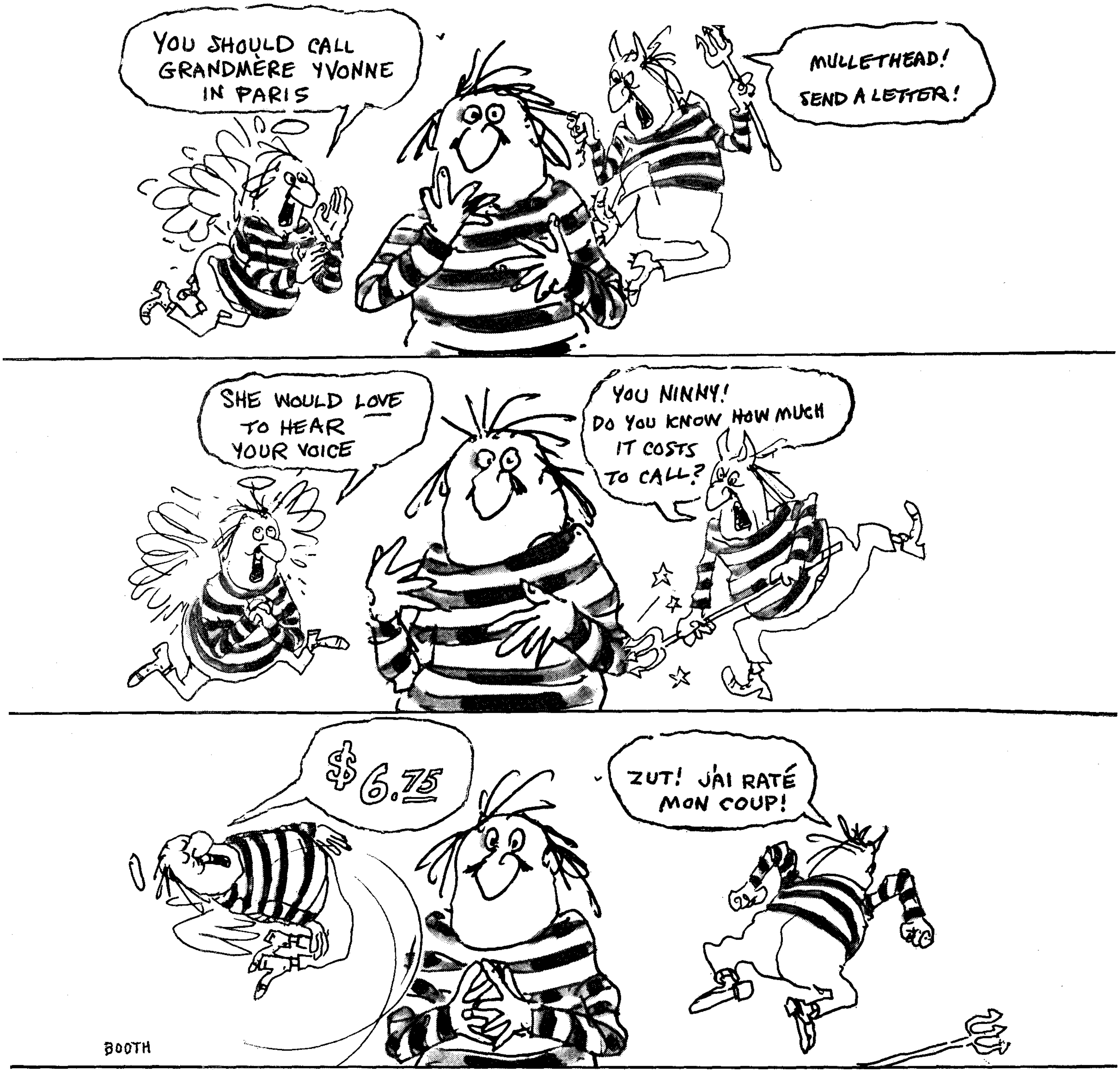
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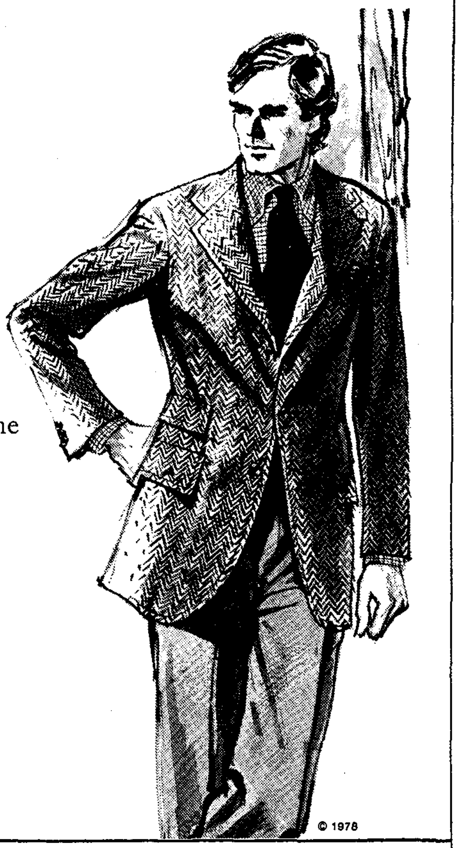
Dalley doesn't seem to get the pleasure out of travel that the others do, and he says, "I don't *enjoy* it, but if you're going to play concerts you have to travel. If I ever quit, it wouldn't be because of travel but because I want to do something else. But we hope to gradually cut down on the number of concerts we do. As you get older, you lose some of your strength. We used to do as many as a hundred and thirty. It got abnormally out of hand."

Before the quartet was formed, Dalley and his wife taught at Oberlin and they were artists-in-residence at the University of Illinois. Dalley also taught at Curtis, and currently, along with the others, does some coaching on tour. Tree, who has witnessed Dalley in action, says he is the consummate teacher, with a rare ability to get to a problem immediately. Dalley quit Curtis to have more time to spend with his family. "With three children—each with special needs—it's not right to be away so much," he says. "I spend as much time with them as I possibly can."

For his own pleasure, Dalley makes violin bows in his spare time, and takes the necessary equipment on the road to work on a bow in his hotel room after a concert. The right wood—aged twenty-five years—is hard to come by. Bowmakers who own it don't want to part with it. Dalley has made sixty bows. He sells a few to friends, and for the most part he uses his own bows.

DAVID SOYER—a cousin of the renowned painters Moses and Raphael Soyer—didn't start cello lessons until he was eleven, rather late for a virtuoso performer. "My older sister played piano, but neither of my parents was a musician," he says, "and there wasn't anyone in particular shoving me in that direction. There weren't many competitions in those days. The Philadelphia Orchestra had one—still does—that I won. The prize was getting to play a concerto with the orchestra. I gave six or eight recitals in New York. Musically, there isn't any-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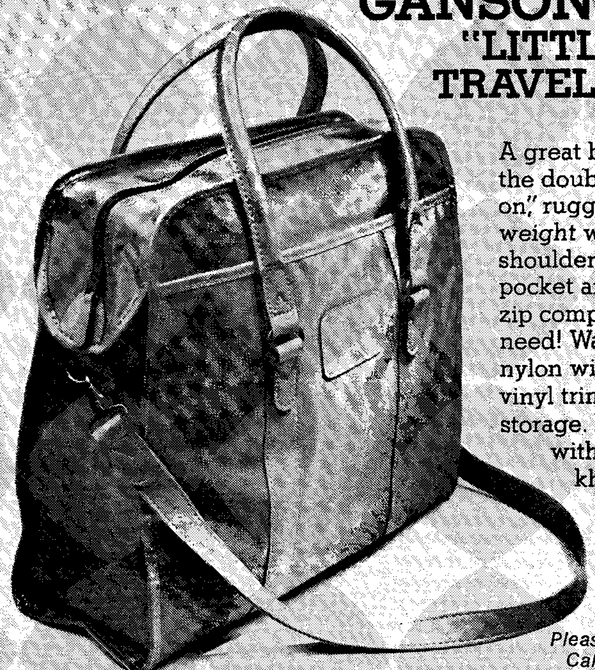
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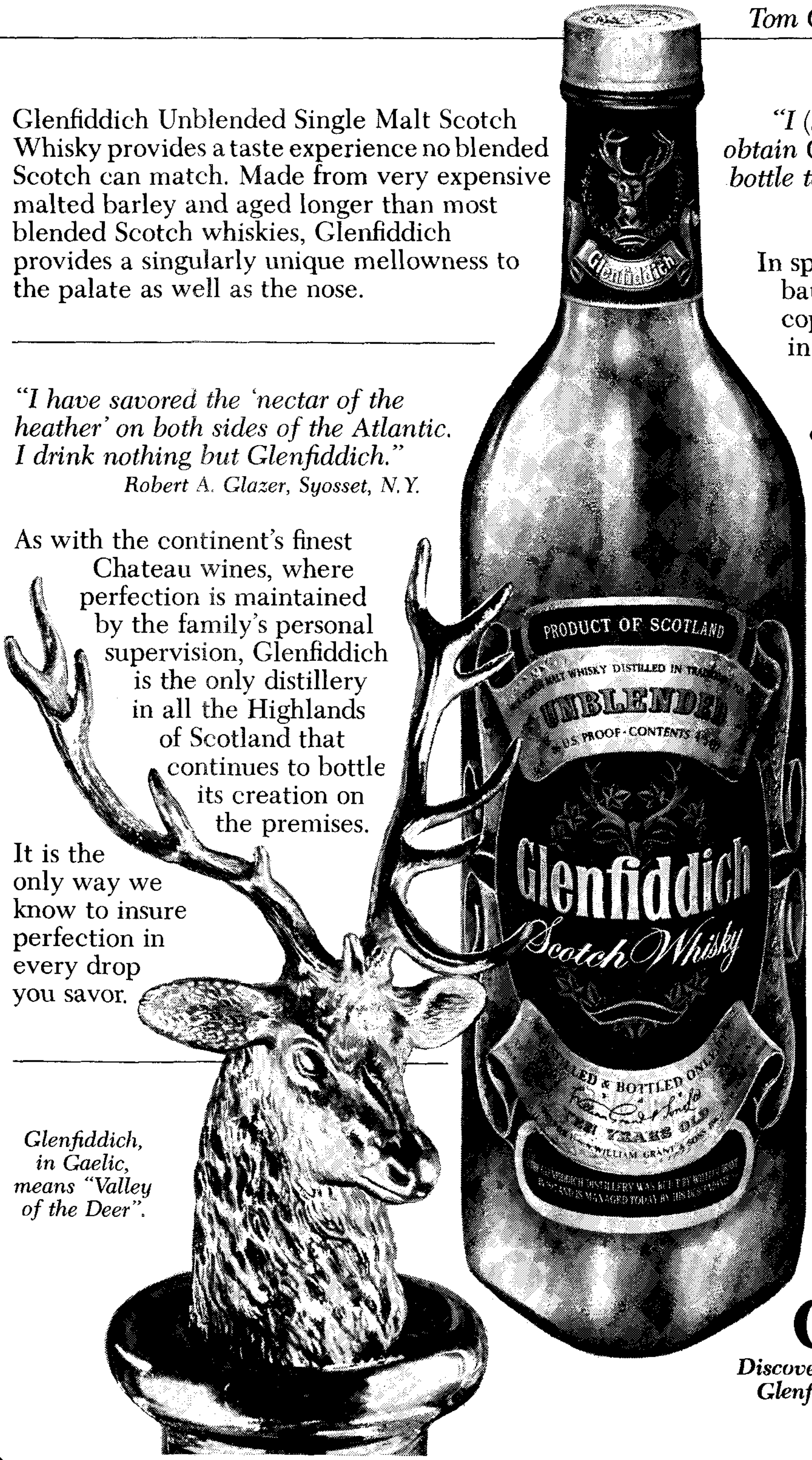

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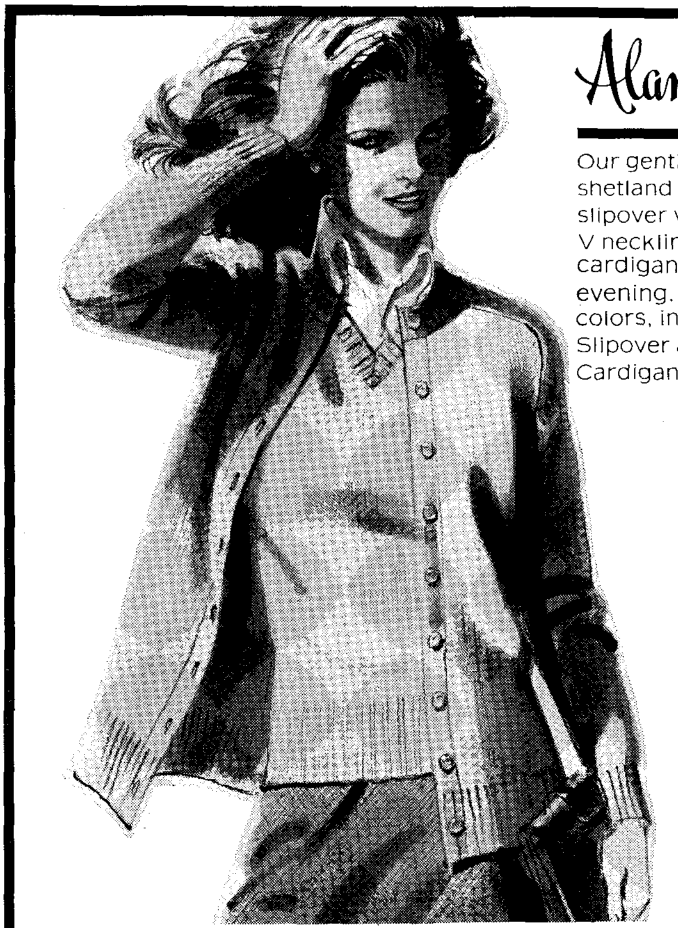

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thing I haven't done. I was in the first 'Ed Sullivan Show' orchestra, I was a member of the CBS Symphony, and I did jingles and commercials. I met my wife, Janet, who plays harp, on one of those jobs twenty-one years ago. I recorded with a Pachanga band, and even played for a chimpanzee act. I believe every musical experience is enriching and contributes to a total development. After all, both Casals and Kreisler played in cafés. There are waltzes in Haydn and Mozart. How can you do them really well if you've never played a waltz?

"My first professional quartet experience was with the New Music Quartet. But there wasn't the demand for quartets then that there is now. The New Music and the Juilliard were the only important American quartets then, and, of course, the Budapest was playing mostly in America. The New Music gave sixty-five or seventy concerts a year, many of them in schools for young audiences—a program designed to get youngsters interested in music, familiar with it. But at our peak I think we each ended up with six thousand dollars a year, because the fees were so low. The Budapest, the greatest quartet in the world at the time, charged eight hundred. I think they were afraid to ask for more, for fear the number of concerts would dwindle." The three others in the Guarneri have said that Soyer is so casual about money that they could rob him blind if they chose to. When informed of the remark, Soyer looked surprised, thought for a moment, and then laughed. "It's true," he said. "When Janet and I were playing commercials, our income was about thirty-five thousand a year. When I turned to chamber music, our income dropped to nothing and gradually climbed. Neither one of us was bothered by the change."

Soyer was in the Marlboro Trio for four years before the quartet was formed. "There is nowhere near the demand for piano trios that there is for quartets," he has said. "The piano-trio literature, though good, is more limited, and somehow there doesn't seem to be public acceptance of the idea of a trio as an ensemble. Not like quartets, which have to be so cohesive. Trio writing is more soloistic, and the ensemble problems are not as difficult or sensitive as they are in quartets. The truth is, a piano doesn't really blend with strings. On a piano, F-sharp and G-flat are the same note. With a stringed instrument, the sharp could be a bit sharper and the flat a bit flatter, depending on the key you're playing in. Casals called it 'expressive into-

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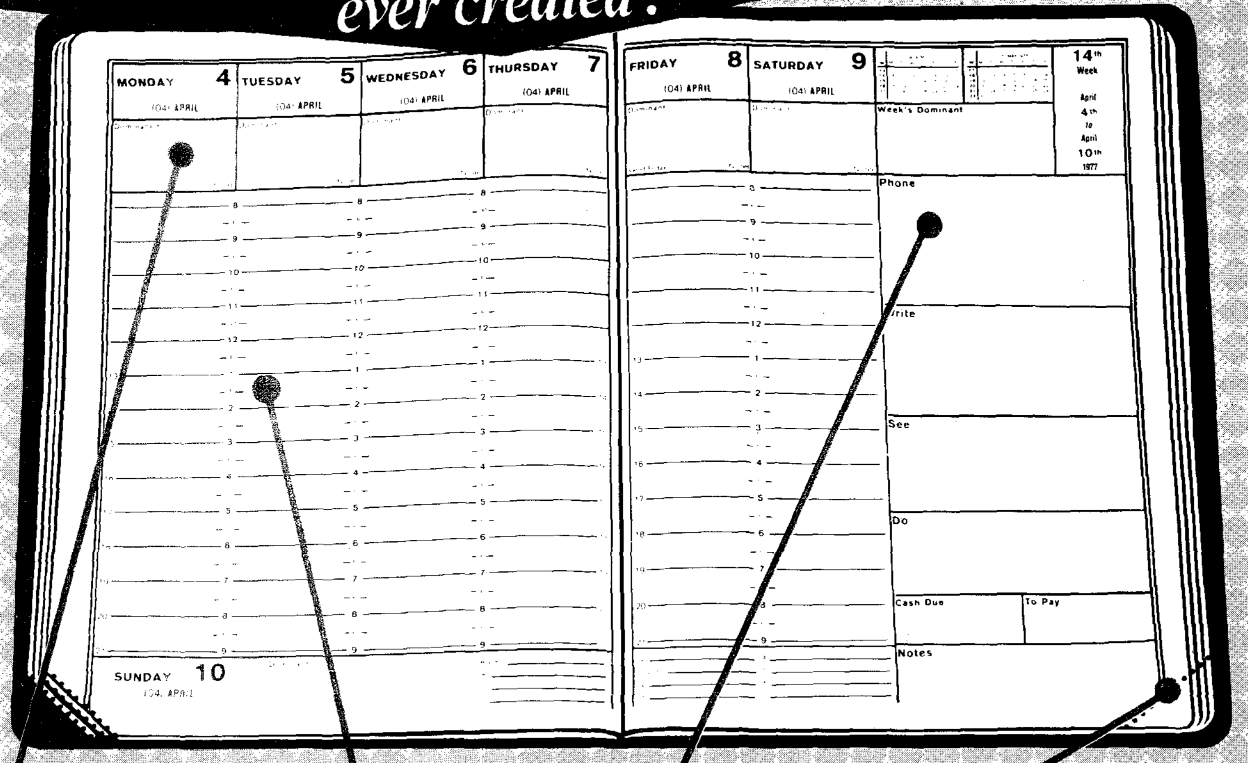

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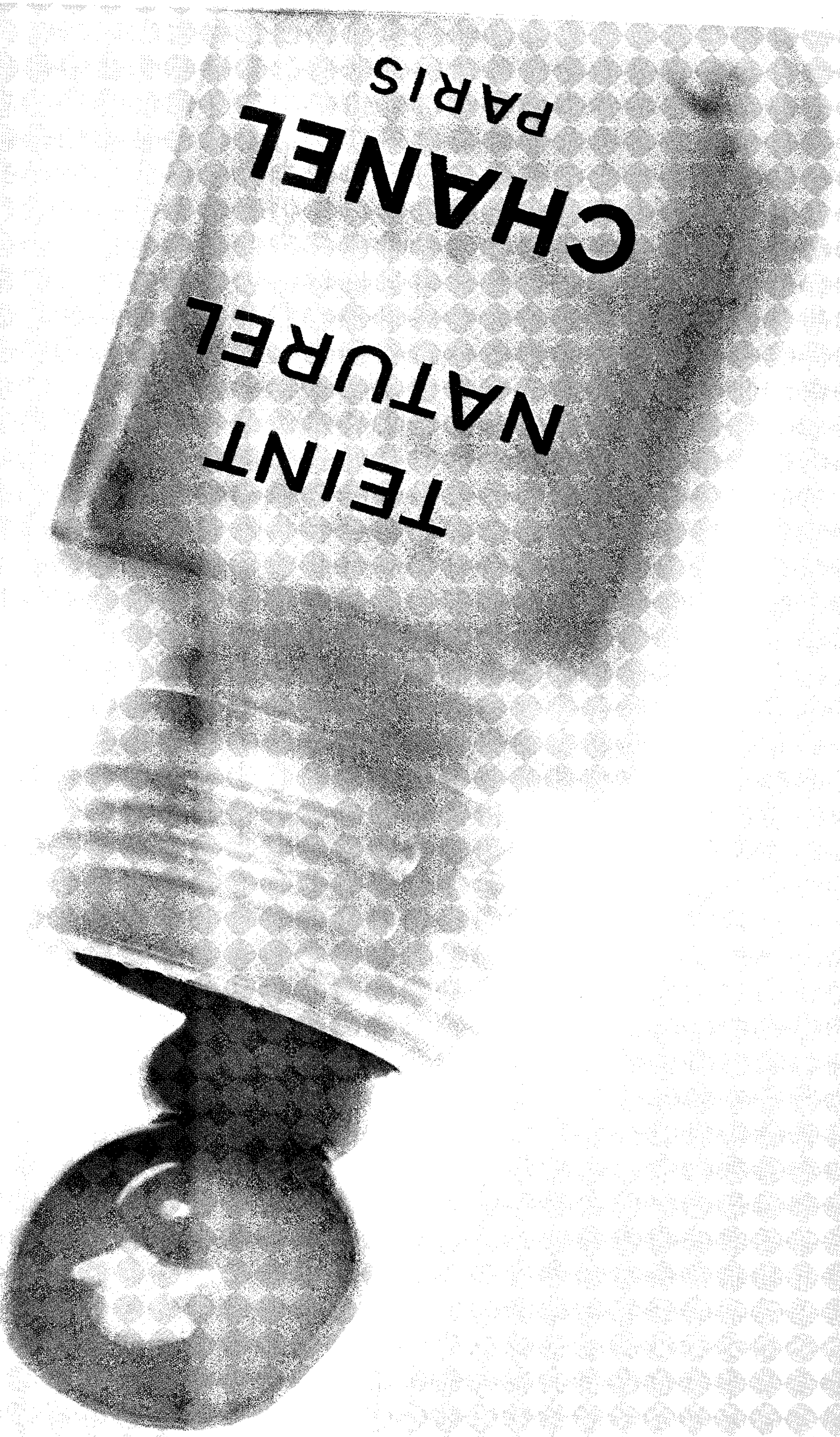
nation.' When we play a piano quartet or quintet, we make an adjustment of sorts; it's almost subconscious. But then there's always an adjustment of intonation between one string player and another. Every player has a somewhat different intonation." When they rehearsed with Peter Serkin for concerts in Vancouver, Soyer played a phrase for Serkin that they would do together, to demonstrate an inflection he thought the phrase needed. Serkin said wistfully, "I envy your intonation." There are marvellous works for piano and strings that they enjoy doing, and they have played with thirty-five or forty of the best pianists, though Tree says, "Sometimes the pianist gets nervous and lets go and we have to fight to be heard. It's like being doused with gallons of maple syrup."

Soyer says, "We like playing a variety of things, doing works that call for other instruments." Of an occasion when they linked up with the Vermeer, in residence at the University of Northern Illinois, to play the Mendelssohn Octet, Soyer said, "There was, of course, a clash of styles. Theirs is much more delicate. We're bigger, stronger, and louder, and we more or less shouted them down." He laughed when he talked about it, and added, "We amaze them—our outspokenness. They think we're a bunch of gangsters. We kid them a lot—we call them the Veh-is-Mir or the Veneer Quartet. Actually, they did defer to us, probably because as a quartet we're older and more experienced. But they are *so* polite to one another."

Soyer has a favorite story that illustrates the difficulty of giving and accepting criticism, the importance of not taking it personally. It concerns the Amadeus Quartet and the violist Cecil Aronowitz, who played quintets with them. They had just finished an exhausting tour, and when it was over they began a long stretch of recording sessions. "They were all tired," as Soyer tells it, "and during the final session Martin Lovett, the cellist, said to Aronowitz, 'Cecil, you played that like a pig.' Aronowitz was terribly offended, and he said, 'All right, that's it. I will never play with you guys again.' Nobody paid much attention to the scene, and they finished the recording session. Months later, they were about to go on another tour—quintets again—and the Amadeus violist, Peter Schidlof, called Aronowitz to give him the schedule. Aronowitz said, 'But I told you I was never going to play with you again.' Schidlof said, 'Why not?,' and Aronowitz said, 'Martin said I played like a pig,' and Schidlof said,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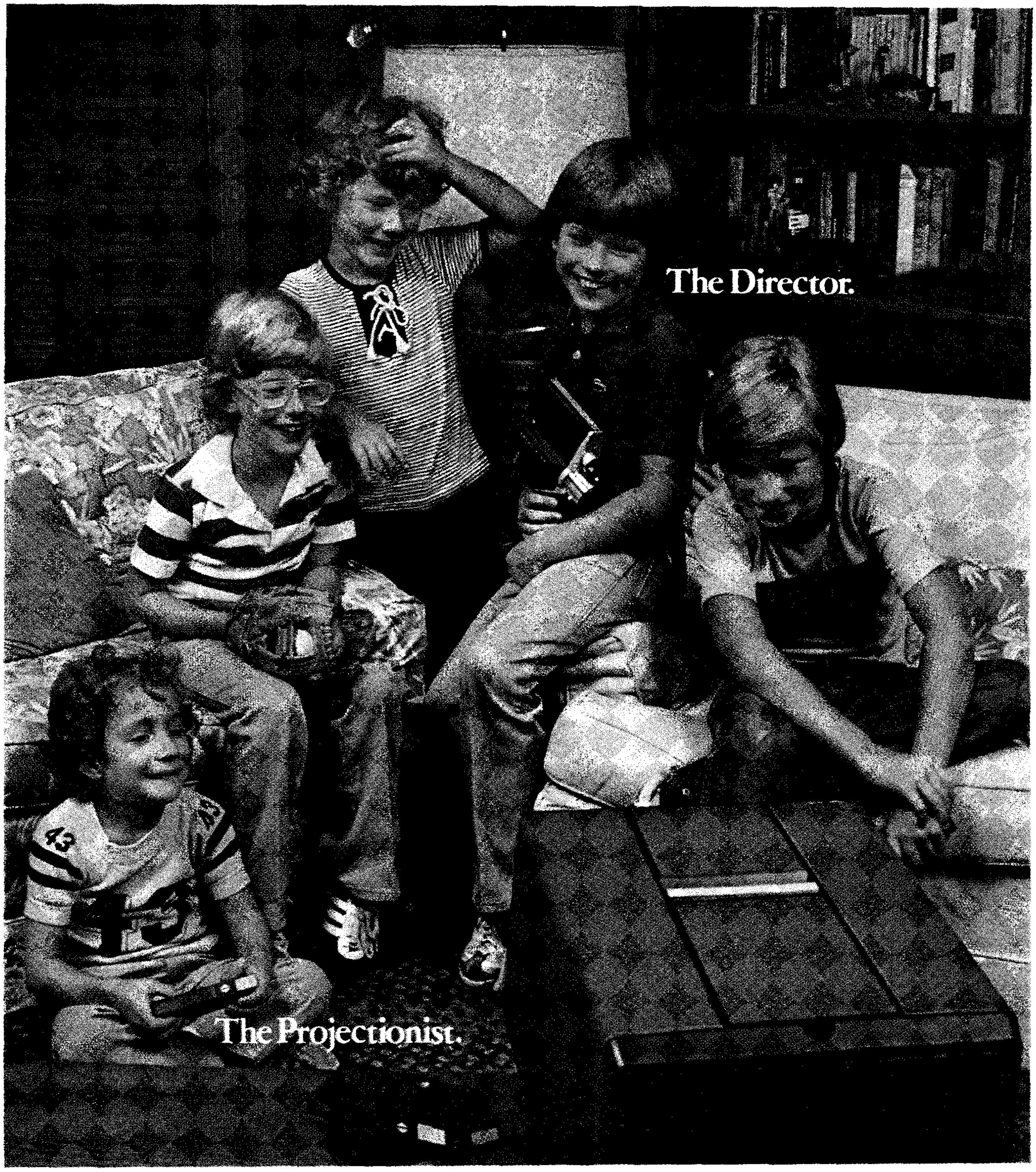
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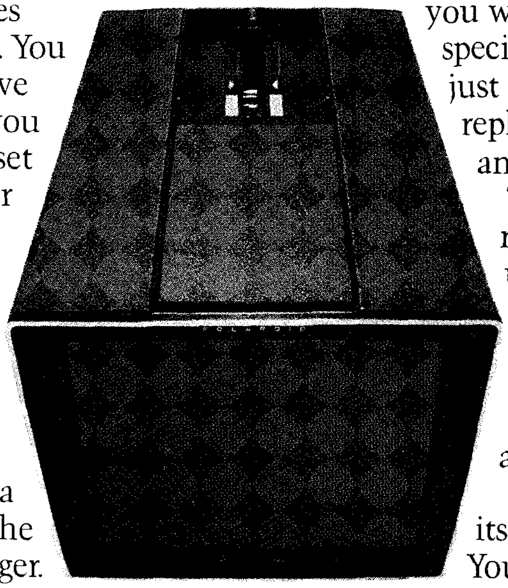

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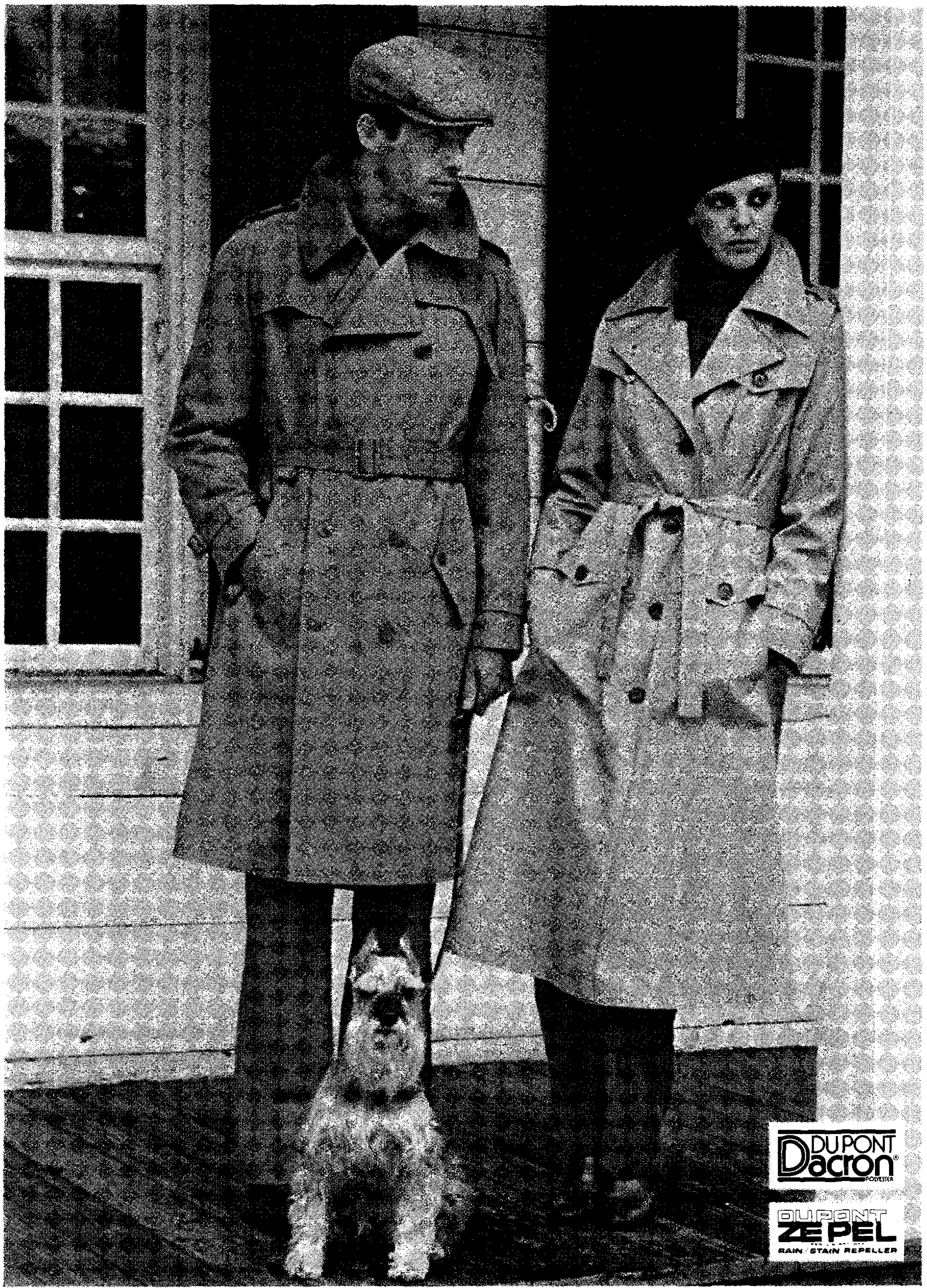

As shown: Anzio (left); Betty (right)

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'Yes, but why aren't you going to play with us?' " The story gets shaggier and shaggier as each member gets the same response from Aronowitz that Schidlof did. Soyer said, "The Amadeus is accustomed to talk like that, and no one takes it personally. Cecil had been accepted by them, and they were completely bewildered by his attitude."

Of works the Guarneri plays Soyer says, "There are pieces we have performed that some of us have grown to hate. Some pieces one member didn't like from the start, and we'd never do those again. That big Schubert, the G Major, almost put us away. It's so long—forty-five minutes of steady playing, with possibly a total of eight bars' rest in the entire piece. Then, too, it is very difficult playing at such an intense level. It's emotionally taxing. The sheer physical exertion required, the muscle control. There are tremolos, fortes, stormy passages, loud, explosive things. Of course, it's a fantastic work, a great piece. One of Schubert's most important works. I strained my right arm, and a slight numbness in my right side stayed with me for months."

Beall gives the Guarneri its schedule late in the summer, and in recent years they have asked him to limit engagements, to turn some invitations down. "We said, 'Stop! No more!' " Soyer says. "The 1976-77 season was horrendous: from September to July—one hundred and twenty-five concerts, plus eight days' recording, plus teaching, plus daily rehearsals. A very tiring season." Even so, Soyer played at Bowdoin College, in Maine, for two weeks during his vacation that summer. He taught master classes for five of the more advanced students, and he gave a recital.

Of the four, Soyer is the only one who is able to take his wife along when she wants to go. They have no children. He has two grown sons by a first marriage. Janet Soyer is a tall, slim, exceptionally attractive woman, with a broad streak of generosity in her—sensitivity, too. All of the quartet's New York concerts are sold out well in advance, but each member gets two tickets. On rare occasions—usually at the last minute—Mrs. Soyer finds herself with an extra ticket. She goes to the concert and waits near the box office and scrutinizes the people milling around in hopes of getting a ticket that someone has turned in. She almost always finds an eager student who will be grateful for the chance to hear the concert and surprised that it's free. Occasionally, the student, not knowing who she is, will

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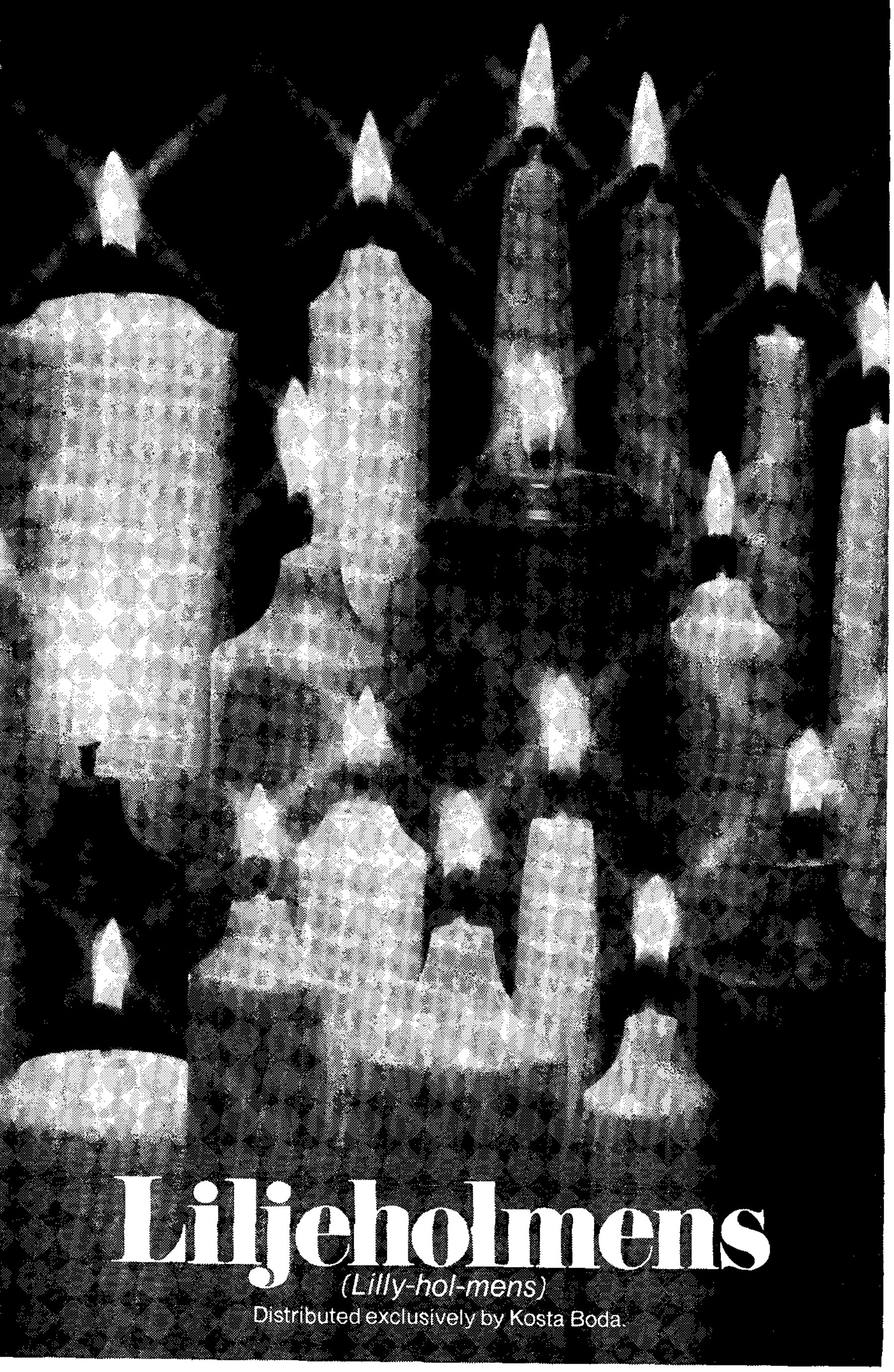

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compare the Guarneri unfavorably with the Amadeus or the Cleveland or an upcoming group. She is an artist as well as a musician, and Harry Beall has in his office, on loan, a portrait she did of her husband. Beall likes the painting so much that he does not intend to return it—at least not voluntarily.

Soyer studied with Diran Alexanian, a colleague of Casals, and with Emanuel Feuermann. He later had coaching sessions with Casals. Some years ago, the Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich started using a curved, longer peg that raised the instrument three or four inches. He felt it not only made thumb positions easier but tilted the cello slightly, and thus projected the sound outward to the audience. It swept the cello world, and a large number of cellists now use it. Soyer tried it and didn't like it. He says, "Any benefit gained by making thumb positions easier is lost; first position is harder, the hand gets numb. Also, it looks sloppy." Like Tree, Soyer considers quartet playing more difficult than a solo performance. "There's no question about it—it's tenser, more nerve-racking," he says. "It's true that if one makes a mistake the others are sympathetic. A wrong note, a wrong entrance, a slip of the finger, a lapse in concentration—a problem for all of us, especially when we're very tired. But concentration can become habitual, part of the technique of performing. And concentration in itself does away with nervousness. Nervousness is a funny thing. I think performers who suffer most fear the *idea* of nervousness. Experienced performers accept the fact that it is part of what they do. If you're going to run around the block, you're going to pant; if you're going to perform, you're going to be nervous. It's not the most comfortable feeling in the world, but it can actually work for you. If there is no nervousness, chances are the performance will be bland. Nerves create excitement, spontaneity, which is translated to the audience as vitality."

Rumors persist that the quartet is about to split up. Soyer is amused that the rumors sometimes result from the fact that when they're at a party they talk to other people instead of to each other. He says, "I think we've weathered all the storms that could possibly come up by now. It's really those first five years—like pebbles being polished in a grinding machine, knocking against each other—that are the most difficult ones. Now we know each other's foibles and frailties. We all know we're lucky to play quartets for a living—and a damned good living, too." Their friend William Steckler, a law-

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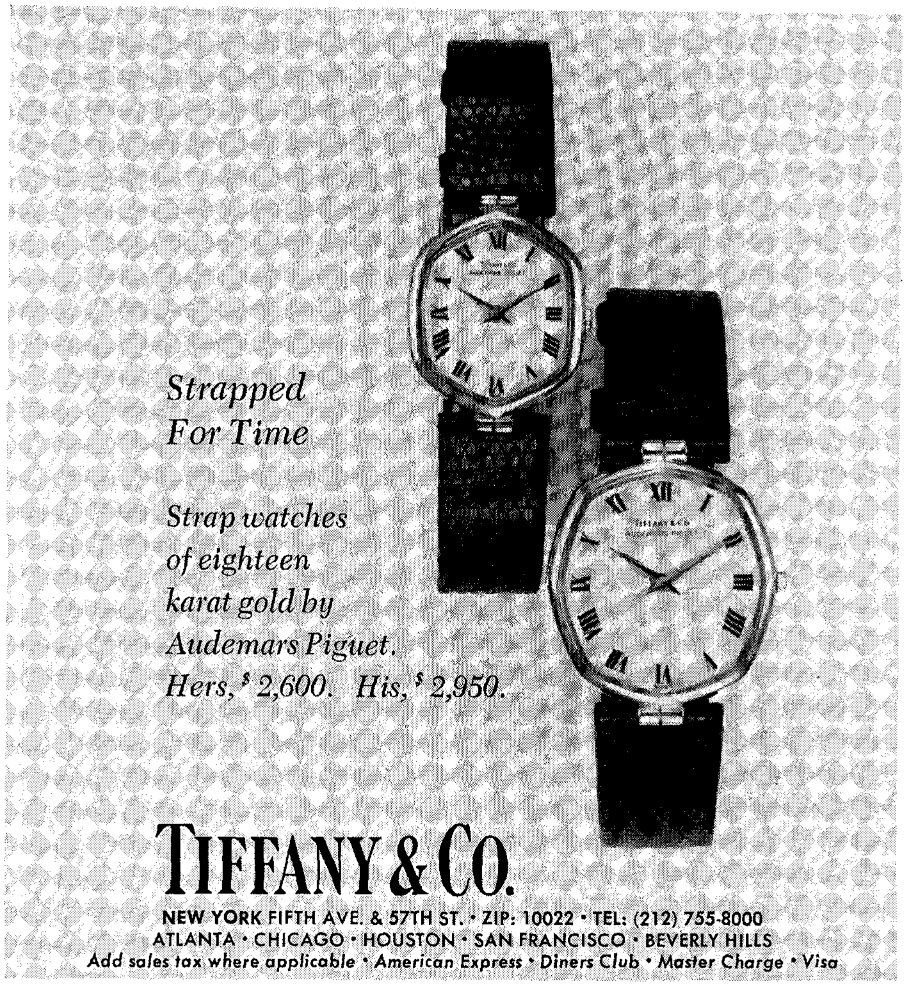

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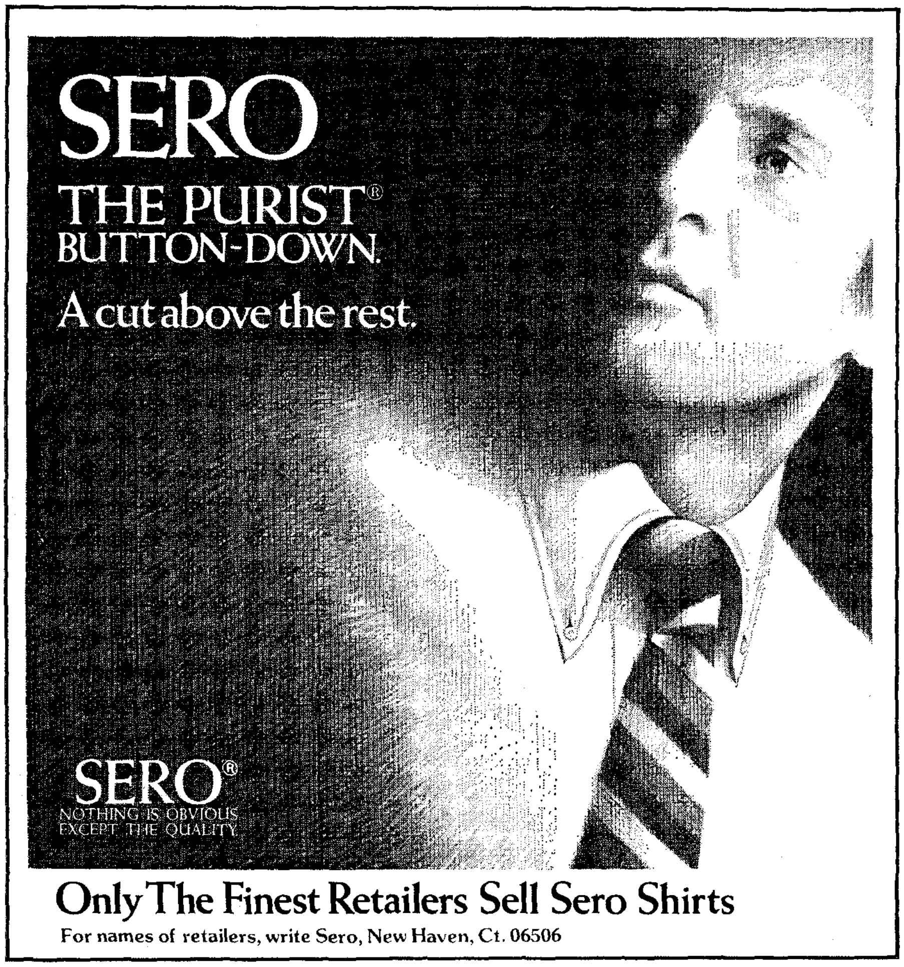

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yer and amateur violinist, who is the founder and director of the Roslyn chamber-music series and is in a position to know, says they are the highest-paid quartet in the world. They make no claim to altruism, but in the course of raising their fee they have helped other quartets to do the same. "It's hard work, though the fact that we're successful helps," according to Soyer. "If we were struggling and clawing away, it would be doubly difficult. We've never had to worry about having enough engagements, though it took quite a while to get the fee up to something we could live on. And we have devoted followers all over the world, and some have become good friends. It makes all the travel more palatable."

Soyer says the quartet takes political stands when they all are in agreement. "We played at anti-Vietnam War rallies, and we like to help out political candidates—fund-raising, mostly," he says. "So far, they've all been losers—McGovern, Allard Lowenstein, Paul O'Dwyer, a few others. I think we're known as the kiss of death." They were offered an exceptionally lucrative tour in South Africa, and they told Beall to refuse, to say that they didn't want to play there because of apartheid. Back came a letter saying, "We would be happy to arrange for you to play for blacks, too." They read mail meant for all of them at rehearsals. That letter was wadded up and pitched into a wastebasket.

Soyer's second love is sailing—he claims half the things he reads have to do with sailing, though he's exaggerating; he's a fountain of facts gleaned from all the airplane reading he's done over the years. However, someone visiting the Soyers at their summer home on Long Island is apt—if he or she has arrived too late to go for a sail—to end up sitting in Soyer's twenty-four-foot sloop, moored in a canal a few yards from the house, talking there rather than in the Soyers' living room.

MANY people feel that Arnold Steinhardt's beauty of phrasing and sweetness of tone are special with him, a major contribution to the quartet's over-all character and sound. After their début, an amateur violinist said to a friend, "If Mephistopheles appeared and asked what I wanted in exchange for my soul, I would say, 'To sound like Arnold Steinhardt.' " Steinhardt grew up in what he calls a ghetto in Los Angeles, and he speaks with what he describes as a typical California non-accent. His parents emigrated from Poland, and his father, Steinhardt says, did "a million things in his

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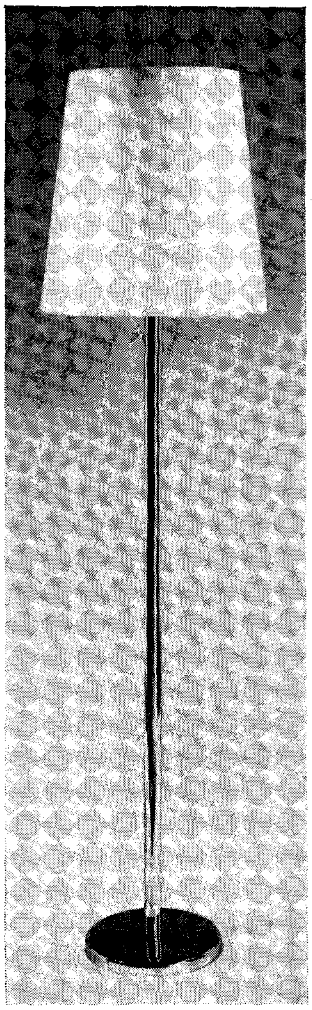

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life." He was an engraver, a diamond setter. He bought and sold old gold door to door, and he sold apples on the street during the Depression. He eventually owned a liquor store—the last thing he did before he retired. "My parents got me started," Steinhardt says. "They're not musicians, but they are music lovers. I think they thought it would be a very nice thing for us to be musicians—my brother, Victor, and I. He's six years younger and a pianist. Music is one of the values my mother would capitalize, like Justice, Truth, Beauty. I started lessons when I was six. My parents rented a violin for me for a dollar, which they got back at the end of the year—the result of an effort in the school I was going to to start an orchestra. After the first year, I was taught by Carl Mauldrin, who specialized in teaching children. Many of his pupils went on to professional careers. I had an immediate response to music—loved it from the start—and I felt a kind of romance with the public from the beginning. I thought it was exciting, as a kid of seven, playing with other students. I was nervous at first, but I felt a rush of pleasure as things began to go well onstage, and afterward, when all the relatives told me how nicely I had played, I was quite pleased. And nothing has changed much since. I still get nervous, and I'm pleased when it goes well, though I don't get as nervous playing quartets. There's a responsibility in quartets, but you're not so nakedly delivered up as you are when you play solo. In many senses, though, quartets are more difficult—one slip and you can throw the others off. In a recital with a pianist, the piano sound can cover a multitude of sins. It's as if you were let out of school for fun and games. There's much more latitude. Quartets demand such discipline. There are passages in the inner voices that have to be absolutely right and are extremely difficult to execute—harder than getting up and playing a solo. It's all in the mind, what's difficult, and when I get nervous it's for psychological, not technical, reasons. I think you go through cycles in your life—in and out of periods when you're more or less secure with your playing. It has to do with other things in your life. I was insecure when I was a student at Curtis, but gradually I developed a certain amount of confidence. When we play our standard repertoire, pieces scheduled for a season, it's a wonderful feeling to sit down with these old friends—Beethoven, Mozart. We've practiced all the difficult parts and we sit down and make music together. Pos-

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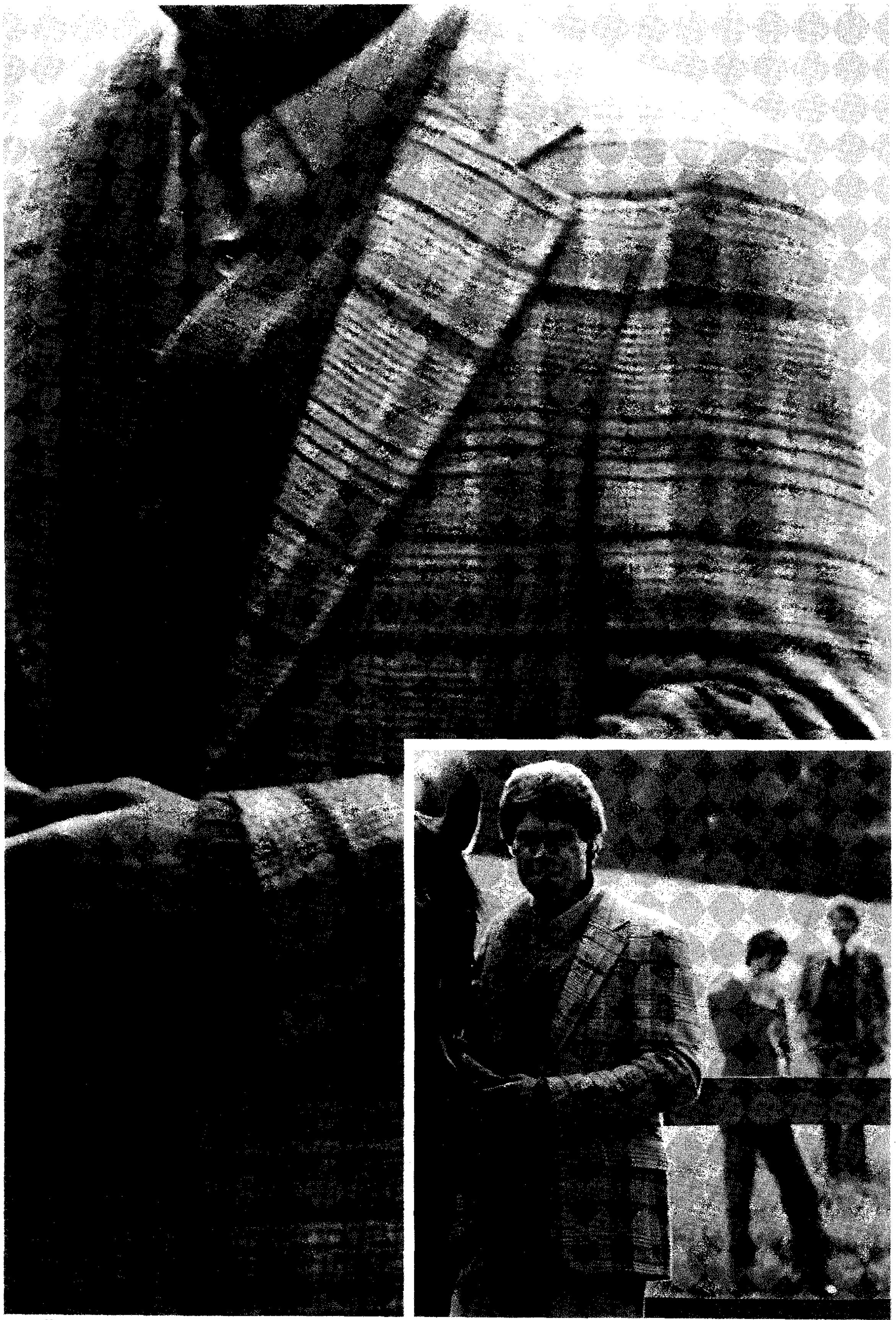

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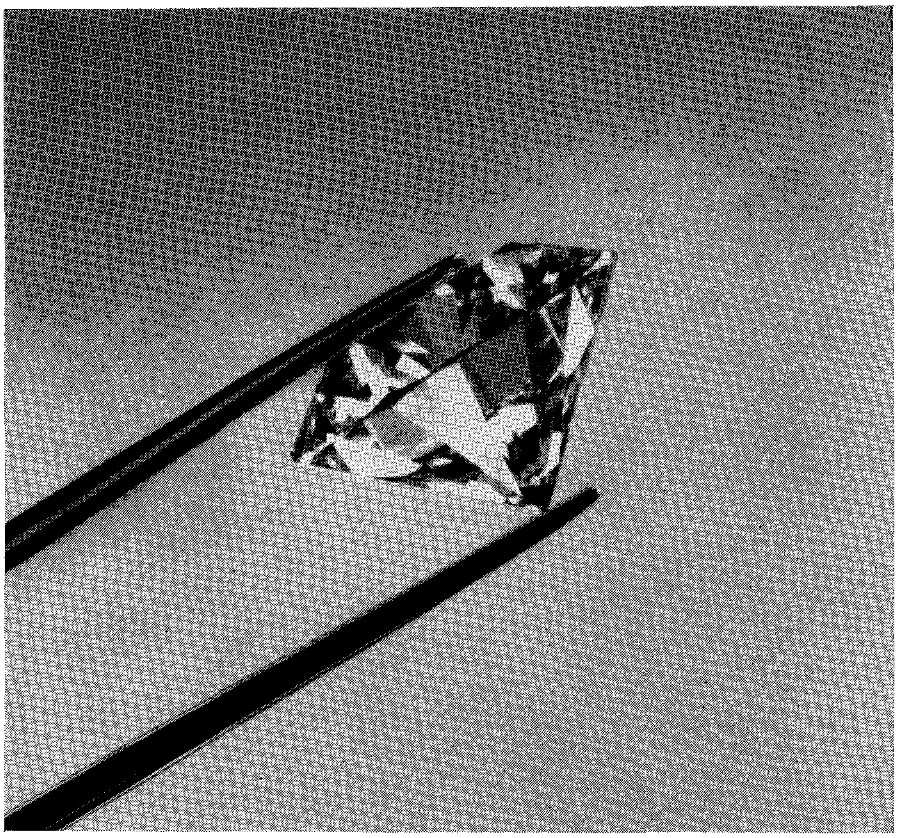
sibly there are spots—the perfect ritard, the precise diminuendo—that we should pay more attention to, but I think you give up more than you get by practicing for total perfection. We do try to be true to a musical ideal that we look for in each piece.

"Music in itself is a reward, and when our families come along—Bermuda, Florida, a resort in Switzerland—it can be a magical thing. We go to some pretty god-awful places in the world, but then the pendulum swings and we're dining with the Duke of Someplace—one extreme to the other. In the beginning, I got tired of it. It was in my bachelor days, and I wasn't used to touring. There is such a sense of alienation, travelling so much. Days lose their usual distinction. Sundays are like Tuesdays, Saturdays like Mondays. Sometimes I had myself paged in airports to give myself the feeling that there was someone there who knew me. Once, we were in one of those drab, faceless cities and I was profoundly depressed. I complained to Dave, and he wasn't sympathetic. He got mad. He said, 'You don't dare complain! You don't know how lucky you are to be a musician doing what you're doing.' He's right, of course. I find life easier now that I have a family to come home to. I feel I could go on a five-year voyage and when I returned they would be waiting for me." Steinhardt married Dorothea van Haeften eight years ago. A professional photographer, born in Germany, she spoke very little English when they met, at her sister's home, in Buffalo, and Steinhardt spoke very little German. Each studied the other's language, and they met somewhere in the middle. They have two children—a daughter, Natasha, who is six, and a year-old son, Alexander.

George Szell was one of the judges of the Levintritt International Competition the year Steinhardt won. The competition is often a springboard to a solo career, but Steinhardt felt that he wasn't ready—that he was still too green. Szell lured him into the Cleveland Orchestra with promises—fulfilled—of solo performances with the orchestra and lessons with Joseph Szigeti, in Switzerland. "I expected to go over there and talk about the architecture of music—high-minded discussions," Steinhardt has said. "But Szigeti wanted to talk about the fiddle—like everybody else in my life. I thought, 'Enough about the fiddle. Let's talk about music.' It took a bit of an adjustment, but ultimately we talked a great deal about music, though he went about it obliquely rather than in grand



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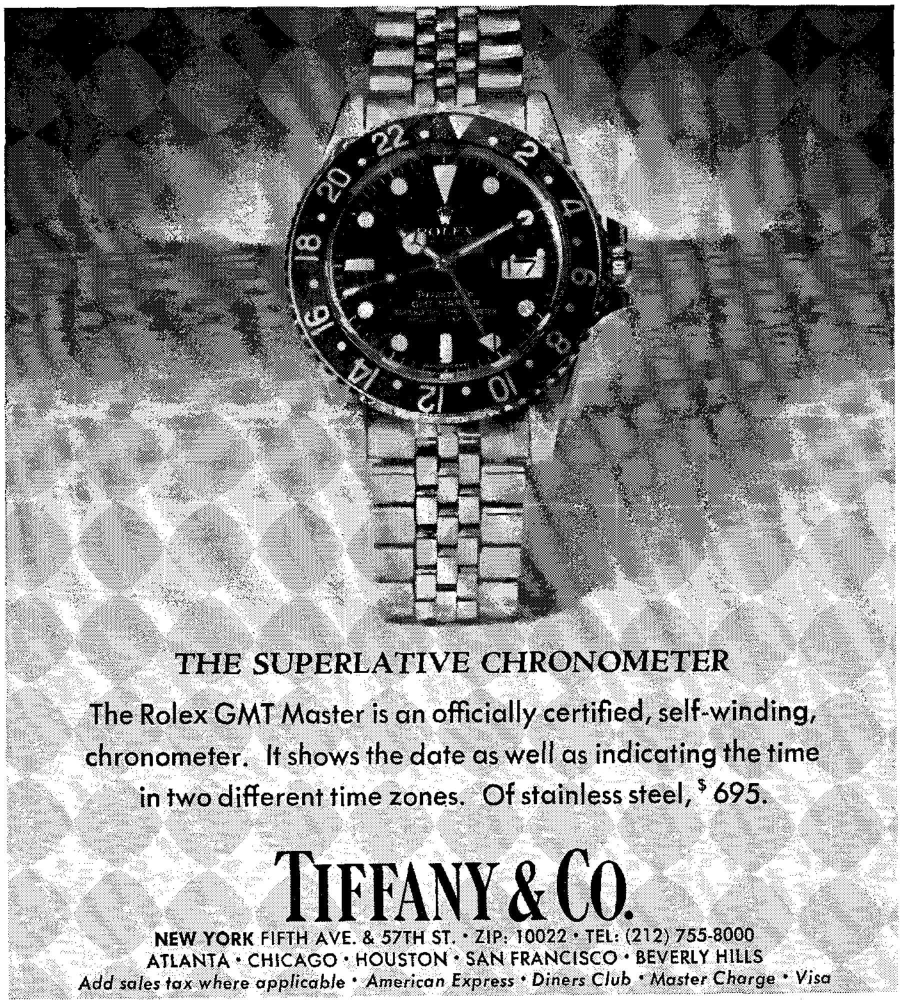

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terms. We worked on repertoire, and it all unfolded wonderfully. I still remember vividly many things he said about different pieces. It was toward the end of his life, and he was a sick man. It must have been difficult for him. He'd retired from the concert stage, and yet the violin was everything to him.

"Playing in the Cleveland was a great thrill at first—the repertoire, sitting next to Josef Gingold, the concertmaster. But I began to feel I was a cog in a machine, and Szell got to me. He was so compulsively orderly in his musical interpretations. I felt it took precedence over the great colors, fluidity, flexibility in the music. Once in a while we had a great performance. The orchestra was fantastic, and that was all Szell's doing. He was a fine administrator, a pedagogue. But, in retrospect, I don't think he was really a great musician.

"Marlboro was the most marvellous musical experience of my life. Everything I learned there is reflected in any music I play. I met so many different people, got involved in such a variety of musical situations. When we decided to be a quartet, I didn't know Dave well, though I'd played a couple of piano trios with him. We were absolutely sure of ourselves as a quartet. There was no sense of doubt about any member. It was extraordinary. If any one should quit, I can't imagine finding a replacement—except for me. I would be the easiest to replace. Everybody has a very strong sense of himself—his musical self—in our group, which is why it's possible for us to play without a leader.

"I mark bowings in parts, because we want to do the same things, but I've got a bugaboo about fingerings. I rarely use the same ones. I enjoy the play, the creativity. It's not a question of fooling around. If you have a slightly different musical idea, you may want to implement it with another fingering. Of course, there are some passages that can only be fingered one way, but for the bulk of the repertoire you have many different choices at any given moment."

Steinhardt looks extremely relaxed when he plays, but he says, "Often I'm in a great deal of pain. It's difficult for me to play the violin. I work hard at it. It's like a sport—tennis, for example. The most efficient, economic, natural, the least encumbered way is the way to do it. Halfway through the quartet's life, I got in terrible trouble. Neck pains, back pains, finger pains, muscle spasms. Partly because I'd broken my right wrist playing tennis, and it was difficult for me to make an ad-

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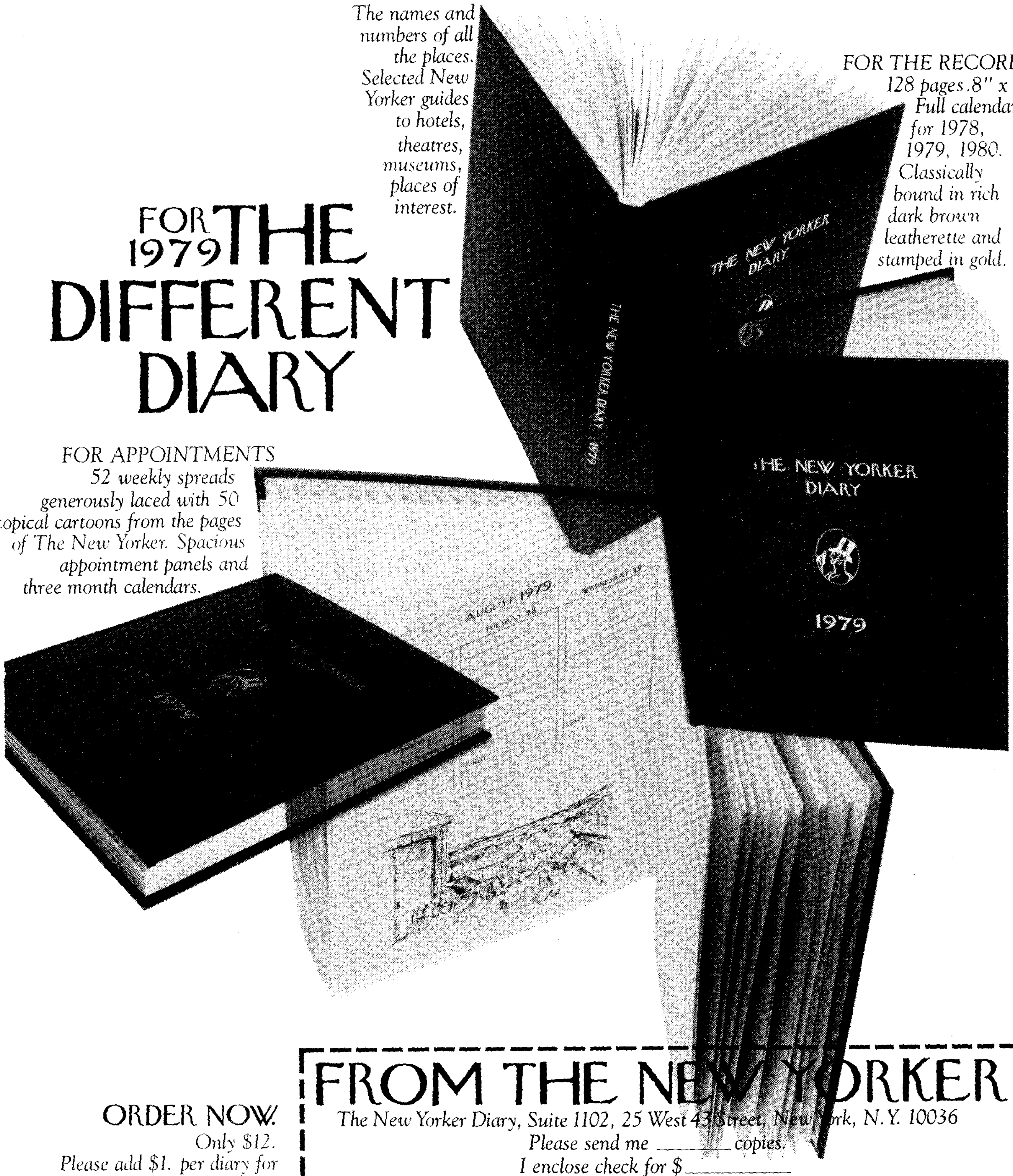

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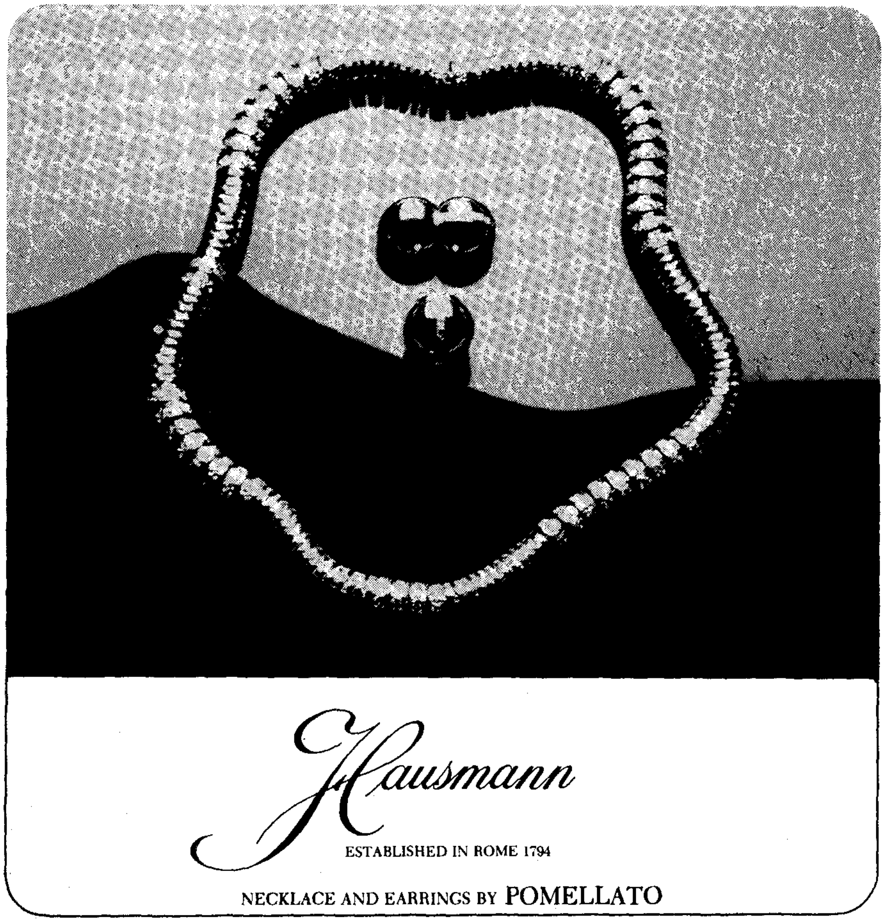
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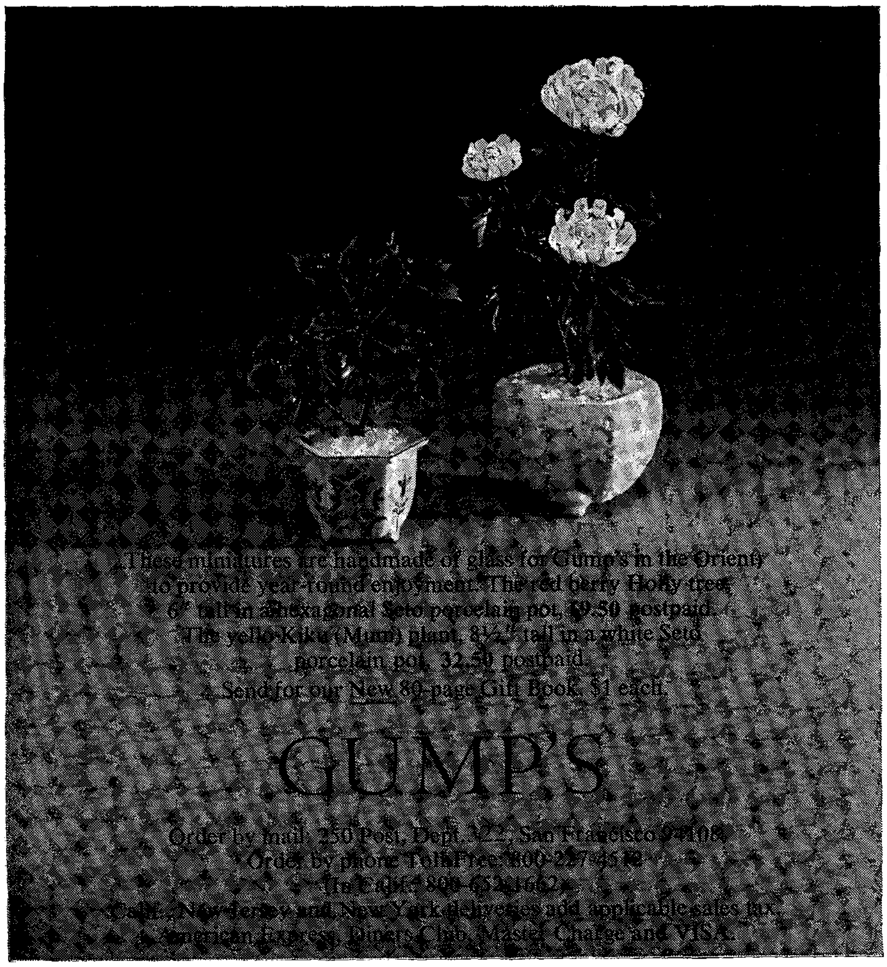
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justment afterward. You're never quite the same after you've broken a bone, and I had to learn to play much more efficiently." He also learned to play tennis left-handed, to spare his vulnerable right arm. "Early in life you can do things improperly and get away with it, but as you get older your joints are not as flexible. I went to a number of doctors, checked into a hospital for ten days for tests, saw a psychiatrist. I even tried mud baths in Germany." The late Imre Waldbauer, whose Hungarian Quartet was one of the best in Europe until the Second World War brought it to a halt—Bartók dedicated his second quartet to them—took a year's sabbatical and studied anatomy in Paris with Rodin in search of a solution to the constant pain that accompanied his career. He learned *why* he hurt so much but not how to avoid it entirely. Steinhardt says, "I worked for hours with my friend Shmuel Ashkenasi, the first violinist of the Vermeer, whose musicianship and technique I greatly respect. He would sit in the first row in the audience during concerts and study my bow arm. Afterward, he'd say, 'It *looks* right,' but then he'd suggest a different way to hold the bow, apply pressure, and it was fruitful. But it was a terrible time. I thought my career was over. Other musicians avoid you; they're afraid the same thing might happen to them, and they don't want to talk about it. I was in pain all the time. It's not quite so bad now. I no longer have spasms and inflammations, and I think it is from learning to play more efficiently. It's also partly a mental attitude. It's hard enough to play the violin well, and if you're tense it's even harder. I don't want to sound like a Zen disciple, but it's better to just let it happen, let everything function as smoothly as possible. Just look at John. He's *a study in ease,* the way his limbs work, his fingers. Anything he does is so natural, and it's partly *the way he's put together.* I have to work for it. I don't want to sound immodest—I'm gifted. But I've always had to work very hard."

Dalley thinks many of Steinhardt's problems are a result of the fact that he's so tall. "Holding a violin is unnatural, against gravity," Dalley says. "Everyone must adjust to it—scrunch the shoulder up, press down with the chin. For Arnold it's especially unnatural." Steinhardt says, "I also think part of the trouble is that in quartets there are more technical demands for me than there are in being a soloist. Certain bow strokes, tiny little figures with a small amount of bow. You never have to do things that delicate in a

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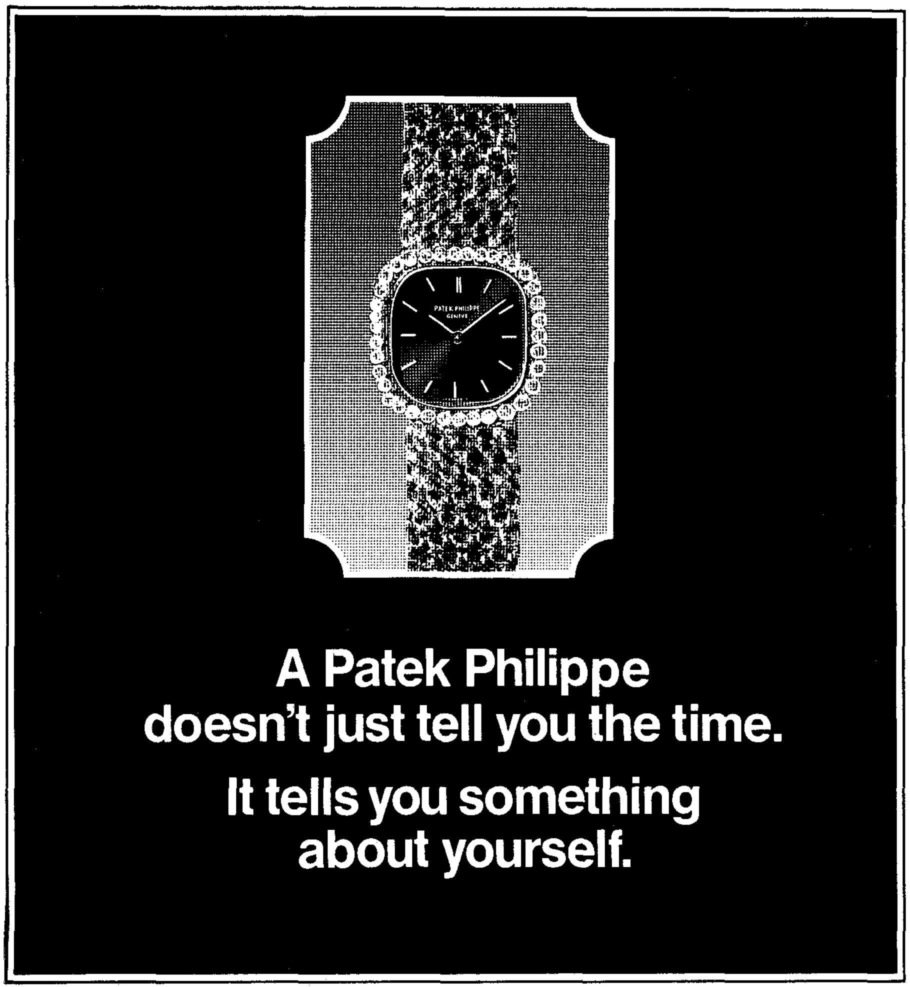
THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036 concerto, when you're painting on a big broad canvas, with long strokes. In chamber music, lush, Romantic music is easier, because there's the big gesture. The exacting fine points in Mozart and Schubert are more difficult, though that Schubert was easier for me than it was for the others, who had those accompanying figures that go on and on, those tremolos. I'm exhausted after playing it—there's so much to do—but it's more an emotional exhaustion.

"We get along better now than we did at first. All kinds of things have been worked through. You're criticized constantly when you're in a quartet. No one ever tells you you play beautifully. In one of our question periods after an open rehearsal, one of the students asked if we ever complimented one another. It set us back on our heels to realize that we never did. If John should say to me, 'That was beautiful,' I'd get very nervous and think something was really wrong. If Dave said, 'That was fine,' I'd wonder, 'What did he *really* mean?' In general, we just expect that everyone should play really well. We've had many heated arguments in the group, and not quietly, either, though I don't think there are any lingering hard feelings. You learn how to give criticism in a good way, and to understand how each member operates best, what his style is. If Dave says, with that glowering look of his, 'That was rotten,' the first time you think, 'Why does he do that? Why can't he be more polite?' But when you've known Dave fifteen years, you realize that more often than not that's just his way of being funny, and he doesn't mean anything personal. John has his way, and Michael his, and you begin to interpret the criticism by itself, without any ugly little creatures attached. Sometimes talk is very dangerous, because music is not a verbal language, and when you start to talk about it too much you get into dangerous waters. I think that's why most music criticism and most of the comment and description about it are difficult at best, and most often boring. I'd been playing quartets for ten years, and I read a book about the Beethoven quartets and I didn't know what in the world the author was talking about."

Steinhardt likes to give solo recitals, and he did four last season. He is constantly learning new repertoire, which is quite unusual, considering how busy the quartet is. He says that he has learned to make every minute count, and that he practices in odd places and at strange times to get in a few minutes here, a few minutes there. Once, he was practicing in a men's room in the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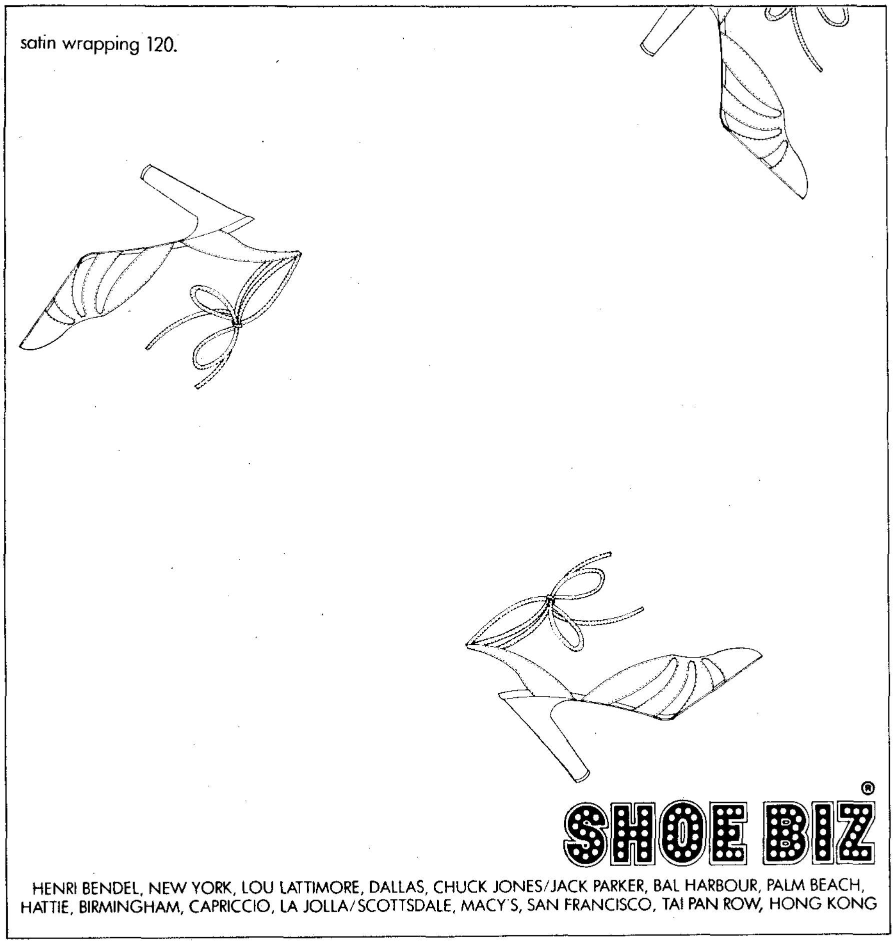
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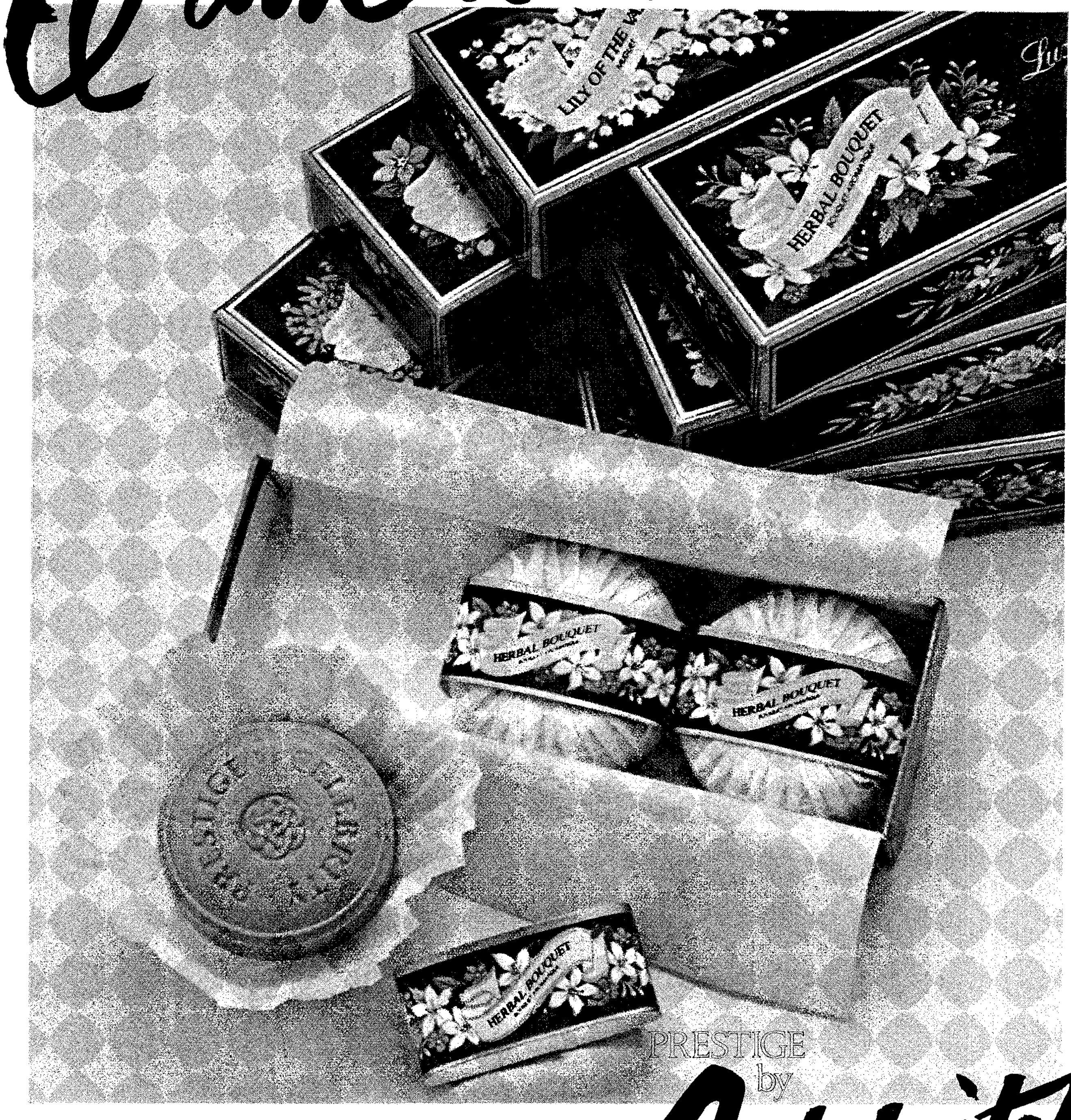
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Sydney, Australia, airport. Two guards rushed in and asked what he thought he was doing. Steinhardt said, "I'm practicing. Is it against the law?" One of the guards shrugged and said, "There is no precedent."

THE Guarneri is known for, among other things, a warm, silken, seamless sound, which cannot be attributed to the instruments they play. Steinhardt has used five different violins over the past fourteen years. Soyer's Andrea Guarneri—the first Guarneri in the Guarneri—is valued at a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the value is escalating rapidly. The others play comparatively modest instruments for a group of their stature. Steinhardt played a Guarneri for a year or so, but it is now up for sale and he is playing an instrument made by Lorenzo Storioni, in Cremona, which belonged to Joseph Roisman. Steinhardt had always liked the sound when he listened to the Budapest, and after Roisman's death he bought the instrument. He says he likes it because it already knows all the repertoire. Steinhardt says the E string is the weakest—many instruments have one string weaker than the others—and some dealers who have examined it think it might be a cut-down viola. (Steinhardt has said that he thinks program notes should include the fact that he plays the only instrument in the world that has undergone a sex-change operation.) The E string bothers him, but he has grown accustomed to playing out on it—applying more energy to that string than to the others. Over the years, many violin scrolls have been broken or stolen, and the absence of the original scroll diminishes the value of an instrument by thirty per cent. Steinhardt's violin is worth twenty thousand dollars. The scroll is another matter. The violin dealer Jacques Français suspects it may be the work of a Guarneri, and if he would put his opinion in writing the scroll would be worth about thirty thousand dollars—if Steinhardt could find the owner of a Guarneri that does not have its original scroll. Dalley plays a Nicolas Lupot—called a French Strad, because Lupot copied the Stradivari. It cost Dalley thirty-five hundred dollars in 1963 and is probably worth ten times that figure now. Tree's viola is a Dominicus Busan, worth fifty thousand. At one time, the quartet was offered the use of matched Strads, and then matched Amatis, but they liked their own instruments better. Also, they feel rather strongly that composers wrote for four voices and that the four

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should have distinctive sounds. All have tried different bows along the way. One day, Tree was teaching his son the rudiments of baseball, using a rubber ball and his bow as a bat. He whacked the ball and broke the tip off the bow. Dalley went with him to help pick another. Tree bought the first one he tried—said he could tell immediately that it would suit him. Dalley was horrified. He said, "For God's sake, Mike, a man spends more time than that picking out a tie." Tree didn't tell Dalley that he is much more particular about his tennis equipment.

PETER MARSH, the first violinist of the Lenox Quartet, which succeeded the Guarneri as quartet-in-residence at Harpur College, says the Guarneri is New York City's quartet-in-residence. The Guarneri does about twenty-five concerts in the city during the season, in five different auditoriums. Included in the concerts is a "Guarneri & Friends" series at Alice Tully Hall, at which they play one number from their seasonal repertoire plus different chamber works with guest artists of their choice. The concerts are so popular that each is given twice to accommodate the demand for tickets, which is so great that the hall could easily be filled a third time.

Harry Beall tries to arrange the Guarneri's itinerary so that they will be away from home only for short periods—even if it means making two or three trips to the West Coast instead of one—and will have enough days off to keep them from killing themselves with overwork. In the two and a half months after their first concert of the 1977-78 season, at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A., they played in Middletown, Connecticut; Buffalo, New York; Huntington Woods, Michigan; St. Paul, Minnesota; Cleveland, Ohio; Old Westbury, New York; College Park, Maryland; Ithaca, New York; Binghamton, New York; Louisville, Kentucky; Decatur, Georgia; Birmingham, Alabama; Missoula, Montana; Portland, Oregon; Los Angeles, Stanford, Oakland, and Berkeley, California; Lawrence, Kansas; Buffalo again; Boston, Massachusetts—with three New York City concerts interspersed along the way. On November 30th and December 1st, they would give a "Guarneri & Friends" concert, and the whole week would be a backbreaker. They were all looking forward to December 6th and a week in the South. Only four concerts and one open rehearsal—practically a vacation. Steinhardt would take his family along.

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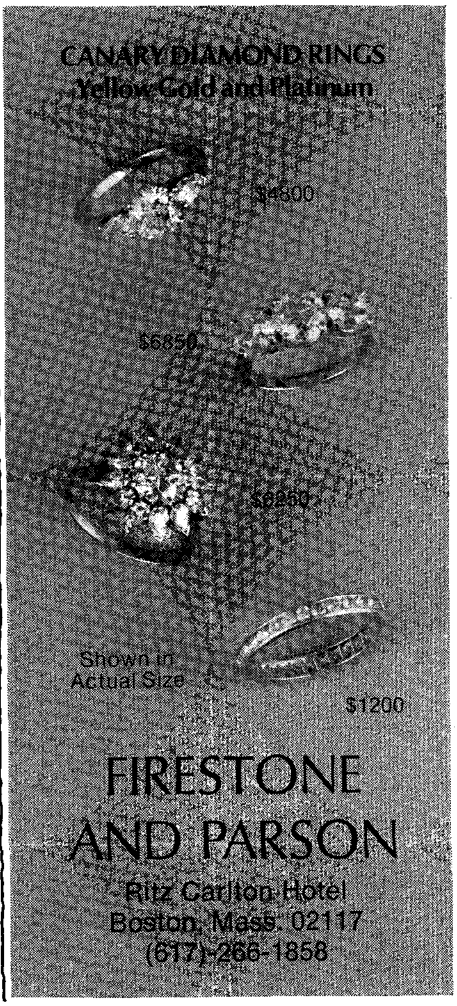

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The quartet had scheduled the Elgar Piano Quintet for their "Guarneri & Friends" concert. The year before, in Europe, Tree had spoken to the French pianist Jean-Bernard Pommier about doing the work. There aren't many piano quintets, and the Guarneri is always interested in a new one. The Elgar had not been played in New York in twenty-five years. The first rehearsal, on November 29th—the day before the concert—was held in Tree's apartment. The work was in Pommier's repertoire, but the quartet was playing it that day for the first time. They read through the piece, and, to their dismay, none of them liked it. (When a work is seldom played, there may be a reason.) They considered changing the program, but read through the piece again. This time, there were sections they found appealing, and they decided to go ahead with it. Pommier was on his way out the door when Soyer stopped him and asked when he wanted to rehearse the Brahms Clarinet Trio, with Soyer and Harold Wright. It was news to the pianist that he was supposed to play that the next night, too. He didn't know it—he'd never even heard it. He told Soyer he would look at the score, listen to a recording, and get in touch with him. Brahms makes great demands on pianists, to say the least, and it was short notice for a public performance, but Pommier called Soyer that night and told him he could do it, and they could go through it the next morning, after the Elgar. The quintet turned out to be a pleasant treat for the audience, and Harold Schonberg thanked the artists, in an article in the *Times*, for giving New York a chance to hear it after so many years. On the second of December, the Guarneri did the second of six concerts at Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium at the Metropolitan Museum devoted to the Beethoven cycle (which they perform frequently, and which the year before had been played by three different quartets in the city); on the third, they did the early Schubert, the Lutoslawski, and the Brahms at Washington Irving High School, where the audience booed the Lutoslawski vehemently (Steinhardt said, "They asked for it; they *got* it"); on the fourth, they did a different Beethoven program for the Performing Arts Society in Philadelphia. On the fifth, Steinhardt gave a solo recital in the same city, and Tree and Soyer taught at Curtis. All four arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, on the sixth for an evening concert and an open rehearsal the following morning, and the South was having a

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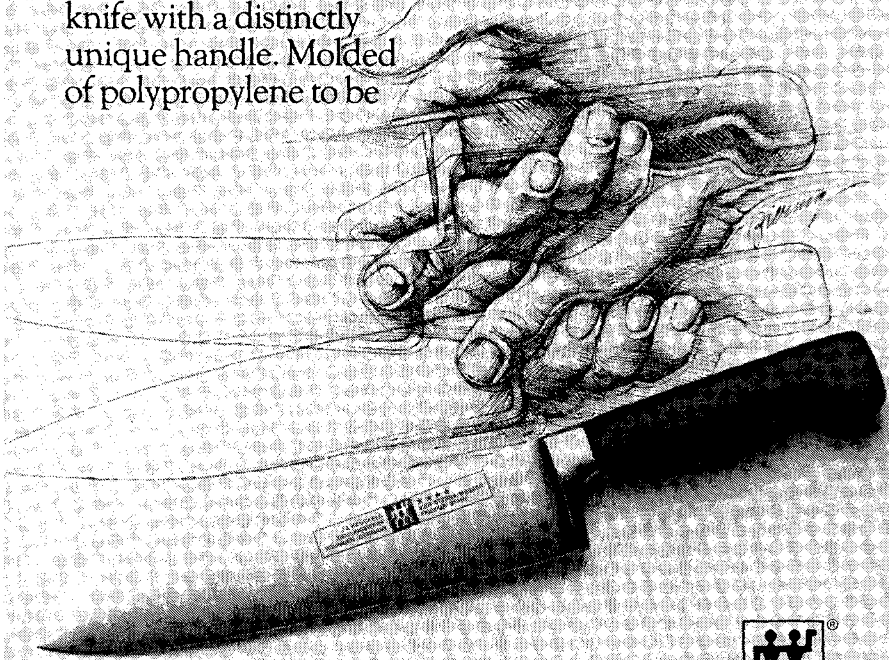

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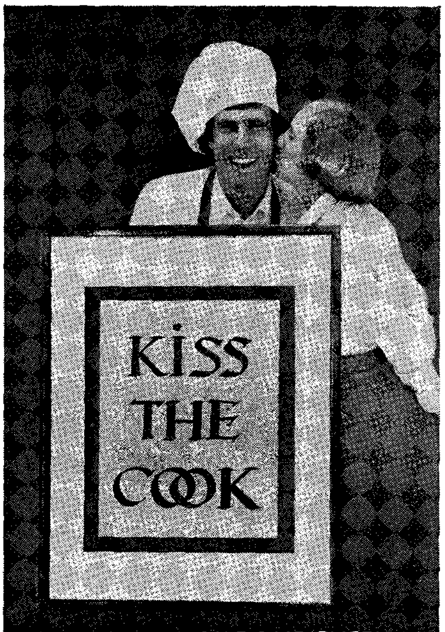
THE Guarneri, in effect, brought string-quartet music to Charleston, and they are loved and lionized there. Kay Maves, who always acts as chauffeur and entertainment chairman when they're in town, left a note for her husband, David, who is chairman of the Fine Arts Department and teaches music composition at the College of Charleston, saying, "Get in gear! They're here!" Mrs. Maves met four separate planes and deposited, individually, Soyer, Steinhardt, and Tree in one hotel and Dalley in another. The quartet had a quiet dinner shortly before the concert, at which they played one from Column A, one from Column B, and one from Column C—Schumann, Borodin, and the early Schubert, which had become the beauty Steinhardt had always said it was, and which was also the most difficult thing on the program: sentiment and simplicity are not easy to bring off. They went to a party afterward—except for Dalley, who went back to his hotel—and the hostess's effort to lead them to a separate room for food was defeated when the guests crowded around them to talk. (Post-concert receptions stopped being called "cookie-pushers" a few years ago, when hostesses discovered that musicians are usually famished after a concert. Mozart composed the music, performed it, and ate with the servants. Two centuries later, Kreisler was asked by a woman of wealth to play for dinner guests. He told her his fee would be five thousand dollars, which startled her and prompted her to say, "Of course, you understand you're not to mingle with the guests." "In that case," Kreisler said, "the fee will be three thousand." These days, people vie for the privilege of providing elaborate post-concert parties.)

The open rehearsal was held at ten in the morning in a sunny student lounge at the College of Charleston, with a slightly premature Christmas tree and a long table holding a coffee urn and pastries. There were more than a hundred people in the audience, some seated on the floor—one young girl close enough to Dalley to turn pages for him—others on folding chairs. Quartet playing is a constant striving for an elusive perfection, and the Guarneri had planned during the rehearsal to go over the works they had played the night before; instead, they read through pieces they might include in next year's program. They did a Webern, and Tree dismissed it for all of them when he said, "It's gray,



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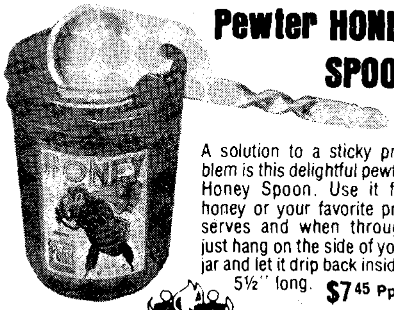

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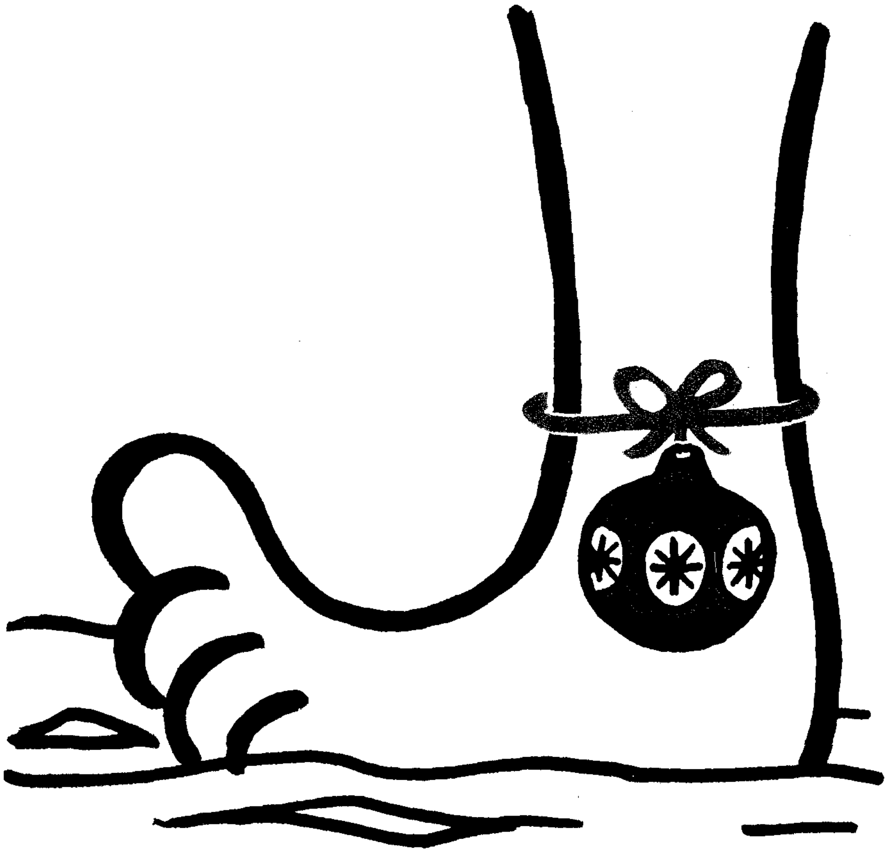
it's dull. He must have got in with bad company—Schoenberg, Berg . . ." Next, they played a César Franck, and whereas they agreed that there were some interesting sections, it was too long, and in places stickily sentimental, and if they programmed it they would become bored with it before the season was even half over. Then they read through the Mendelssohn D Major—an intricate work, fresh as a mountain stream, with hints of triumph and joy—and they liked it, and so did the audience, which applauded for the first time. A definite possibility for next year.

After driving Steinhardt and Dalley to the airport—Steinhardt's family was waiting for him at Captiva, an island off the southwest coast of Florida, and Dalley was planning to visit relatives in Orlando—Mrs. Maves took Soyer and Tree to a food mart, an enclosed city block of stands featuring specialties of various nationalities. Tree went directly to a seafood stand for she-crab soup—a Charleston specialty—and pecan pie. Soyer circled the area, took his time, and settled for a Greek *gyro*—mounds of thinly sliced, garlicky pressed beef and lamb on pita bread.

A tennis game had been arranged for Tree with the pro at the Seabrook Island Tennis Club, a private club on an island south of Charleston, and after lunch Mrs. Maves drove Soyer and Tree there. At the gate, there was a guard in a booth, and when she handed him a pass and said, "Mr. Tree has a reservation," Soyer, who was sitting next to her, leaned over and shouted, "Applebaum! Applebaum! Are you *meshuge*?" Tree was the first to arrive at the courts, and when the pro showed up he looked both nonchalant and annoyed. A viola player, of all things. Mrs. Maves drove Soyer to the beach clubhouse, which overlooked the water, and while he jogged up and down the beach she had some coffee and tried to get warm. When Soyer returned, they sat and talked for a while, Soyer studying the water and the bird life, and pointing out different birds to her. By the time they got back to the tennis courts, Tree was waiting, pink with pleasure. He had beaten the pro. He said, "I couldn't do it twice, I'm sure. I think I caught him off guard." In his excitement, Tree left his coat behind.

Later, after a break at their hotel for a shower, Mrs. Maves took them to a seafood restaurant, where her husband and two couples from the college Fine Arts Department were waiting, and where Tree and Soyer had enough seafood to keep them happy for a long time: crab legs in parsley and garlic



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sauce; red snapper buried in oysters and shrimp; a house salad almost defeated by crabmeat. Soyer, who is a natural raconteur and a joketeller, went through his repertoire, which varies from week to week. Many of the jokes are ethnic, and he tells them with roiling vowels and Catskill inflections, causing his listeners to laugh so hard at the delivery that they often miss the punch line.

The next morning on the way to the airport, David Maves ran out of gas. Soyer, drumming his fingers on the dashboard, said, "This is it. This will be a first. We're going to miss the plane." But Maves got out, vaulted over an approach rail to the throughway, ran a hundred yards to a Shell station, returned in minutes with a can of gas, and got them to the plane on time.

In Miami, Tree and Soyer were met by Victor Stern, a boyhood friend of Soyer's who was first violist in the Miami Philharmonic for twenty-five years and teaches at the University of Miami. With him was a tall Korean cellist, in Florida on a student's visa—a young man whose intense admiration of the quartet members suggested that it took will power for him to refrain from genuflecting. When Tree and Soyer checked in to the hotel, the clerk asked if they would like connecting rooms. Tree said, "Lord, no. Separate floors, if possible," and Soyer said, "Separate buildings, if you have two."

The concert that night was given in a vast building that announced itself, in giant red neon letters, to be the Dade County Auditorium. It would be like playing in a football stadium. Steinhardt and Dalley were backstage when Soyer and Tree arrived. Steinhardt, who had forgotten his tie, borrowed one from a Cuban cellist, Manuel Capote, another friend of Soyer's who plays in the Miami Philharmonic. The audience was treated to the Lutoslawski, and Stern, eavesdropping at intermission, discovered that most of the people there—an assortment of the retired and an equal number of young people—liked the piece, thought it had humor in it. Some heard birdcalls, and others swarms of bees.

Backstage after the concert, Tree saw Steinhardt's uncle and aunt, who had recently moved to Florida from New Jersey. Tree hugged Steinhardt's aunt and kissed her on both cheeks and said, "Where's the cake?" Soyer laughed, and on the way to the car he told Stern that she had once brought a cake backstage after a concert in Brooklyn, but she forgot forks, plates, a knife. "We ate it with our bare

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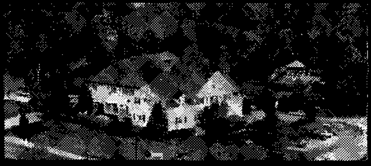

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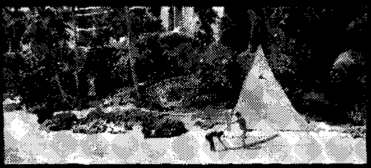

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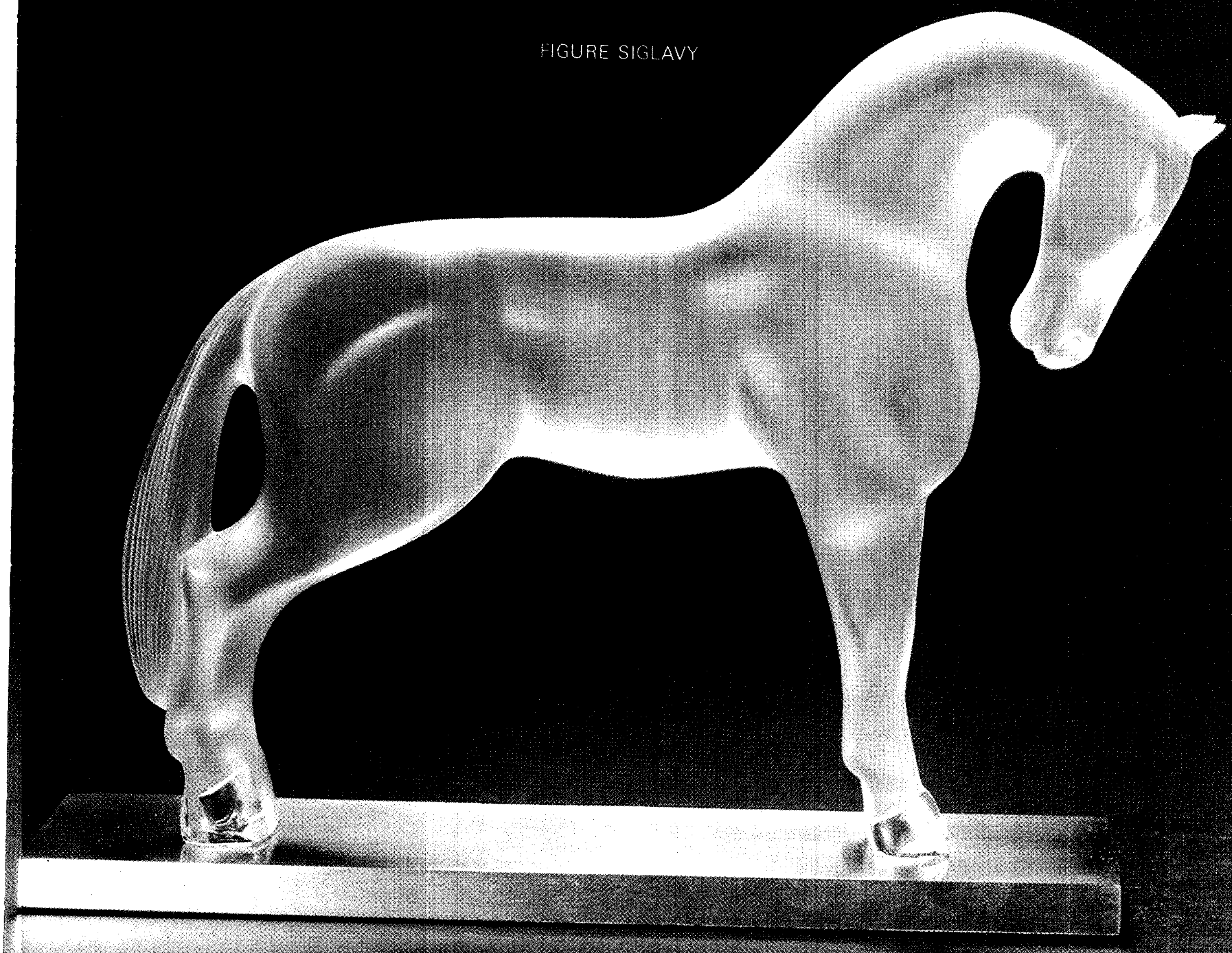

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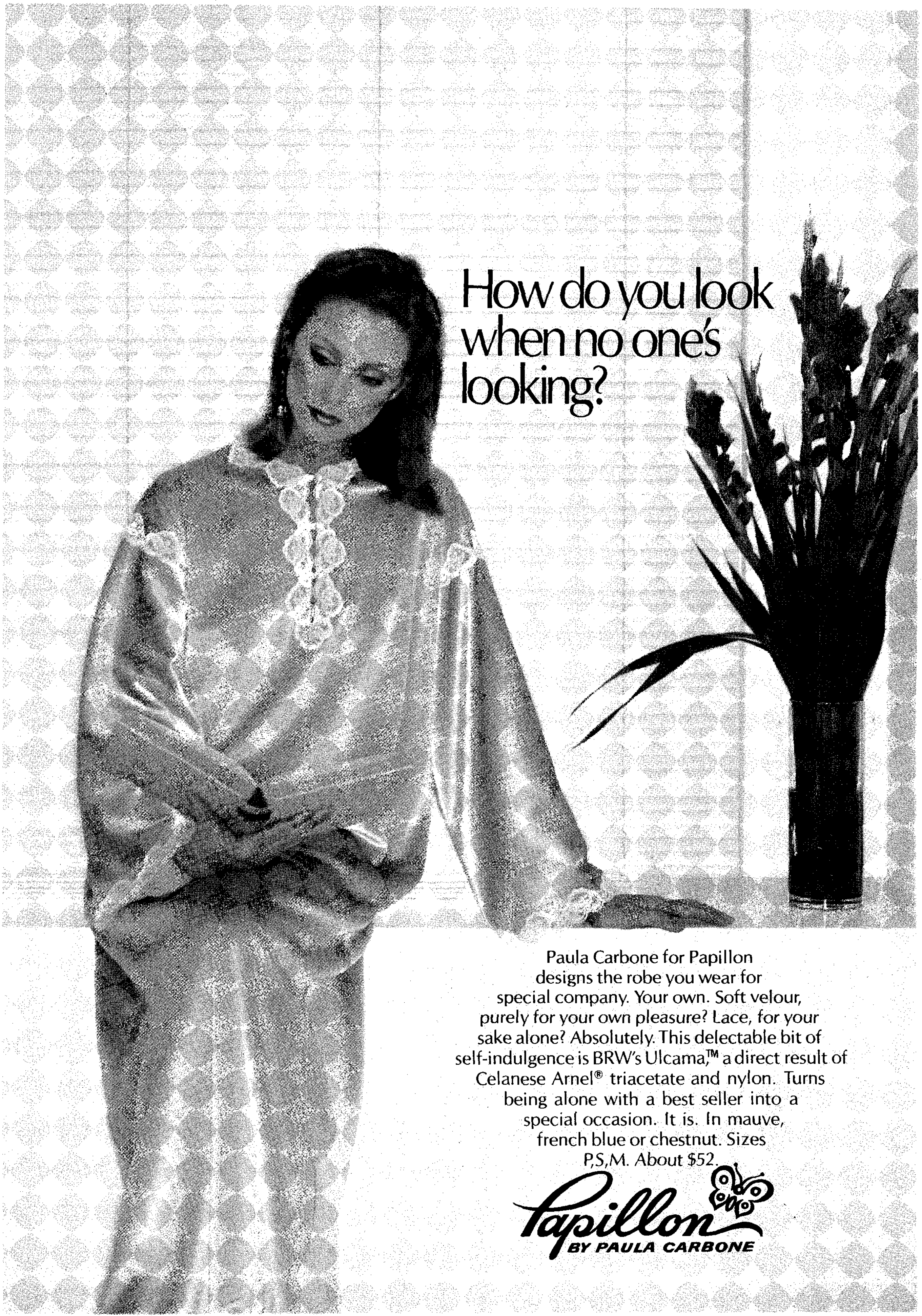
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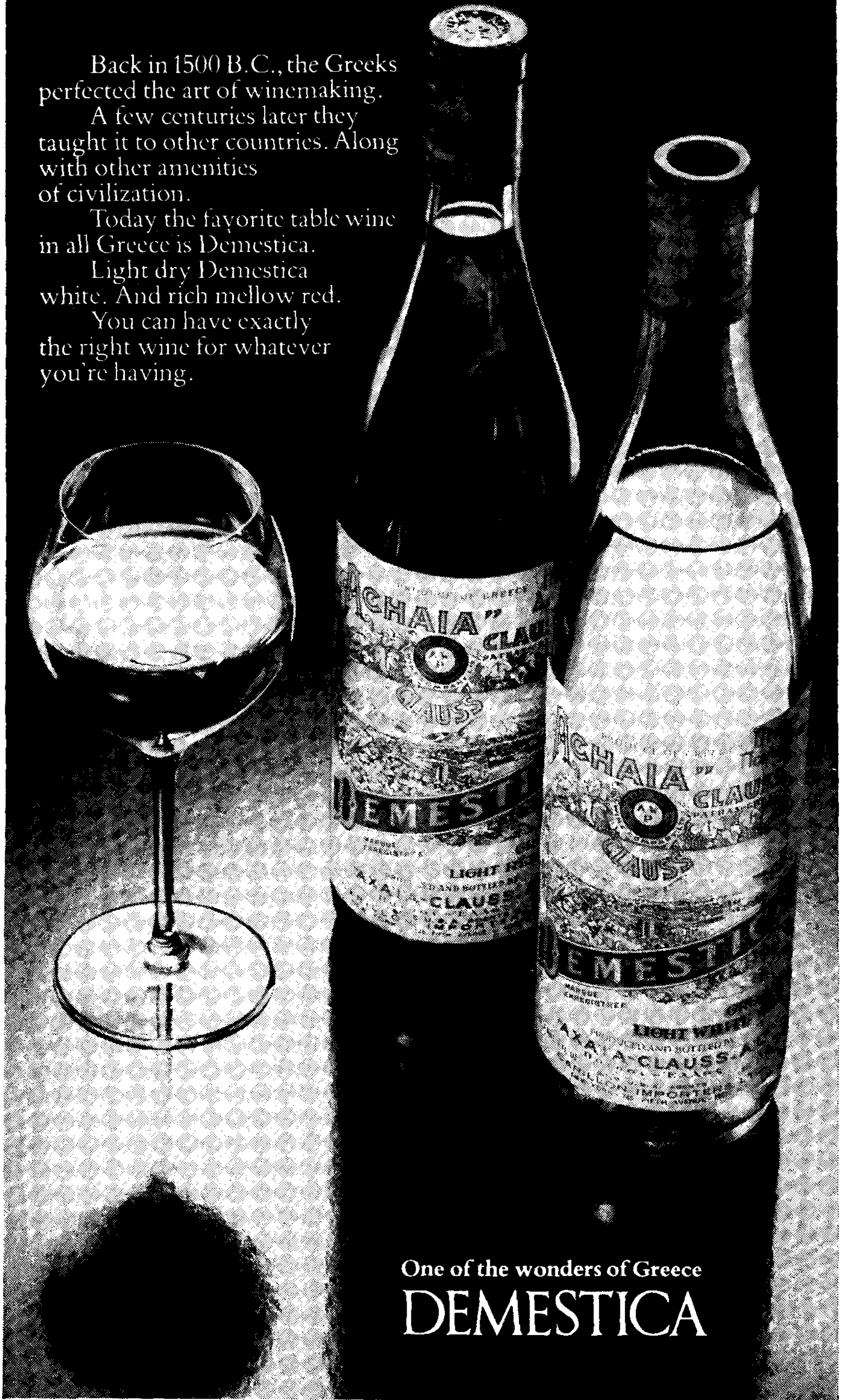
hands." Tree followed with Capote and the Korean fan and told Soyer that Capote was taking them to a restaurant that had the best Cuban food in town—white-bean soup, garlicky shrimp, Cuban beer. (Steinhardt was going back to Captiva, and Dalley to Orlando.) The restaurant was a small place, family-owned and family-run. Tree tasted the soup and rolled his eyes. Soyer tasted the shrimp, pronounced it delicious, and said, "Poor John, poor Arnold." Before leaving, Soyer studied a bullfight poster on the wall. He said to the owner, "Isn't that Manolete? His last fight?" The owner said it was.

Soyer had originally planned to stay in Winter Park and then Sarasota, where the next two concerts would be held. Instead, he changed his plane ticket the next morning and went to Tampa with Tree, who was planning to stay in Tampa and drive to the next two concerts. Bill Steckler was flying down to Tampa to play tennis with Tree. While Soyer was having his ticket changed, Tree, who has said that sometimes he feels more like a foot soldier than like a musician, took a pop-top can of V-8 juice out of his tennis case and drank it.

The Winter Park concert, at Rollins College, would be at four Sunday afternoon, and Steinhardt, who had been misinformed about how long it would take him to get there, arrived on the dot of four. Like the others, he tries to get to a concert early and warm up, and he was trembling when he took his violin out of the case. Tree told Soyer and Steckler that the program was all Beethoven, but the ushers were handing out programs that listed Beethoven, Schumann, and Debussy. Steckler, in the audience, glanced at the program and slipped backstage to alert Tree, who was unnerved but grateful. (In all the years they have played together, they have had only three program mishaps. Once, at Vassar, Soyer was poised for the stormy, dramatic opening bars of the Beethoven Opus 95. Instead, the others began with the serene, contemplative Beethoven Opus 18, No. 3. Soyer looked stunned. Then he raised his hand and commanded, "Stop!" He stood up, walked to the edge of the stage, and asked a woman in the front row if he could see her program. He glanced at it, turned to the others, and said triumphantly, "You guys are all wrong. We're playing Opus 95." Another time, Dalley had the wrong part. He left the stage and returned carrying the correct music on his head; the audience laughed. And in Miami, for reasons no one can remember, Tree, who is in



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charge of programs, had misinformed the others, and they had all brought the wrong music. Soyer announced the change to the audience, and he was loudly booed.)

The six Beethoven Opus 18 quartets, which represent his early period, are tricky works to begin a program with. Beethoven's sixteen quartets are considered the heart of quartet literature, and the early ones show an exquisite, controlled mastery of the form. The middle-period works reveal a branching out, a more profound understanding of the form, the instruments, and what the composer could say through them. The late Beethovens, composed when he could no longer hear, expose the soul of a man obsessed with the tortures of his life yet buoyed by the beauty of music. The Opus 18s, lighter in content than later works, are technically the most difficult to play, according to the Guarneri—especially, Tree feels, the 18 No. 2, the first work on the program in Winter Park. Tree says it's Beethoven's happiest piece; there isn't even a token slow movement. The Guarneri got off to a rocky start. Steinhardt flubbed a few notes in the beginning but warmed up as he went along. The Debussy that ended the program was stunning in every respect. Between repeated bows in response to the applause for the Debussy, Steinhardt, in the wings, practiced a passage in the piece that hadn't pleased him.

Backstage, Soyer asked Dalley how the weather was in Orlando. Dalley said, "I didn't stay there. I flew home and peeled the linoleum off the kitchen floor. The wood looked pretty good, so I sanded the floor."

Steinhardt didn't bother changing clothes. He picked up his violin and sprinted out the door. He had a four-and-a-half-hour drive ahead of him. Tree called out, "See you in Sarasota," and Steinhardt stopped, smiled, and said, "I forgot to tell you. I resign."

The Southern cold snap continued, and Tree, who had intended to buy another coat somewhere along the line, never got around to it. On the drive to Sarasota Monday afternoon, he looked feverish, and he coughed steadily all the way, but during the concert that evening he did not play like a man who should be home in bed, and he didn't cough once.

Sarasota has a large community of music lovers, and it is proud of its Performing Arts Hall—designed by William Wesley Peters, of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, a few years after Wright's death, with the color chosen by his widow. She picked pur-

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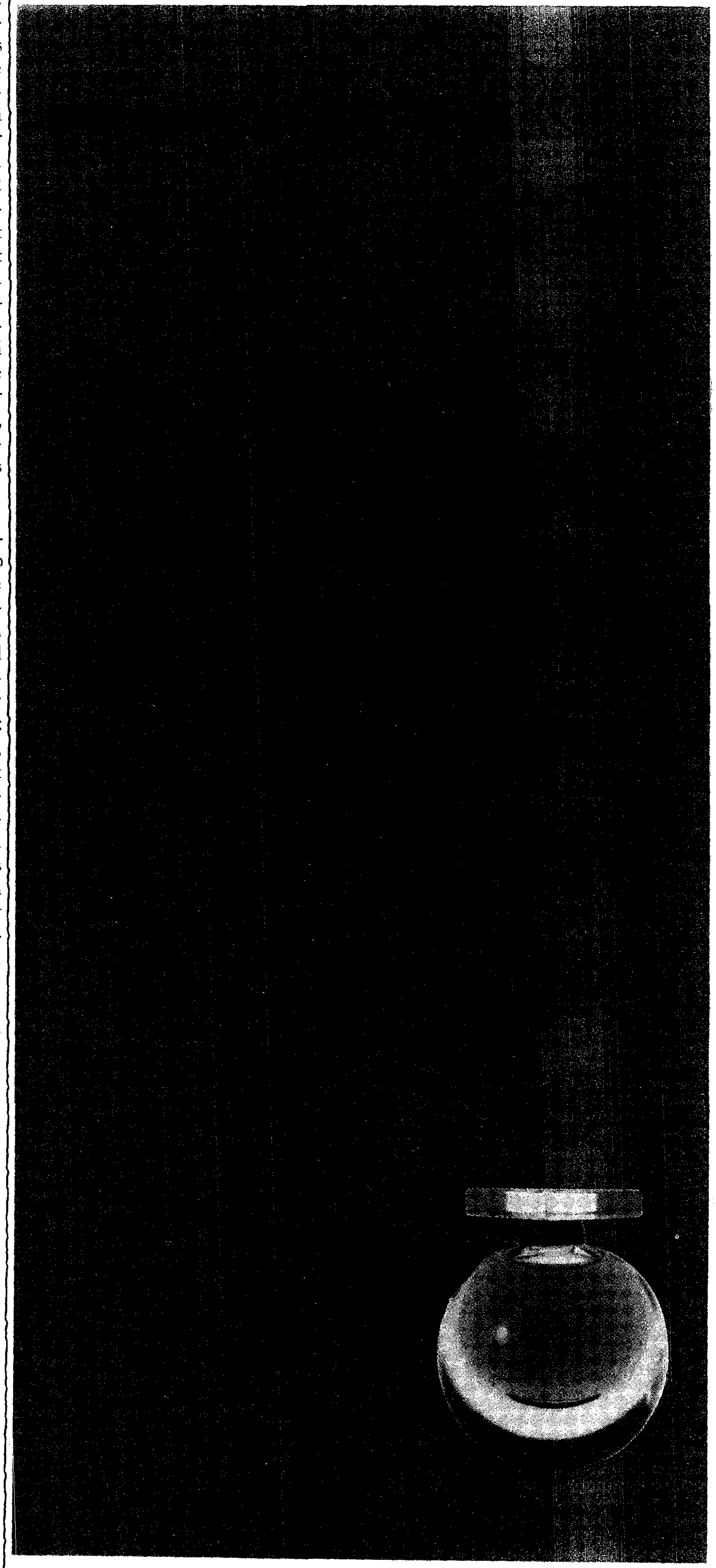
ple—all purple. Purple everywhere. Soyer calls it the Purple Cow. (Actually, at night, artfully lighted, it looks mauve and very beautiful against the darker sky.) David Cohen, who studied violin for two years at Curtis and is a friend of the quartet, was mayor of Sarasota in 1964, when the bond issue for the arts hall was passed, and he was a strong force behind its passage. Cohen had arranged a buffet dinner for the quartet and friends at the Hyatt House, down the road, and it was the final fête of their seven-day "vacation," during which Steinhardt had driven over a thousand miles and Tree and Soyer over five hundred. The next morning, Soyer caught an eight-o'clock plane home, and Steckler and Tree, the latter feverish and miserable, followed two hours later.

THE quartet likes the holiday season in December. They get to spend time with their families and see friends, and they do a number of concerts in the city. Also, they have a chance to unwind before their annual European tour. If the quartet's American tour looks unreasonable, their 1978 European tour looked insane: twelve concerts in fourteen days, with, at first glance, an opulent forty-eight free hours, though less opulent at second glance, since they would fall between Helsinki and Naples. They all say now that they had a marvellous time in Europe. (Tree likes European audiences. With rare exceptions, they are so enthusiastic that they seem almost dangerous, with their rhythmic clapping, stamping, and shouting. The men play several encores and then run for their lives.) One of the highlights was the concert in Kuopio, Finland. The Finnish government has a policy of providing music for the hinterland, and the day after playing in Helsinki the quartet gave a concert in Kuopio, an hour's flight from Helsinki. There was no auditorium in the village, and they played in a church. It was hard to be serious. They sat in the choir loft, which was to the right of the audience and half a story above it, forcing the audience to listen with their heads turned at a forty-five-degree angle and tilted up, too, to enable them to see the musicians. Eight of the quartet's forty-eight free hours were lost when the plane to Naples was delayed. In a number of places, Steinhardt's luggage never caught up with him, and he played in street clothes. (Violinists and violists have zippered canvas covers for their hard cases. The covers serve two purposes: they protect the expensive hard



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cases, and the zippers preclude a case's popping open if the clasps aren't properly latched. Steinhardt's luck with luggage has been so bad that he had a leather outer cover made to order in a sandal shop, with an extra pocket for music, and on long trips he stuffs in as much clean underwear as it will hold.) In Berlin, their path crossed that of the Amadeus, who had played the night before the Guarneri. They're all good friends, and after the Guarneri concert a dinner party in a private home was held to honor both quartets.

In London, the night after Naples and the last stop, Soyer was momentarily jolted when a man greeted him warmly backstage; then Soyer realized that they'd met in New Zealand. He would have remembered him there. Tree says, "We think we're the only ones who travel. Everyone else should stay *put*, or it just confuses us."

On January 27th, they gave the third of their Grace Rainey Rogers Beethoven concerts. Soyer played Casals' cello that night, and he clearly enjoyed it. He lightly flirted with difficult phrases, articulated nuances in a way not possible even on his own fine instrument. His excitement was contagious to the others. Not only were people in the Grace Rainey Rogers audience, normally almost chillingly subdued, standing and shouting "Bravo!" but some were whistling as well. The quartet had rehearsed that morning at Dalley's, and after the rehearsal Steinhardt—who had driven to New Jersey from his country house in upstate New York, near Tanglewood, that morning—and Tree played tennis for two hours on an indoor court near Yankee Stadium.

All up and down Fifth Avenue, there are friends of the quartet's who honor them with parties after their Grace Rainey Rogers concerts. This night, it was Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moskovitz, who live across from the Met in an apartment that is a miniature Louvre. Steinhardt, wearing a down jacket with satchel-size pockets over his black suit, greeted Mrs. Moskovitz warmly and said, "I love presents! Michael said we each get to take a painting home." Champagne was chilling in silver ice buckets, and there was a bar for pre-dinner drinks, but Steinhardt and Tree sent two maids scurrying. Steinhardt asked for hot tea and Tree requested orange juice. The apartment was filled with the quartet's friends and with friends of the Moskovitzes, and a large number of them were gathered as close as they could get to Soyer, who was telling jokes. A

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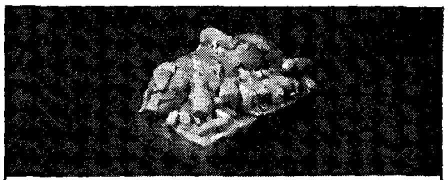

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buffet dinner was served, and the hostess, knowing the Guarneri's enthusiasm for desserts, had provided three cakes, a platter of pastries, fresh fruit, and ice cream. Steinhardt was pleased to find Shmuel Ashkenasi at the party, and at twelve-thirty he went off with Ashkenasi to an all-night tennis court for two more hours of tennis. Ashkenasi, who had not driven from upstate New York, or rehearsed, or performed, kept muttering, "This is crazy. This will ruin me."

On February 1st, the Guarneri played a new quartet by Vittorio Rieti with the Musica Aeterna Orchestra. The work was commissioned by Frederic Waldman, the orchestra's conductor. Works for quartet and orchestra are rare—possibly because the orchestra tends to engulf a quartet—and Waldman also had the quartet play the Elgar Introduction and Allegro, one other work for quartet. Usually, the principal players in an orchestra take the solo parts, and doing the Elgar was a slight embarrassment to the Guarneri, who felt the orchestra's principals, all friends of theirs, could do very well by the music. At rehearsal, the four sat in a diagonal row to the left of the podium, looking like four birds on a telephone wire, but they couldn't see or hear each other, and if they sat in regular formation Tree and Soyer wouldn't be able to see the conductor. At the concert, they sat in a semicircle, a solution only partly satisfactory to everyone. They looked splendid in white tie and tails. That was the customary stage dress for the quartet's first ten years, but one night on tour, playing in a college town, Tree noticed an audience of beads, beards, and bare feet, and they switched to dark suits. After the Elgar and the Rieti, Waldman conducted a piece for woodwinds and brass, and backstage the quartet rehearsed a Mozart they would be doing in Toronto two nights later. At a party after the concert, Steinhardt said, "I may not have played pretty, but I played *loud.*"

After that, the Guarneri went to Toronto, Montreal, Fort Wayne, Houston, Fresno, Berkeley, Pasadena, and La Jolla, with intermittent stops in New York, and in the middle of March they did four concerts with the Long Island Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Seymour Lipkin, originally a concert pianist. Tree says when an instrumentalist turns to conducting it's a loss to the music world. He says that in Lipkin's case the loss was tremendous. The Guarneri loves variety in music, and for these concerts, played in four different cities, they split up and

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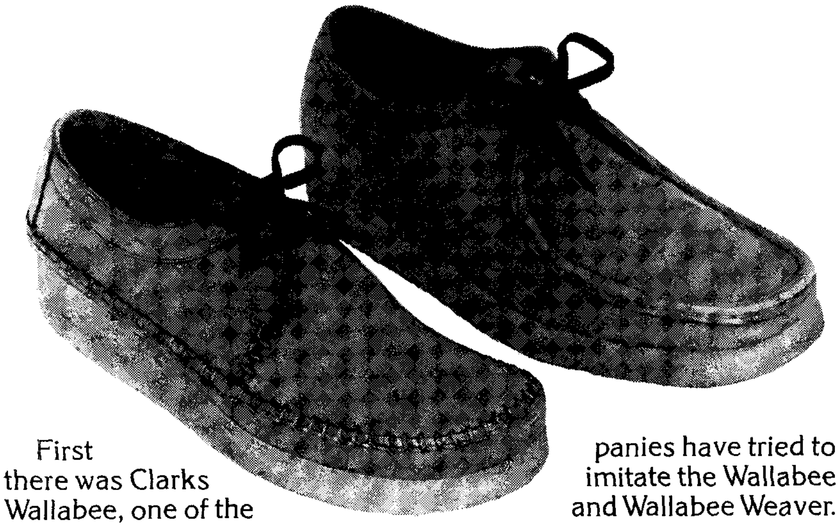

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did concertos: Tree and Dalley the Mozart Sinfonia Concertante in E-Flat Major for Violin and Viola; Soyer, Steinhardt, and Lipkin the Beethoven Triple Concerto; and Soyer and Steinhardt the Brahms Double Concerto. The Beethoven isn't performed very often; the expense of getting three soloists equal to the demanding parts is prohibitive. The cello solo in particular is a terror, and Janet Soyer reported to a friend at the first concert that while her husband was practicing his part he kept saying, "This is the pits! The pits!" Few composers have asked a cellist to play light, rapid pianistic passages that high up on the fingerboard. At a question period before the concert at Huntington, designed to give the audience a chance to get acquainted with the artists, Peter Leonard, Lipkin's assistant, who would conduct the Beethoven, asked Steinhardt and Tree to tell the audience something about the music they were going to play. (Lipkin and Soyer were backstage, practicing; Dalley had not yet arrived.) Steinhardt bent over and said into the microphone, "If Beethoven were alive today, every cellist who has ever attempted this piece would punch him in the nose." The Mozart was played with such beauty and grace and mutual understanding that someone in the audience was heard to say, "Maybe it should always be played by quartet members." For the Beethoven, Soyer sat on a high platform, so he could see Lipkin and the conductor, and he looked uncharacteristically vulnerable. During the orchestral introduction in the Brahms, Steinhardt, head bowed, violin tucked under his right arm, stood back from the music. Lotte Lehmann once advised a student during a master class not to be rigid, but to "step into the music." And this Steinhardt did. Standing, in white tie and tails, he is a wondrously dramatic figure. He and Soyer were swarmed by autograph seekers after the concert. (Tree and Dalley left after the Mozart.) Steinhardt's parents, who live in Los Angeles, were in New York for a visit, and they were there. At a dinner party in a restaurant after the concert, a middle-aged woman came up to Steinhardt and said, "Forgive me for interrupting you. I did want to tell you that I have heard many great violinists in my life, and no one gave me the pleasure you did tonight." Steinhardt looked openly pleased, and he thanked her. After she had left, his mother said, "Don't let it go to your head."

Steinhardt drove his parents and

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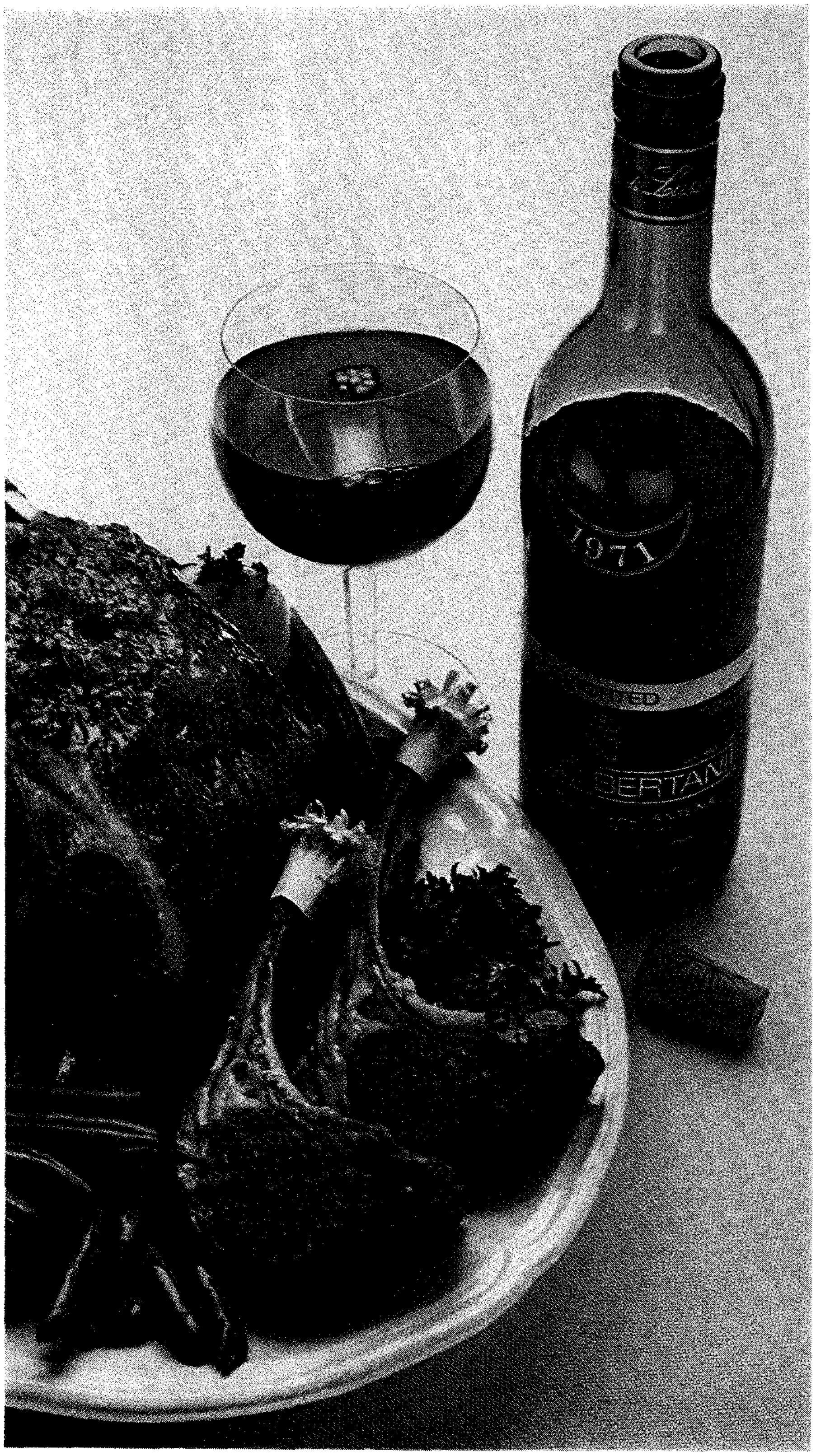
Peter Leonard and his wife, Paula, back to the city. In the car, Steinhardt talked about the Beethoven. He said, "Dave played a phrase so very beautifully, and I had the same phrase coming up. I thought, 'I'm going to have to do it especially well to sound the way Dave does,' and I did my best, and at the end of the phrase I glanced down and noticed a woman in the front row yawning so mightily I could see all her dental work." Even though he'd made the trip to Huntington for rehearsals, he was not familiar with the area, and he got lost several times. It was after three when he reached the city, and he stopped to let out the Leonards, who had slept most of the way. Steinhardt got out to open the trunk, which held Leonard's garment bag, and said good-naturedly, "I'm going to have a bunch of keys made for this trunk and give them to my friends." It was a bitter cold, windy night, and Leonard asked, "Arnold, where do you get the energy? How do you keep it up?" Steinhardt said with a smile, "Well, it's my whole life. I might as well enjoy it."

ON April 2nd, the Guarneri flew to the Midwest for a five-day four-state tour. The first stop was the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, and the only way to get there was via Chicago and Cedar Rapids, twenty miles from Iowa City. Steinhardt and Tree booked a T.W.A. flight out of LaGuardia, and Soyer, who had shared a cab to the airport with them, dropped them off and went on to American Airlines. According to Soyer, T.W.A. has made both him *and* his cello fly first class, and Delta has required a first-class ticket for the cello—half fare in both cases. Soyer says it galls him. As a matter of fact, since the others share in the cost, it galls them, too. Once, when Soyer and Tree were on the same Delta plane, Tree walked up to first class and asked a stewardess for the cello's dessert. In the airport, Steinhardt bought two paperbacks for plane reading—Dickens' "Hard Times" and Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory." All four read a great deal on planes, and their choices are eclectic. A Mark Twain specialist in one university town was surprised to discover that Soyer had read everything Twain had written.

The men assumed that on a morning flight to Chicago breakfast would be served. Instead, they each got a silver-dollar-size pastry and coffee. Tree and Steinhardt were sitting together, and Tree told Steinhardt, "I



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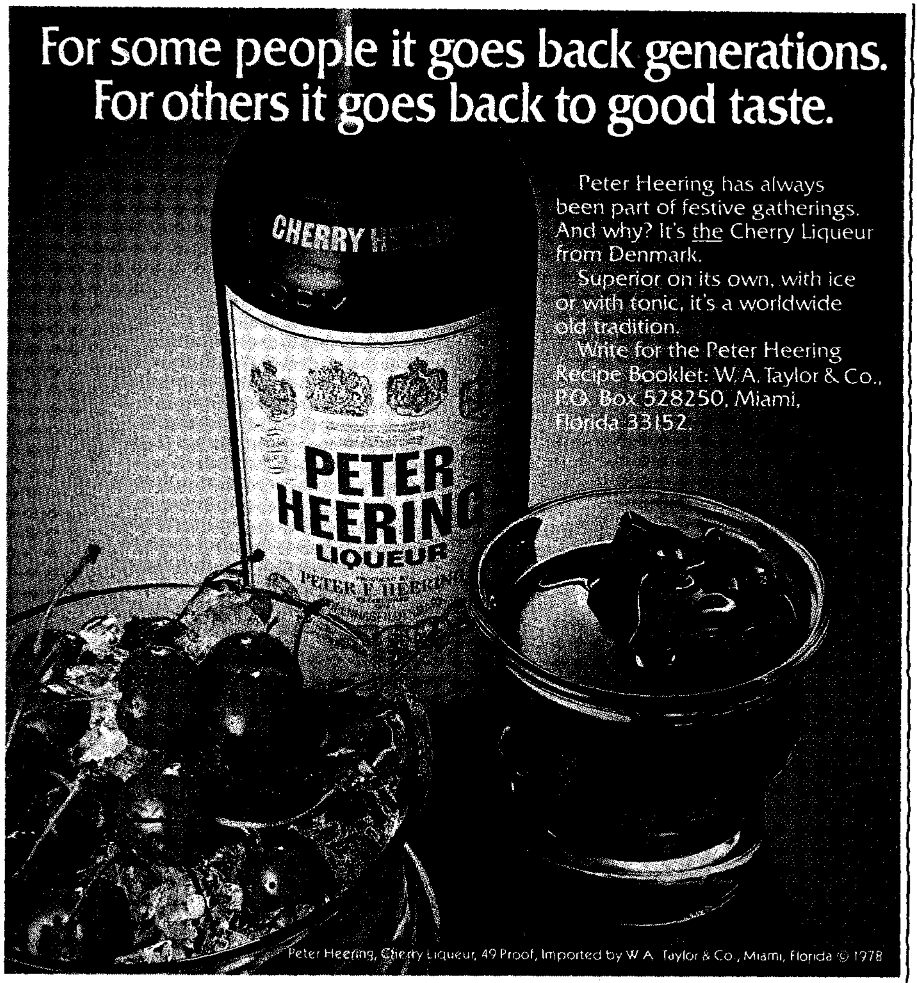

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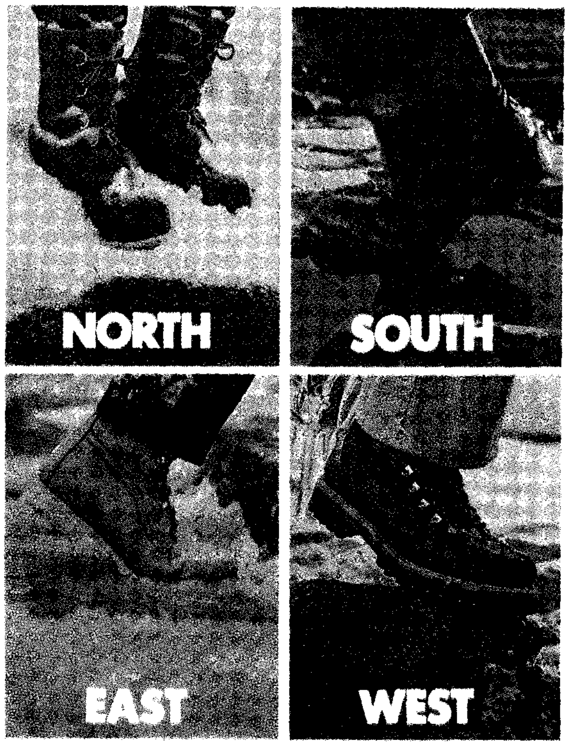

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sat with a man on a plane recently who had phoned ahead and requested a kosher meal. You should have seen what *he* got. Fresh orange juice, three pastries, with butter. I'm going to start doing that, and if my cheeks get pinker and my playing improves, I suggest we all do it." They would have a free day between Milwaukee and Oxford, Ohio, and Steinhardt, who was reading *Time*, showed Tree an article about a German Impressionist show currently in Chicago. Steinhardt said, "I think I'll go to that on my day off." Each has a discerning eye and the beginning of a fine art collection. (Soyer had told them in the cab that on *his* day off he was going to go to a movie in Chicago. Instead, he heard the Chicago Symphony.)

Dalley, who had taken a plane out of Newark, was at the gate for the one-thirty flight, on Ozark Air Lines, to Cedar Rapids. It was the first time that season that all four were on the same plane. He said he was almost sure he'd left all his music behind; he couldn't remember packing it. Soyer said, "I hope you did. We can probably borrow everything from a library but the Lutoslawski, and I don't care if we never play that piece again."

Iowa City rolled out the red carpet all the way to Cedar Rapids. James Wockenfuss, the director of cultural events at the university, met the plane, along with a music student: two cars, so no one would be crowded. Wockenfuss drove his own car, and the student drove one with "The University of Iowa" emblazoned in white letters on both front doors of the car. Wockenfuss, a prematurely gray, energetic man, in a brown suède jacket, asked the Guarneri for their luggage tickets and said that he and the student would see to it that everything was present and accounted for. Soyer's and Dalley's bags were not on the plane, and neither was the case Tree carries his tennis equipment in. Wockenfuss checked with the Ozark clerk and reported that the bags would be on a plane arriving at seven in the evening. The student would pick up the luggage and bring it directly to the auditorium, where Soyer and Dalley could change. *If* Dalley had left his music at home, the program scheduled for that night—Schumann, Beethoven, Debussy—was sure to be in the repertoire of the Stradivari Quartet, in residence at the university and in town at the moment. (As it turned out, Dalley *had* packed his music.) By the time they reached the motel they would stay in—the Highlander—it was three o'clock.

They all have what Beall calls "business assignments," and Steinhardt supposedly handles travel. He never does, except in the Midwest, where Tree insists that he take charge of Tree's and his own accommodations. Steinhardt procrastinates, and often the two end up in the airport on standby and then in a fleabag hotel, but still Tree persists. The Highlander desk clerk had Tree and Steinhardt assigned to adjoining rooms, and Tree said, "Damn it, Arnold, I wish you would tell your travel agent to stop doing this," and he added to the clerk, "I don't want to be on the same floor with *any* of them." There was a reason for his annoyance. He practices as much as he can on tour, so that when he's home he'll have more free time to spend with his family, and he wanted privacy. Dalley studied the registration form—name, address, firm. He said, "I'm middle-aged, but I'm still firm." While he filled it out, he said, "Lord, I get sick of doing this. I'm going to have a rubber stamp made with all the pertinent information on it."

They hadn't eaten much all day, and they were hungry, but the motel dining room was closed. Wockenfuss drove Soyer, Steinhardt, and Tree to a Howard Johnson's for lunch. Dalley used room service. A party was planned for after the concert, and Soyer, studying the menu, said, "Is it going to be one of those carrot-stick things?" Wockenfuss assured him that a caterer would provide ample food for the dinner party, which was to be at his home. There are a number of gourmet cooks among faculty wives in Iowa City, including Mrs. Wockenfuss, and no first-rate restaurants, but none of the wives wanted to miss the concert. (In other communities, if the quartet is appearing for the second time, something is always planned for them. It could be a potluck supper, to which a number of chamber-music enthusiasts contribute a dish, or, if money is not an issue, a sit-down dinner in a restaurant. In Missoula, Montana, one man—a local journalist, overjoyed by a string-quartet concert instead of the usual rock or bop—rented a whole restaurant and reviewed the concert, too. Only Soyer and Steinhardt went to the party, but that did not keep the host from heading his review "The Greatest String Quartet in the World.") It was cold in Iowa, too, but, after eating, Soyer, Steinhardt, and Tree decided to walk back to the motel, for the exercise, and they set off across a windswept Willa Cather prairie, bisected by a four-lane throughway, shoulders hunched

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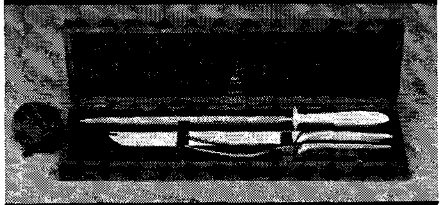

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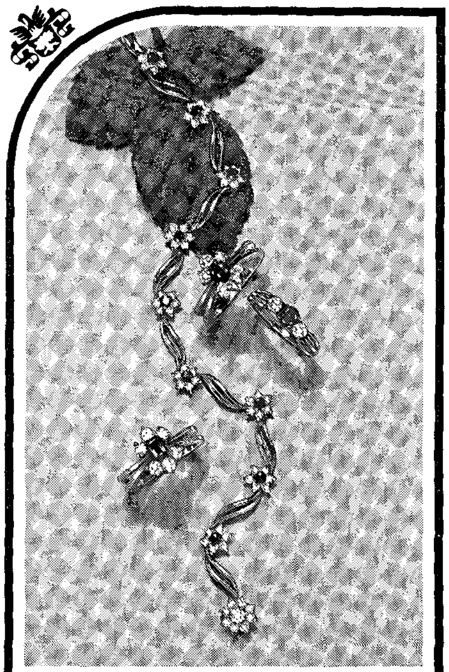
against the wind. Heading for the same place, they went in three different directions—Steinhardt straight ahead toward a gully, which he leaped over; Tree to the left, bypassing the gully; Soyer along the throughway and up the motel's driveway.

Twenty-five years ago, the University of Iowa's School of Music was housed in a dark brick six-story building that at one time had served as the university's hospital. The campus was spread all over town, and to accommodate the postwar influx of G.I.s quonset huts popped up like mushrooms, giving Iowa City an oddly war-torn look. But in the sixties a program of revitalization was begun. A new art building went up, and seven years ago a music building was opened. The students—twenty-two thousand five hundred in number—made major contributions to both. In the past, their activities fee was fifty cents a semester, which paid for an occasional lecturer, the Minneapolis Symphony, and one or two other musical events—lumped together under the term "extracurricular," and primarily for students. The activities fee has since been increased to sixty-five dollars, eight of which have helped pay for the new auditorium. In exchange for their contribution, the students pay less than the public does for tickets to theatre, dance, and music events, and they have first choice of seats. They also choose, through an elected committee that works with Wockenfuss, what the events will be, and Wockenfuss says that student interest in classical music has gone up thirty per cent in the past six years. Also, the word "*extracurricular*" is *no* longer used. If a substitute term were to be picked, it should be "big business." The total expenditure for visiting performing artists was twenty thousand dollars in 1970. In 1977, box-office receipts came to four hundred and seventy-five thousand. Wockenfuss is proud of the new music building, which overlooks the Iowa River and has two auditoriums—Hancher Auditorium, which seats almost twenty-seven hundred, and Clapp Recital Hall, which seats seven hundred. Hancher, a wedge-shaped auditorium with traditional concert-hall colors—royal-red carpets and white walls—has wonderful acoustics. For all its space, there is a feeling of intimacy; people in the last row of the balcony feel included in what's happening onstage. The Guarneri had played in Iowa City the year before, and the audience numbered six hundred and fifty. For this concert, there were to be roughly fourteen hundred in the audience, and Wockenfuss said, "The next



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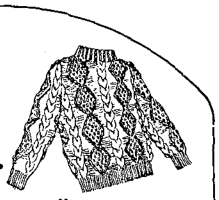

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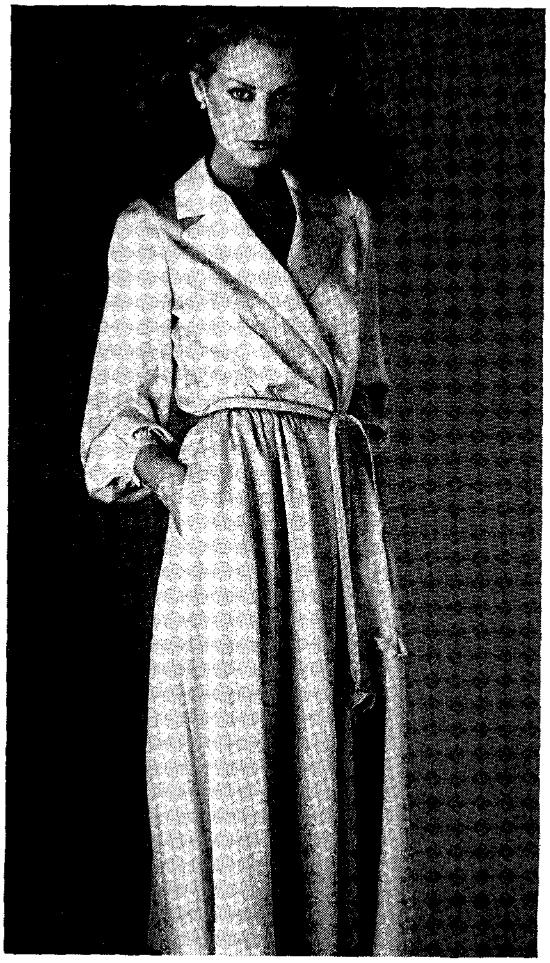
time they come, they'll fill the place."

A doctor who directs a six-hundred-calorie six-hundred-dollar-a-day health spa in southern California has scoffed at golf as an effective exercise. He was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "You don't burn any more calories playing golf than you do playing the cello." The doctor would be astonished at the amount of energy expended during a concert by the Guarneri. Even their entrance onstage is electrifying. They move quickly, easy with each other and the instruments they carry, which reflect the stage lights and gleam like jewels. They have tremendous presence, confidence. They are clearly looking forward to what they are about to do. The audience in Hancher Auditorium leaned back, relaxed, anticipating an evening of Schumann, Beethoven, and Debussy—the last played with such shimmering, delicate beauty that there was a moment's silence before the audience began applauding and shouting "Bravo!" A long queue of people who wanted to greet the artists formed outside the Greenroom. The uniformed usher who opened the door for the crowd when the quartet was ready to receive them was a med student. Tree was pleased and surprised at the sight of two students he had taught when the quartet was at Harpur College. After the room had emptied, Wockenfuss asked the four to sign their names in a book he keeps of signatures of all artists who appear there, and the names preceding theirs were impressive: Isaac Stern, Garrick Ohlsson, Beverly Sills, Joan Sutherland, Alicia de Larrocha, Vladimir Horowitz (for whom the chairman of the School of Music, Himie Voxman, relinquished his home; Voxman and his wife moved into a motel), Andres Segovia, Arthur Rubinstein. The audience that night included people from fifty-two towns, some over a hundred miles away. People at the university are fond of this story: One afternoon, a Cadillac with California license plates and a uniformed driver pulled up to the Highlander, and an elderly couple got out and went in to register. The man asked the desk clerk if anything of interest was going on in town, and the desk clerk said, "The San Francisco ballet is at Hancher Auditorium tonight." The woman looked blankly at her husband and said, "I thought you said we were in Iowa."

Wockenfuss drove Tree and Dalley to the party at his house, and on the way Tree said, "Oy, the way we played last year I'm surprised you asked us back. We were exhausted." Wockenfuss said it sounded good to



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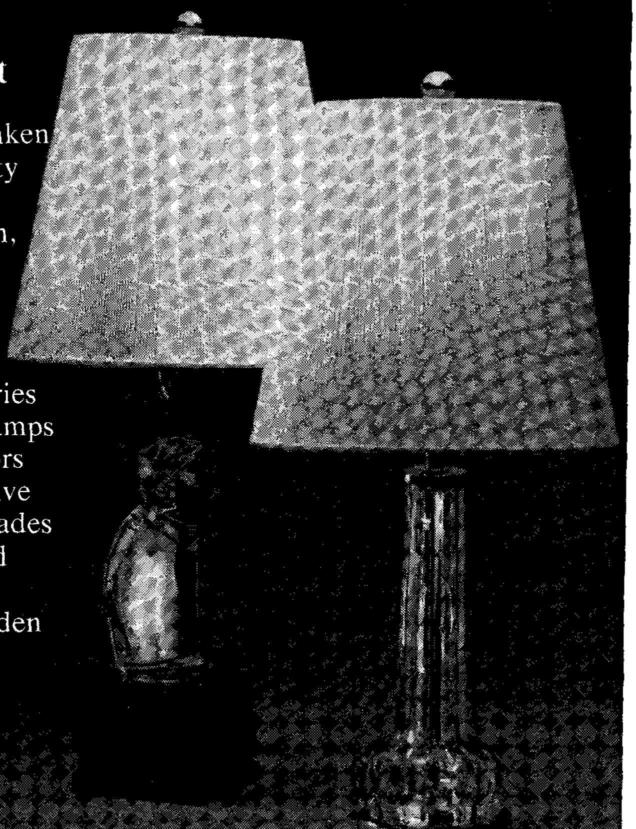

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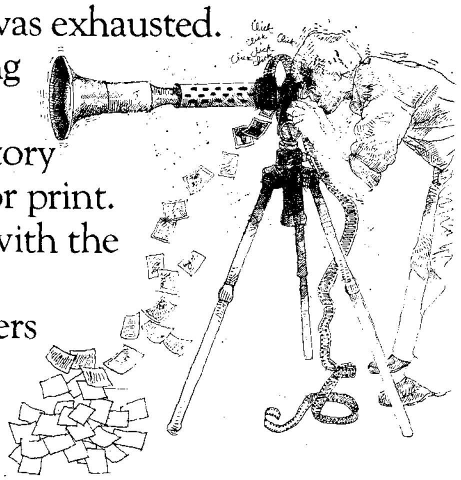
To give you a sampling, consider the effort it took just to get out our September 25th issue.

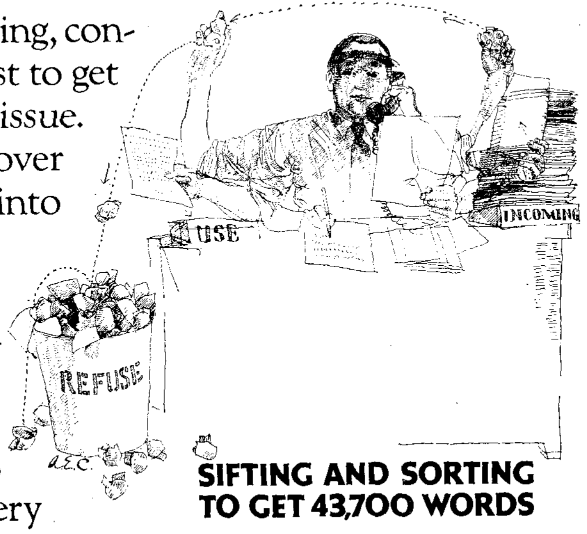
There was the big cover story on Boeing—a look into the aircraft giant's bold move to capture the "economy" plane market. To put it together, Louis Kraar and his team of reporters and researchers dug for the facts until every last source was exhausted. After putting in 600 staff hours, the story was ready for print.

To go with the words, our photographers took 1,116 first-class shots. Of which only 5 had the class to make Fortune. Getting the Boeing cover shot meant repainting the University of Washington's Air Lab wind tunnel, removing the roof, and rescheduling a full-fledged experiment.



TAKING 1,116 SHOTS FOR JUST ONE STORY

"The Clash of Styles in Investment Banking" was one of the shorter articles in the issue. Yet, the total staff time equaled over 17 solid working days. The result was an incisive report on the difference between a closely managed corporate team and a casu ally structured group



SIFTING AND SORTING TO GET 43,700 WORDS

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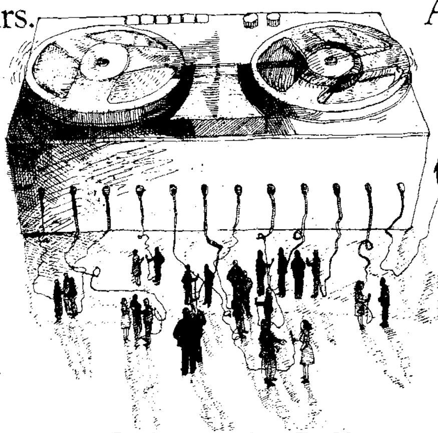


372 INTERVIEWS TO GET THE OVERVIEW

Now, if that seems like a lot of work, remember that there were six other articles in the issue, plus seven regular features. And none of those researched and wrote themselves.

In all, the September 25th issue contained over 43,700 words, carried the information of 372 interviews (30 of them with c.e.o.'s), and took close to 5,500 staff hours to produce.

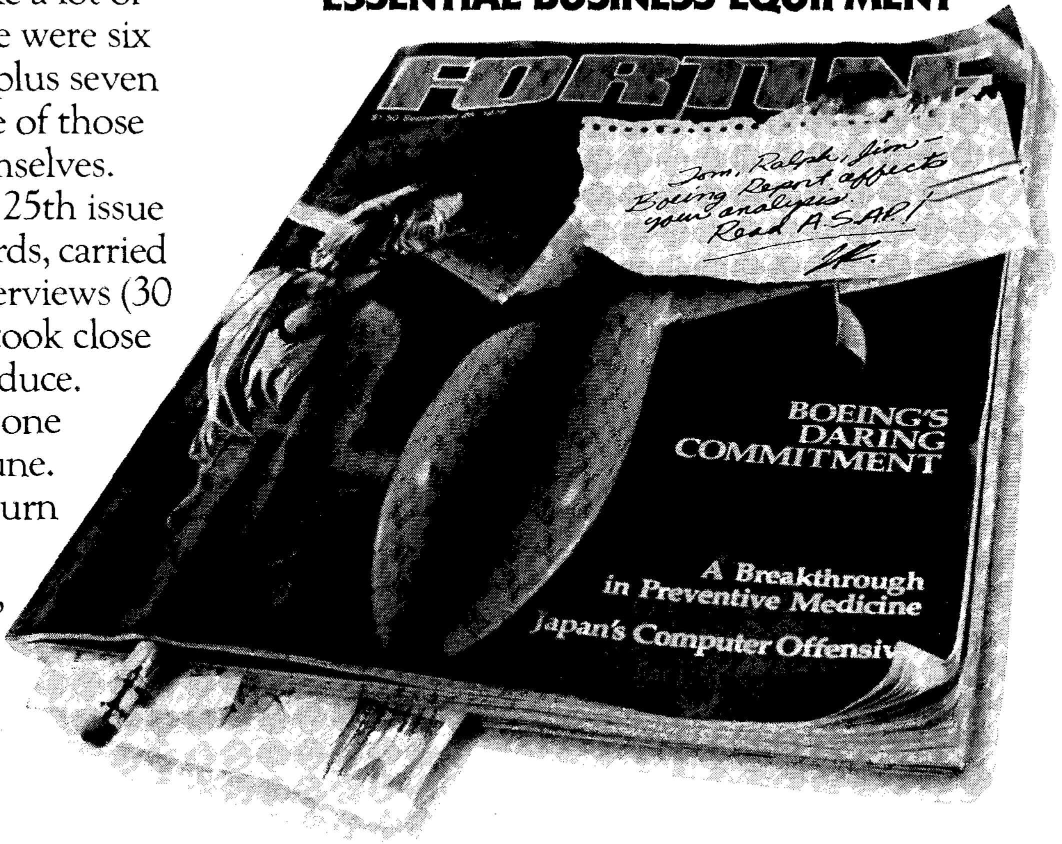
All that just to make one issue of the biweekly Fortune. But that's what it takes to turn today's flood of business information into balanced, authoritative journalism. And make a magazine that readers and advertisers consider today's most essential business equipment.

Oh, one more thing about the Boeing piece. Kraar sensed that some last-minute news might be coming from Seattle after the issue had closed. It did. But the story was reopened so that nothing was left out.

Which goes to show that sometimes Fortunes are made overnight.

FORTUNE

ESSENTIAL BUSINESS EQUIPMENT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him. What was wrong? Tree rolled his eyes and said, "Let's just call it loose ensemble."

Wockenfuss's living room, warmed by a fire blazing in the fireplace, was filled when the quartet arrived. Professor Voxman and his wife and the four members of the Stradivari and their wives—friends of the quartet—were there, and so was John Simms, the head of the Piano Department and a Curtis graduate. Simms' career seemed to be ended when the fourth finger of his left hand was hit by a piece of shrapnel during the Second World War. He came to Iowa City to teach and relearn the repertoire with fingerings that would favor the stiff one. But he liked teaching, and the Midwest, and he stayed on. He has recorded a substantial part of the sonata literature with the violinist Rafael Druian, and the week before he had played the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto with the university symphony—a work that seems to belong to Horowitz. Many pianists avoid it, because it is so very difficult. Simms' performance, from all accounts, was a triumph. The catered dinner was a success: bœuf bourguignon, kept warm in a chafing dish; hot rolls in a basket; asparagus with hollandaise sauce; an enormous wooden salad bowl filled with a variety of tossed greens; a chocolate soufflé. A uniformed bartender helped the guests to red wine and made sure their glasses were never empty. The conversation between the two quartets was animated, and Simms had a long talk with Dalley, whose father is a friend of Simms'. At midnight, Steinhardt collapsed in a chair—a puppet with loose strings—and said, "I'm exhausted." The party gradually broke up.

The next morning, Tree and Steinhardt played tennis for two hours before the four caught a plane to St. Louis. Steinhardt, who was carrying a devastatingly vicious review in his wallet written by a California critic who had never liked the quartet ("They were worse than ever this year, if that's possible"), would have appreciated what Simms told his piano seminar the next day. He said, "I have rarely heard such musicianship, and never before from a string quartet. Their phrasing is breathtaking. There are no unwanted accents, and there is a freedom that is conceptual, that transcends bar lines. They have the secret of truly beautiful playing."

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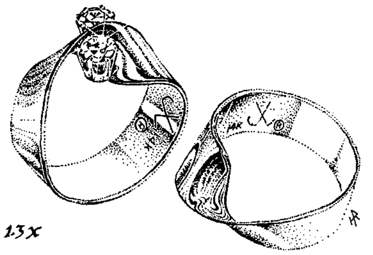

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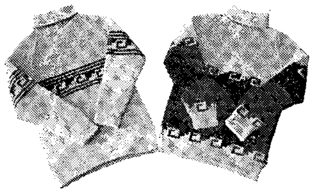

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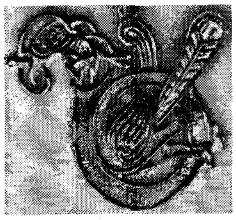

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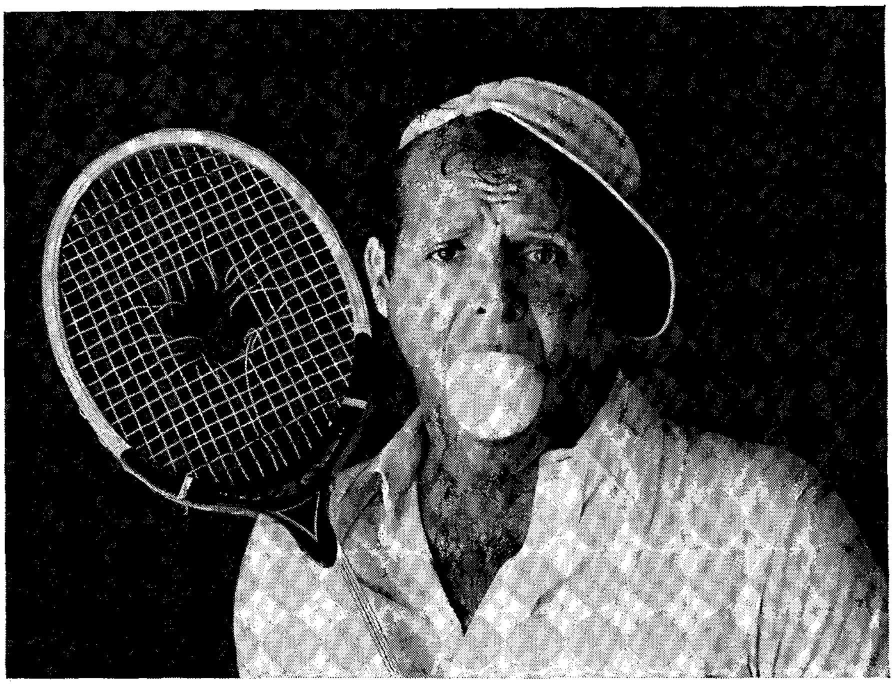
works Peter Dellheim, their A. & R. man at RCA, hopes to get out of them. They all agree that the sessions are gruelling—from ten to five, with a brief lunch break. Quite a contrast from a concert, which lasts a little over two hours and causes the adrenaline to flow. Microphones are no substitute for an audience. The Guarneri records works they have played during the season, and at recording sessions they dismantle, overhaul, completely revamp a work they have played perhaps seventy or eighty times. Tree says, "In a recording, we try for subtleties that would be lost onstage. Also, a slight exaggeration, a ritard, an embellishment can be effective in a concert; on a record it could begin to annoy you half to death. A note a shade flat onstage is lost forever, or at least soon forgotten. It would be intolerable on a record." Some people feel they would rather have a "live" recording, defects and all, and Soyer says, "We would record live—if everyone else did. But the live recordings issued these days—Horowitz at Carnegie Hall, and so on—are only half-truths. Patchwork is always done, cleanup work, all blemishes removed. Even the old Budapest recordings—the ones done at the Y; you can hear trucks roaring down Lexington Avenue—were polished. Note-splicing techniques didn't exist then, but performers could do four and a half minutes of music over and over until they were satisfied." Dalley, succinct as usual, has said, "If an actor did on camera the same things he did onstage, the results would be ludicrous. The situation is parallel in recordings."

In May, with the end of a season once more in sight, they spent two days recording the Haydn Opus 77, No. 2—it would be the flip side for the Opus 77, No. 1, which they had recorded the previous fall—and two days recording the Brahms A Minor. Dellheim hoped to get them to do all three Brahmses—an unusual move, since the Cleveland had already recorded them for RCA (but perhaps not unusual, considering the fact that in October, 1949, the Schwann catalogue listed one recording for each of seven Beethoven quartets—six by the Budapest, one by the Busch Quartet—and this year offers the record buyer a choice of ten different groups recording all sixteen Beethoven quartets). The Guarneri usually records in Studio A, on the fourth floor of a building on West Forty-fourth Street where RCA rents space, with Dellheim acting as producer and with an engineer named Edwin Begley. There is a third man there, a technician who feeds tape into



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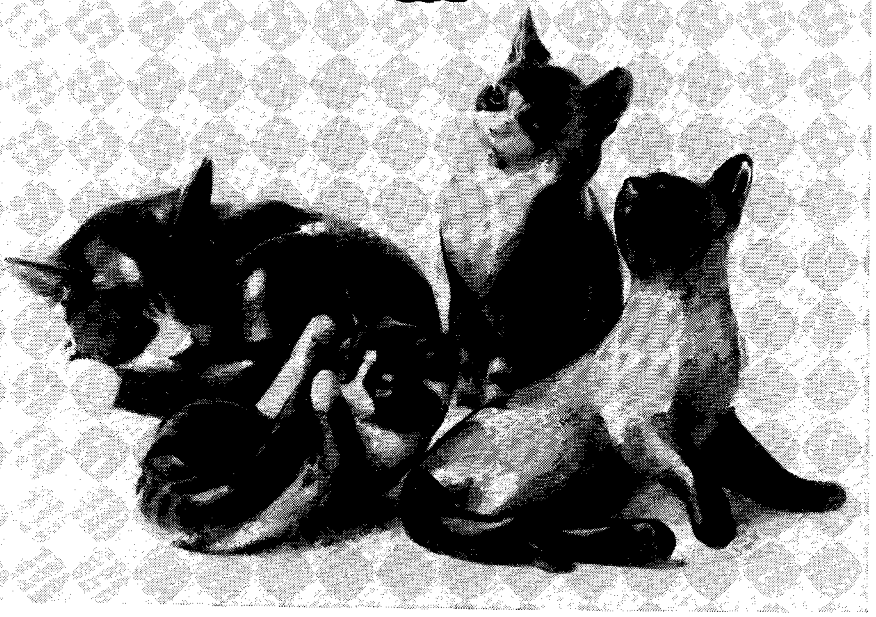

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the machine and rewinds takes to be played back.

Dellheim is an attractive, rather puckish-looking man of fifty-one, who appears to be much younger. He has brown hair and wears horn-rimmed glasses, above which his eyebrows shoot when he is feigning astonishment. He has a shadow of an accent from eleven childhood years spent in Germany, where he was born, and two years in England, where his family moved in 1938 and where he went to school. He plays piano and spent three years at the Eastman School of Music, in Rochester, New York. He says, "At Eastman, I found out what my talents are: I know how to listen, and I have taste. And the nice thing is, I was able to find work that suited my talents. I have to keep the artists on the track, in focus, in the sense of doing an actual performance. Music has to flow—one note leading to another. It has to have vitality, which can easily be lost in the recording situation. The artists know those mikes are merciless. I work to encourage spontaneity; that's why I sometimes say very outrageous things to them. It's a privileged relationship. Early in my career, I produced a record of a celebrated international pianist doing the Liszt Sonata. When he came to the coda, he played it half as fast as it's supposed to be played. When we listened to the take, I kept looking at him, expecting him to say something. I even thought, 'Maybe he's playing it slowly to practice it.' On the second take, he did it again. I thought, 'Well, I've got to take the bull by the horns.' I said, 'Do you have a different edition from mine?' He said, 'Why do you ask?,' and I said, 'The coda ought to go twice as fast as you're doing it, according to my edition.' He looked very surprised, and he said, 'You know, that place has always bothered me. And I didn't know why. I've been playing this piece for twenty years, and nobody ever said anything to me about it.' That gave me confidence. I have to get the attention of the artists I work with. I have to get them up. They have to feel excited, as if they were doing a live performance, and it's hard to do. Some of the things the quartet plays are terribly difficult. I feel the Guarneri is the greatest quartet in the world—there's a vibrant strength there; they bounce off each other all the time, stimulate each other—but I don't tell them that. And I don't dwell on it. I can't be overawed by the musicians I work with. I like the Guarneri's approach. They're four great guys—all different. They come in—Arnold says

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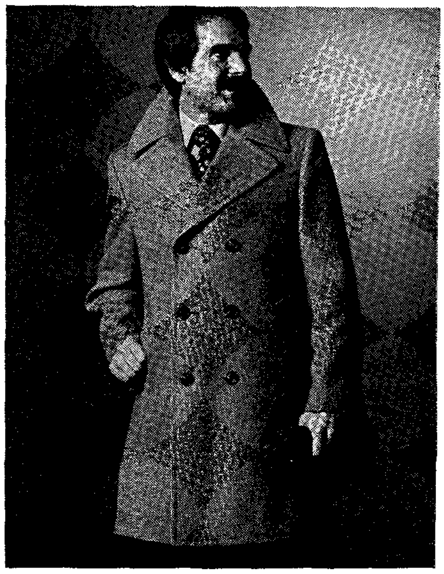

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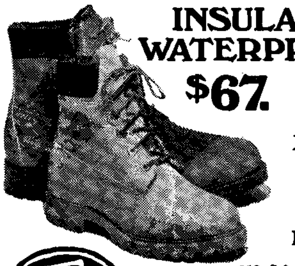

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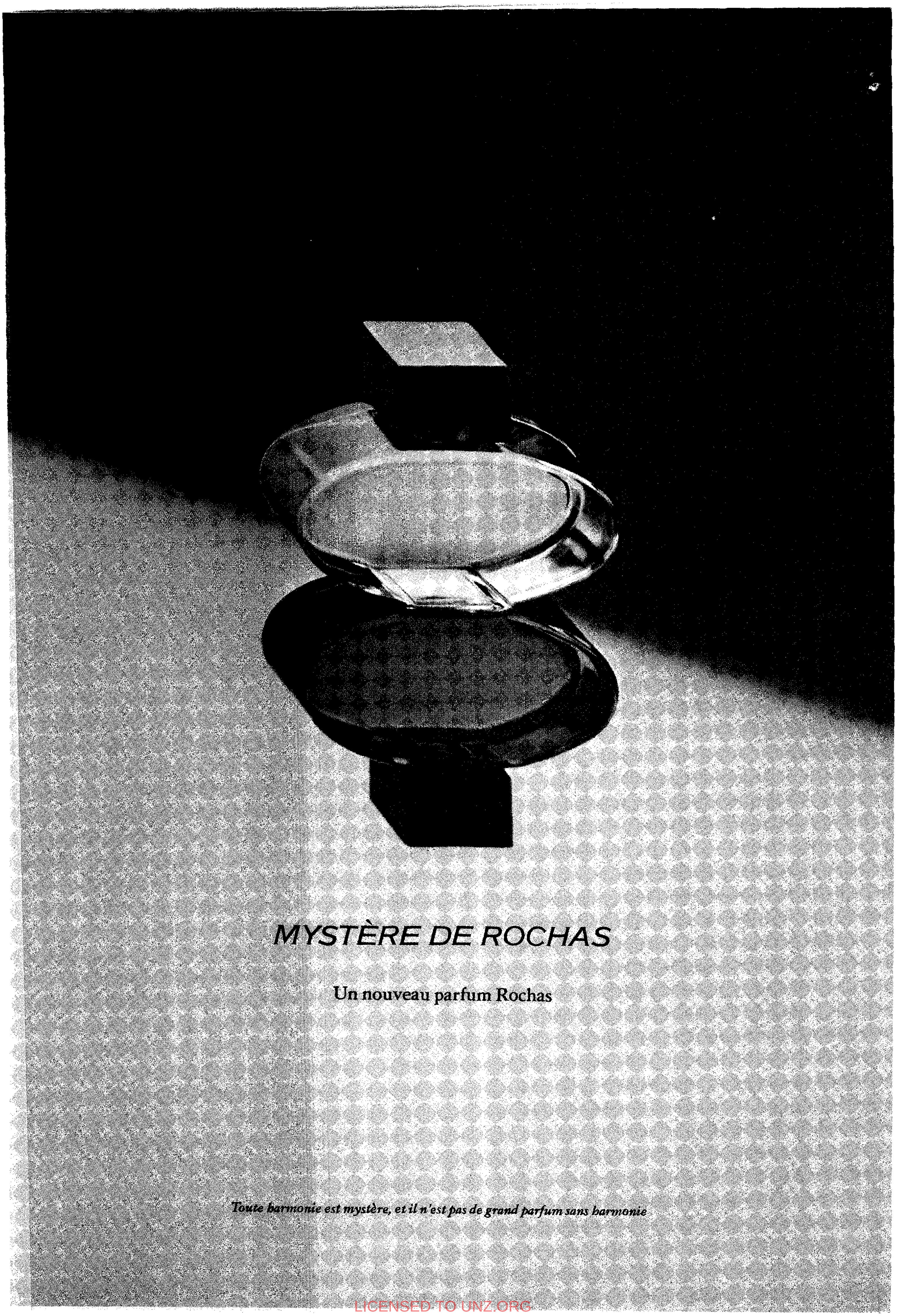
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it's like a comic book: 'Zap! Wow! Bang!'—and at first they try to push each other, push me, until things get out of kilter. Usually, by Take 4 they settle down. They're kind to each other then—I don't mean grubbily kind, just enough so that it comes together—and when that happens it's magical. And it's so different from an actual performance, where no one is there to tell them what to do. There are different elements working, which are psychologically very important. At a concert, the audience is there because they want to be; they bought tickets. There's a kinetic energy floating around, and a visual element. It's not unlike watching an athletic event. The bodily movement engages part of you. If your eyes go up, your ears are going to go down a little. And you're not going to focus both equally. The point about records is you're using only your ears. When I record, I have to focus, too, and listen as if I were hearing something for the fiftieth time. Afterward, I'm terribly tired. I follow a score while the quartet plays. Some of the works are new to me, but if you know the grammar of music, which I do, familiarity isn't necessary. If I notice on the first take that there are certain bars that are very problematical, in terms of intonation or ensemble, then, as we go along, I'll mark those particular spots as to which take is good. If they play it right once, I know I've got it. But all the technology in the world can't produce a miracle for the performer. Sometimes the end result of a recording session is a stillbirth."

Studio A is in two sections. The outer room, the control room, is quite long and fairly narrow. Begley sits at a panel of needles and knobs sizable enough to keep a DC-10 aloft. Dellheim sits to Begley's right, with the score on a desk in front of him. There is a microphone on his desk, and when he wants to speak to the musicians while they are performing in the studio he flicks a switch. To Dellheim's right are the machines that hold the tape; to Begley's left are two Dolby machines designed to improve the quality of the sound. Behind the two men are four chairs for the musicians when they come into the control room to listen to a playback. In front of the instrument panel are three leather armchairs and a window with a view of the recording studio—a vast wood-panelled room with an adjustable ceiling, which can be moved up or down, and which appeared that day to be about thirty feet high. Dellheim records the quartet on eight-track tape, using eight micro-

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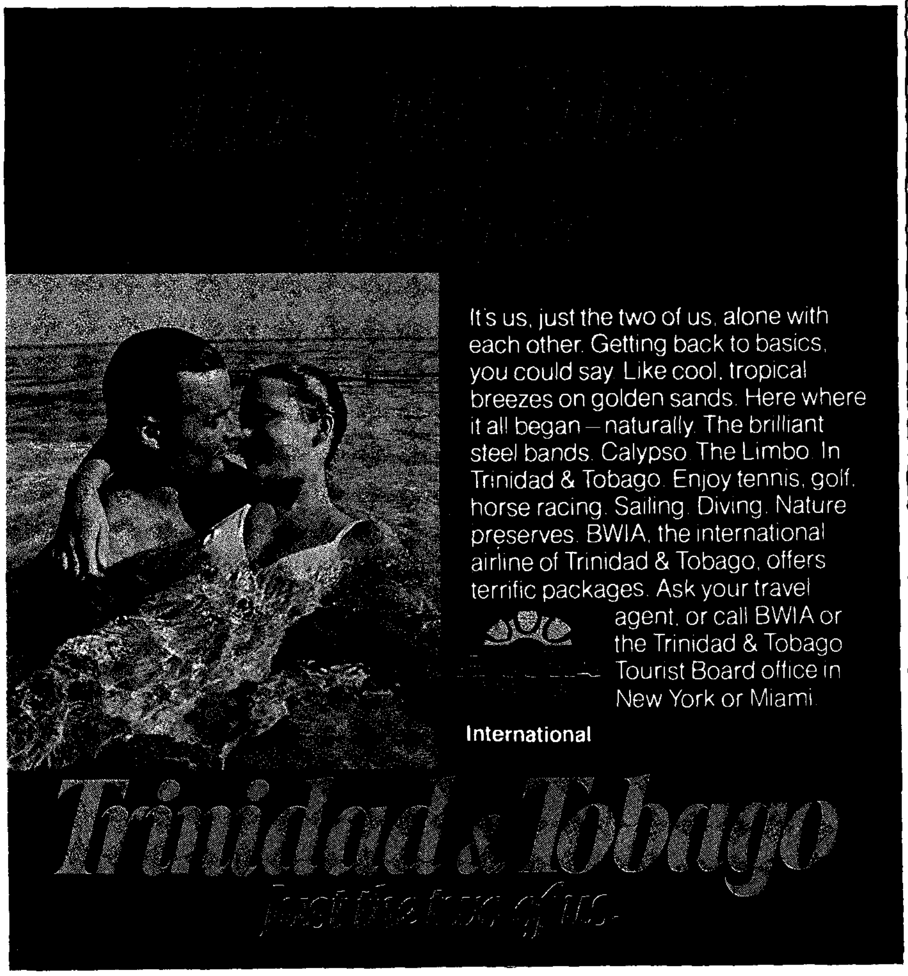

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phones. Four, placed three or four feet above the musicians, are on stands, bent in the middle, the mikes nodding over the instruments. Four other mikes, one in each corner, some eighteen feet high and looking like four giraffes in a desert, pick up the ambient sound.

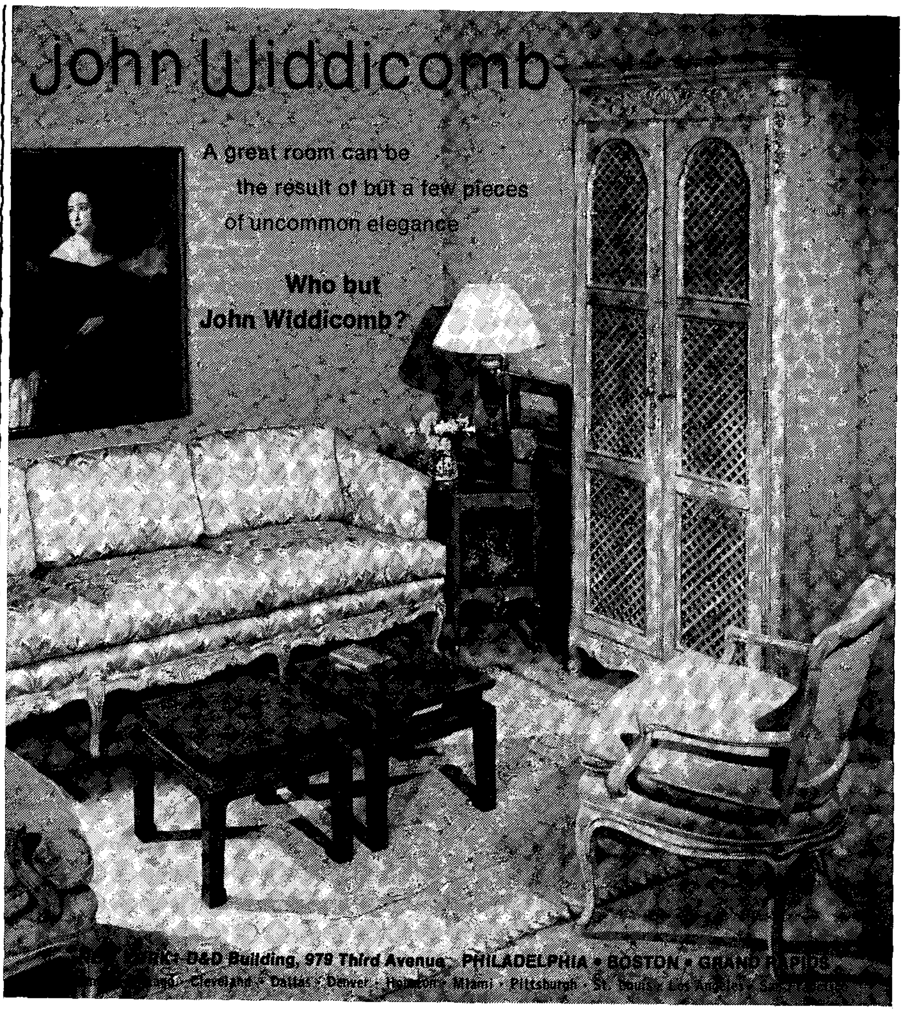
Steinhardt was the first to arrive for the Brahms recording, and he went directly into the studio, unpacked his violin, sat down, and began practicing the Brahms. The last thing he'd done the day before was the Presto movement of the Haydn, in which he played fourteen hundred and three notes in four minutes and eleven seconds—seven complete takes and five aborted takes—and, elbow absolutely flying, he looked like a country fiddler at a hoedown. Today, Dellheim said, "Arnold, what did you have for breakfast? You sound so ener*getic*." Steinhardt said cheerfully, "Riboflavin," and continued to practice. Dellheim said to Begley, "I'm going to have to wear him down a bit; he sounds a little hysterical."

Tree and Dalley arrived, by chance, together. The Budapest need not have cautioned the Guarneri about travelling together. On recording days, they seldom take the same elevator. There is only one, and the first to pack up and leave doesn't hold it for any stragglers.

Soyer was the last to arrive. A bus driver wouldn't let him on the bus with his cello—even though the bus wasn't full and Soyer offered the driver another token. It was raining, and cabs were scarce. RCA had recently reissued some old Flonzaley recordings on L.P.s, and Begley was listed on the record jacket as the engineer. Soyer teased him about it. He said, "Ed, I didn't know you'd been around so long—1904. You don't look that old. Tell me—on that first record, did you hold the needle and have a friend turn the record or was it the other way around?"

Begley, a pleasant gray-haired man, laughed and said, "I know which track is yours. You might as well turn around and go home. No one's going to hear a note out of you today."

Soyer helped himself to some coffee from a pot that is kept filled and hot as long as there is a musician around who might want some. There is a rather large first-aid kit attached to the wall near the door, and toward the end of a rough day it's not hard to imagine there being some use for that, too. Soyer went into the studio, unpacked his cello, and joined the others. Steinhardt said, "Let's play the first



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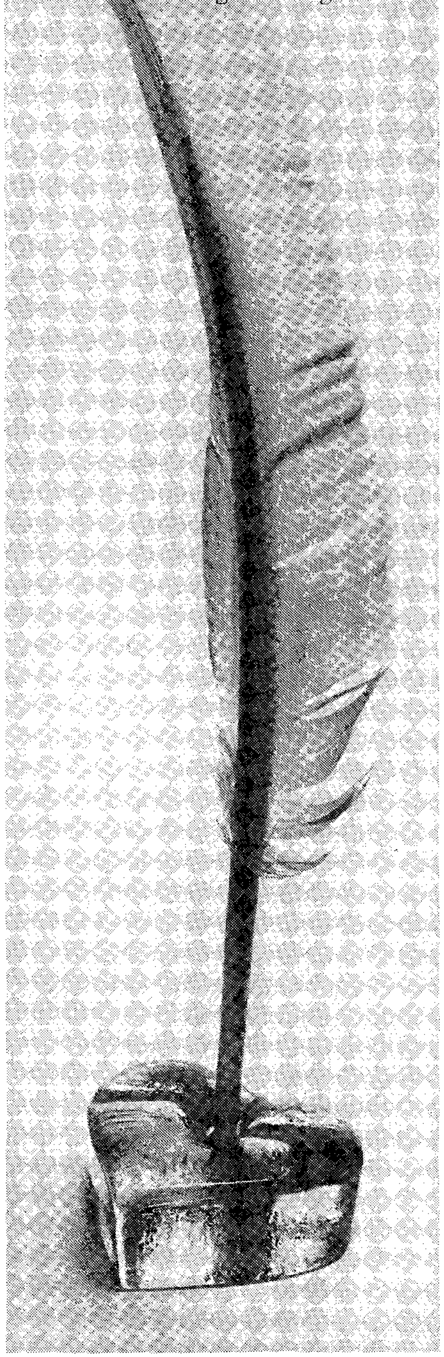

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movement through once, before we start recording. Is that O.K., Peter?" Dellheim said, "Yes, go ahead—it's a good idea. You're too steamed up right now anyway."

Brahms did not make sketches of his chamber works, as earlier composers did—much in the way an artist sketches on a canvas before beginning an oil painting. The four voices in a Brahms quartet are cat's-cradle interwoven, each too rich, too important for a simple sketch. Brahms' method of composing—textural, less linear than composers who preceded him—required that he virtually complete a composition before he knew whether or not it pleased him, and, to the dismay of many musicians, there is evidence that he destroyed almost twenty quartets before he died. His music tends to be impassioned, haunting, compelling, and hard to keep in check. Quartet-playing amateurs seem propelled into playing louder and louder, sometimes faster, until the music seems to be controlling them. Partway into the first movement, Tree had a lush solo. Brahms favored the viola and frequently gave that instrument something special to do. Steinhardt stopped playing and said, "Mike, you can wiggle your ass once on that, but not three times." They started again and finished the movement.

Dellheim flicked the switch and said, "I think you're ready. Can we start now?" Dalley answered, "We might as well," and Dellheim said, "Stand by, gentlemen, please. HRA 4-6651, Take 1."

They played the first movement without interruption, in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and after they finished they came in to listen to the replay. Soyer had heard no more than two minutes when he said, "Peter, you could blackmail us with this." Steinhardt sat relaxed, legs stretched out, looking boneless. Dalley listened intently, and Tree stood behind Dellheim and followed the score, occasionally pointing out a spot and saying something about it to Dellheim. Dellheim said, "Mike, you're swinging your body in wide arcs, and the sound is very uneven. Can you sit still?" Tree said, "Thanks. I'll try," and to Soyer, "Dave, I think you and I are being shortchanged. I hear too much violin." Dellheim agreed with Tree and said, "I don't want to move the mikes. They're well placed. If I move Dave's and Mike's closer to them, they'll be whacking them with their bows. Arnold and John, why don't you move your chairs back a couple of inches?" Dalley said,

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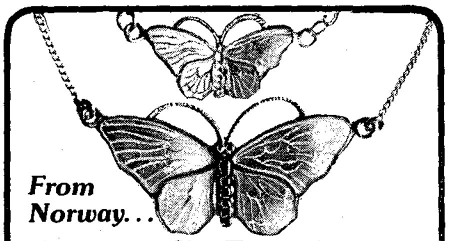

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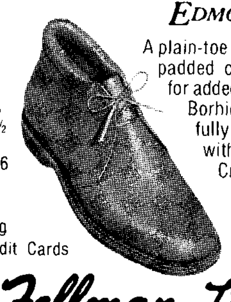

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"I'd like to move back thirty feet," and Steinhardt said, "I'm sorry I practiced."

Soyer said, "Let's do it again," and they went back in and sat down. As is their habit, they immediately started noodling at different passages, practicing again. Dellheim cut in: "Stand by, please, gentlemen. HRA 4-6651, Take 2."

While they were playing, Begley said, "I hear a faint buzz—five seconds, intermittently." Dellheim heard it, too, and, using a phone on his desk, he called for help. Two engineers arrived within seconds, discussed various possibilities and ruled them out. Dellheim said, "Maybe I can edit around it."

The quartet finished Take 2 and came in to listen. Tree asked Dellheim for the time, and Dellheim said, "It's nine-twenty-seven—seven seconds longer than the first one."

Tree said, "I had no idea the piece was so long. Is it going to fill two sides?"

Dellheim said, "The three Brahmses are often done on two records. Let's see where we're at when we get all three done."

Soyer stubbed out his cigarette and said, "Let's go."

When they were back inside, Dellheim flicked the switch and said, "All of you—those pizzicato chords are a mess. They're not together."

Soyer said, "Why don't you borrow them from the Cleveland?"

They were well into Take 3 when Steinhardt broke a string. Tree said, "Damn! That was a fantastic take." While Steinhardt was replacing the string, Tree said, "Peter, maybe you can use part of it."

At the beginning of Take 4, Soyer hit the mike with his bow. He stopped and said, "Ed, did I louse up the mike?" Begley checked the instrument panel and said, "No, it's O.K."

When Dellheim wants to make a strong point, instead of speaking through the mike he goes into the studio. At the end of Take 5, he went in.

Dalley muttered, "Oh-oh. Here comes Teacher."

Dellheim said, "If you want to do it that way, that's your business. To me it sounds absolutely gross. I can't feel the beat. You're pulling in all directions."

Steinhardt protested, "But the rhythm is two against three against four. It's like four guys tied in a huge gunnysack struggling every which way to get out." He flailed his long arms

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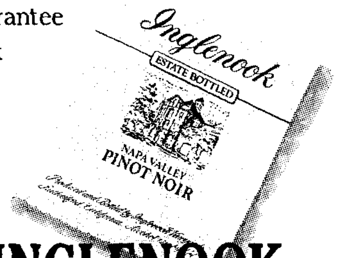

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and legs wildly in all directions, miraculously managing not to knock his stand over or hit his mike.

Dellheim said, "Nevertheless, you must keep your individual rhythms. The first beat must be felt."

Soyer added, "The dotted quarter isn't sustained long enough, which makes the eighth note that follows sound like an accent."

Take 6, which Dalley introduced with a loud Bronx cheer, was interrupted when Steinhardt stopped playing and said, "Dave, what happened before J?" Soyer said, "I screwed up. I played all the wrong notes. And, Mike, your solo sounds impassioned—hot, very hot. Could you try it with a little less vibrato?"

They started again. Take 7 was completed without incident, and they went into the control room to listen to it. Tree stayed in the studio and did some stretching exercises for a few minutes, and then came in to listen, too. In the fall, he had said aches and pains were not a problem with him; now he said, "I'm in agony. There isn't one single muscle or bone in my body that isn't throbbing. I'm going to get one of those portable massage tables and have someone come in every day and give me a rubdown." He listened for a few minutes and then mentioned a baseball game he'd seen on television the night before. Tree and Dellheim are both interested in the game—Tree obsessed, actually—and Tree said, "That instant replay sure showed how wrong an umpire can be."

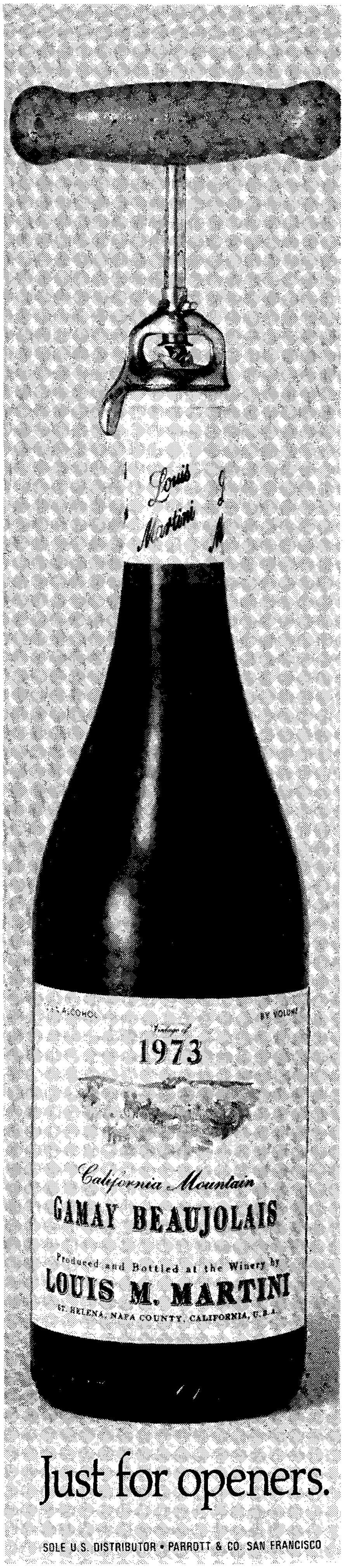
Steinhardt said, "Instant *replay!* My God—think what life would be like for us if there was an instant replay for every mistake we make onstage." Dalley was pretending to strangle himself—hands clutching throat, tongue out, eyes rolling—and Soyer was pacing up and down, smoking.

When the tape ended, Soyer said, "Let's try it one more time." They went out to the studio, tuned again, and played the movement. Dellheim flicked the switch and said, "That's it—I think I've got it."

Soyer asked, "How were the pizzicatos?"

Dellheim's eyebrows cleared the rims of his glasses and he said, "Marvellous! I'm going to take them home in a jar and keep them there. I'll bring them back when I need them." Tree thinks Dellheim's "That's it—I think I've got it" the highest praise they can receive.

The remaining three movements, which they finished by five the following day, were a little less arduous, though the quartet continued to criti-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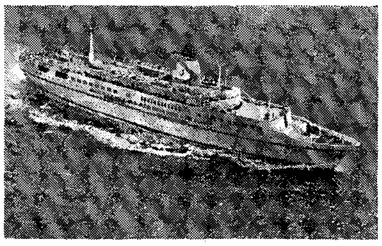

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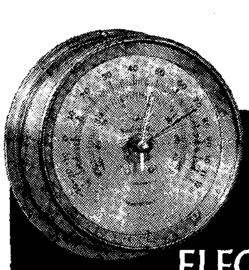

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cize each other, polish fine points. Tree accused Steinhardt of sliding up to a note. Steinhardt protested, "I have to get there *some* way, and I like the slide—it's not too much."

In the slow movement, Tree said, "It's too Germanic. It sounds like the Martin Bormann Quartet." "The Göring edition," Dalley put in. And Steinhardt summed it up: "It sounds like we're playing for Hitler's wedding." "Also, we're schlepping," Soyer said.

Of a section in the third movement Tree said, "It sounds like the 'Nutcracker' Suite." Dalley said, "Brahms wouldn't like you to say that. He hated Tchaikovsky," and Tree said, "It was mutual. Tchaikovsky called Brahms' music 'salon music,' and he didn't mean it as a compliment."

Dellheim went into the studio after a take of the last movement (Dalley had facetiously suggested they release the record minus that movement) to talk to them. "It sounds slapdash. You slam into it too much. You need a nice solid forte. And everything sounds so *important* after Bar 276, when it should be hinting at tapering down. And Bar 293—the first note is the end of the phrase, it's true, but you shouldn't drop it like a hot potato."

He went back into the control room, and Begley said, "It's nice to see you earning your money."

After a few more takes, one of which seemed fine to Dellheim, Steinhardt said, "I'd like to do the beginning again—just twelve bars." He played it the way the last take had sounded to him, out of tune, exaggerating to make his point, and Soyer said, "Well, that's a good reason."

Tree said, "I'd like to continue through Bar 24. I have the same pattern you do, Arnold, and I'm not pleased with mine, either." Steinhardt said, "You sounded fine. You're being too fussy," and Tree said, "Nevertheless, I want to do it again. It's Be Kind to Mike Week."

They did the first section and then came into the control room to listen. Tree stretched, sighed, and said, "Brahms had no understanding of recording techniques. Arnold, you get one more chance to play that in tune, and then you've had it. You have to gamble. If this isn't the best, you're going to have to settle for the worst." Tree stopped talking and listened to the take. He said, "It sounds self-pitying." Steinhardt threw back his head and roared. When he'd stopped laughing, he said, "That's the mood I'm in—self-pitying."

Soyer put out his cigarette and said,

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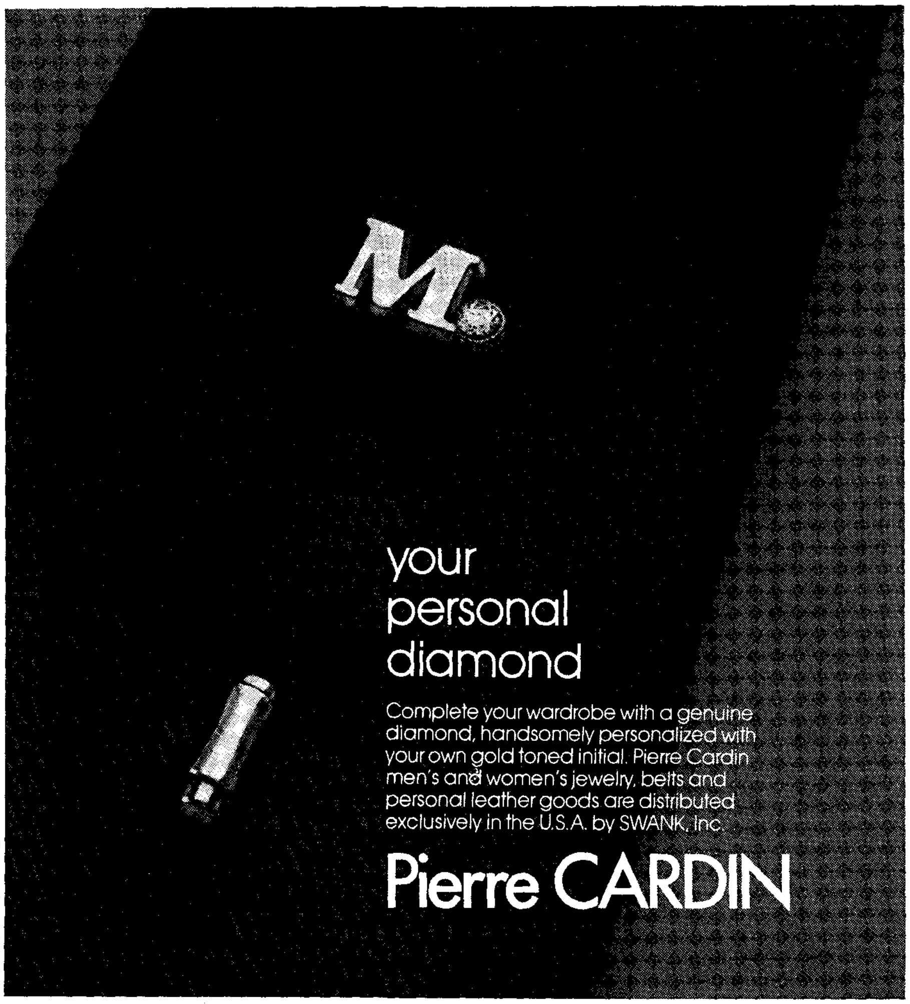

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"*Nu!* Let's give it one more try," and Tree said, "Why is it I grow to *hate* everything we play in here?"

Back in the studio, Steinhardt, striving mightily for perfection, was trying a different fingering. After the first twenty bars, Dellheim flicked the switch and said, "Do you want to hear it?"

They went into the control room to listen, and Steinhardt said, "I'm still not pleased. I want to do it one more time."

Dellheim said, "We *have* a good take—several, in fact."

Steinhardt would have persisted, but Dalley had already left.

IN June, the quartet played at Wolf Trap and in Lexington, Kentucky, as they had the year before. They spent three days in New York recording a Mendelssohn and a Beethoven viola quintet with Pinchas Zukerman, who is better known as a violinist but enjoys the variety. Toward the end of the month, Dalley moved his family to their summer home, in Michigan, near Interlochen, and Tree took his to Marlboro, where, for a change, he said, he would be an onlooker rather than a participant. Soyer was looking forward to spending a lot of time on his boat, and Steinhardt planned to take his family to Germany in July, so that his wife could visit her relatives. He also performed at the Spoleto Festival. Soyer would spend two weeks coaching in Maine, but for the most part all four intended to take it easy during the summer. The 1978-79 season would be an especially demanding one. They would go to Japan at the end of September for two weeks and ten concerts—five in Tokyo and the rest throughout the country. They would tour Europe in January and Australia in April, and in spite of the fact that their fee had been increased one more time, their American schedule was filling up fast. In February, Soyer, Steinhardt, and Tree had agreed to participate in a fund-raising auction for Stanford University's Lively Arts Series. They were auctioned off in absentia on May 1st, and got letters saying that Steinhardt and Soyer would each give a solo recital and Tree would play tennis.

The final concert of the 1977-78 season was to take place July 2nd at the Caramoor Music Festival, in Katonah, New York—where the Guarneri has concluded each season since its inception—but before that the quartet went to Tampa, on June 26th, to give three concerts and two open rehearsals. The pianist Eugene Istomin went, too, to do

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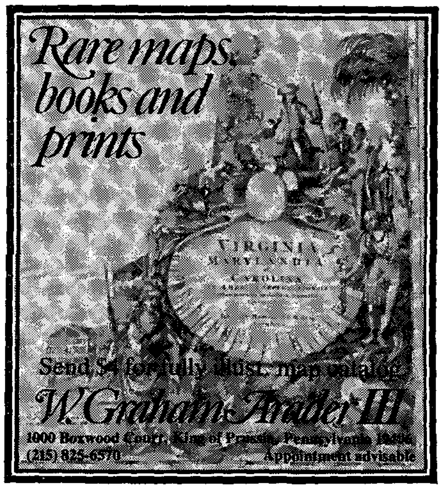

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a Brahms quartet with them, and to hold a master class for the advanced piano students at the University of South Florida. This was the Guarneri's seventh trip to Tampa, and in 1976 the university awarded the members of the quartet honorary doctoral degrees for "their outstanding contribution to music and their service to this university." John Coker, the university's director of cultural events, has been ingenious in his use of the quartet, and each year something new is tried in an effort to encourage interest in chamber music in Tampa. Coker has had the Guarneri give open rehearsals and coach student quartets, with one man in charge of each session; once, he brought in a fledgling professional quartet, the Columbus Symphony String Quartet—members of the Columbus Symphony—for coaching by the Guarneri. Coker, a bearded man with a gentle manner, says the Guarneri players bring to teaching "the jovial seriousness that pervades all their activities." Open rehearsals enable students to see how the players work together and also to learn a great deal about music in the process. Coker doesn't think the Guarneri will ever split up. "They know what they themselves can do, and they have professional respect for each other," he says. "They are so secure—individually and as musicians—that they can accept criticism. They don't have any ego problems." Coker always has a meet-the-artists reception after one of the concerts, to break down the invisible barrier that exists between performers and audiences.

The quartet likes Tampa. Over the years, they have made friends there, and in June the climate is right for golf, tennis, sailing. Coker and several other faculty members initiated poker games a few years ago. The Guarneri members—minus Dalley—like to play in a seedy motel, with eyeshades and booze and no women. But the game is serious in its trappings only. The big loser may be out fourteen dollars and change. This year, each gambler was presented with a T-shirt—a picture of the quartet with "We Play Poker Better Than the Guarneri" under it in large letters. Another admirer once had some Guarneri T-shirts printed in New York—a picture of the group over the words "We Play Beethoven." A pupil of Soyer's, wearing one of these shirts, was stopped on Madison Avenue by a woman with thick glasses, who scrutinized his chest for some time. Then, breaking into a broad smile, she said, "And very well, too!"

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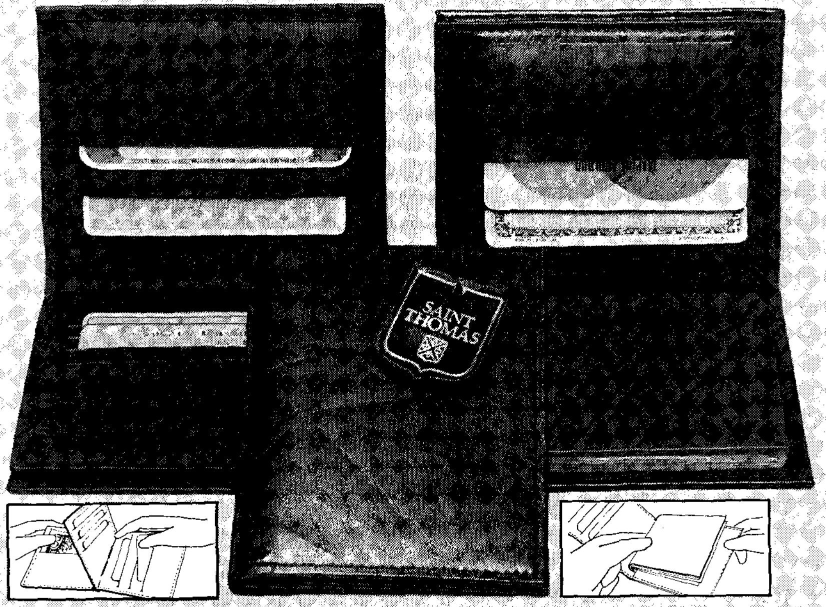

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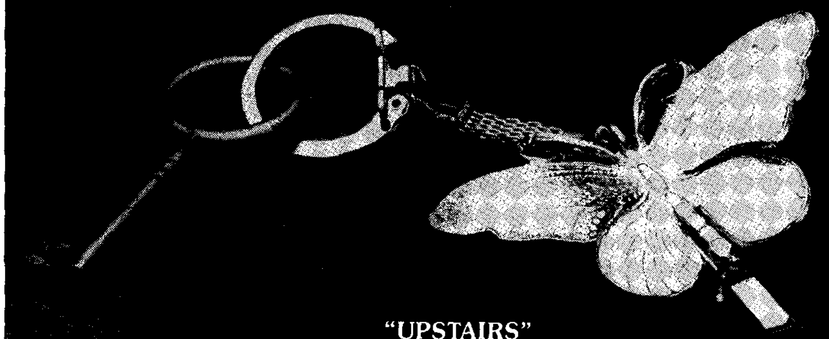

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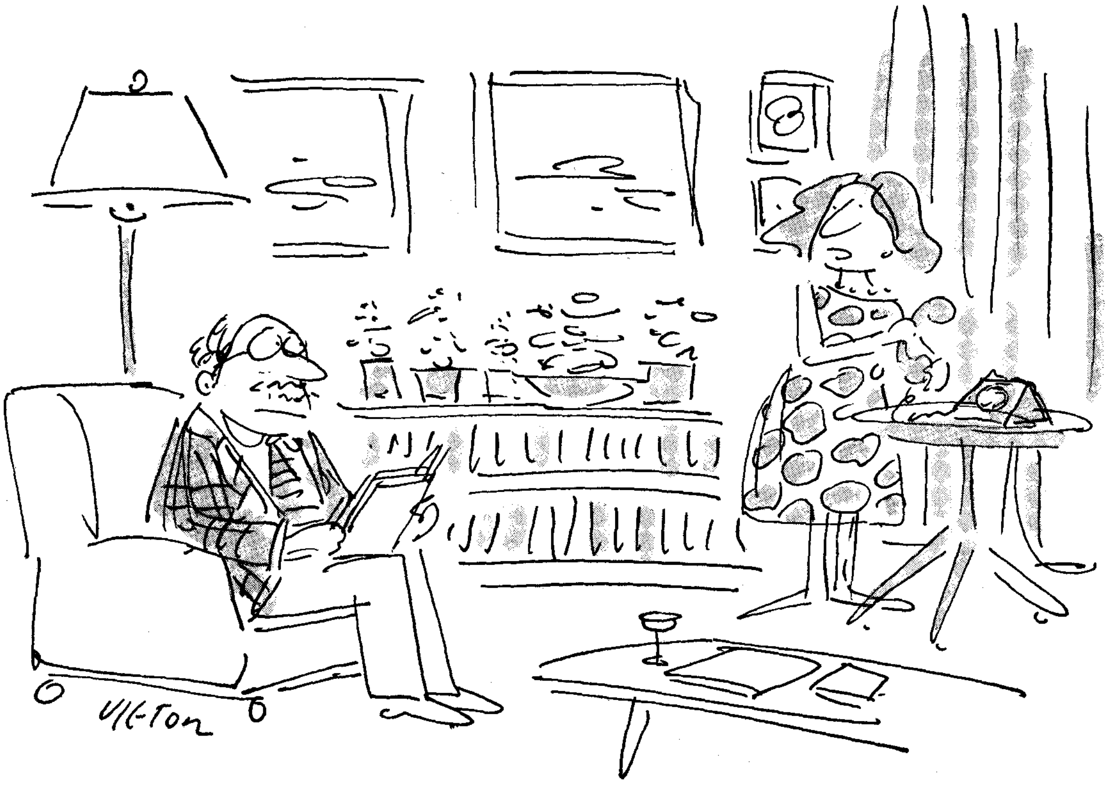
A Series of Proposals

THE Richard Avedon exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum is hung in a long internal corridor that has been broken up into five "rooms," each representing a period in the photographer's thirty-year career in fashion photography. About midway through the show, one realizes that one is witnessing (undergoing) a kind of Alice in Wonderland drama of growth: the pictures are getting bigger and bigger. In the first room, they were small, numerous, uniformly framed, hung in serried rows; by the last room, there are only seven supercolossal portraits, dwarfing the viewer. The device, which rescues the show from the stasis and tedium common to shows of prints of conventional, uniform size, is also a piece of subtle and ambiguous self-evaluation. On one level, the progression from small to big mockingly traces the photographer's rise from modest beginnings as an eager young toiler at *Harper's Bazaar* to his current status as the biggest and richest and most celebrated fashion photographer in our galaxy. On another level, and quite seriously, it expresses Avedon's sense of himself as an expanding artistic consciousness. Finally, it is a kind of meta-statement about the almost monstrous complexity of Avedon's late vision of his art.

Concurrent with the drama of enlargement is the drama of Avedon's changing relationship with the medium of fashion photography: each room reflects a different attitude. Fashion photography can be likened to some of the more inflexibly formal poetic modes, such as the villanelle and the sestina. The fashion photographer's givens of dress, model, and magazine format are comparable to the villanelle's procrustean rhymes, the sestina's ineluctable endings. The task is to do it correctly but not show the strain; rare masterpieces do not even reveal the form at first reading or viewing. Avedon's earliest fashion pictures reflect the tension and joy of the gifted beginner in love with the form and not yet sure, deep down, that he can do it. Consequently, each early picture has about it a kind of shimmer of extra-ness, like that of an A paper crying out for an A-plus because so much more was done than was required. When Avedon entered fashion photography, after the Second World War (he had learned the rudiments of photography in the merchant marine), it had just passed through a Great Period, whose masters—Dahl-Wolfe, Hoyningen-Huené, Munkacsi, Steichen, Beaton—have yet to be surpassed. The pictures that Avedon took in Paris for *Harper's Bazaar* between 1947 and 1957 are at once a serene celebration of the conventions of the master fashion photographs of the thirties and an anxious quest for new metaphors. His shrewd recognition of the fact that to join the ranks of the masters he must do more than imitate them drove him to lengths of artifice that fashion photography had hitherto not seen. These ruses and tricks were so persuasive, the inventions and ideas so ingenious, that to this day Avedon's reputation for naturalness and spontaneity is undimmed. His photograph, for example, of a model in a Balenciaga suit on a Paris street watching a group of acrobats (hired by Avedon) was accepted—and presumably continues to be accepted—for what it could not possibly be: an amusing, careless romp through the streets of Paris, with an adventitious encounter. Another memorable example of Avedon's youthful illusionism is a picture in a Paris bar of the models Suzy Parker and China Machado dressed in lovely long, slinky evening gowns, languorously posed (Machado holds a placid white Persian cat), and escorted by handsome, bored, oversolicitous young men in evening clothes. This utterly improbable scene of glamour and money and romance is made believable by the quiet (and, of course, hired) presence at the end of the bar of two old Frenchmen of the sort one does see in French bars, who take the picture out of the realm of fashion-model unreality and triviality and ground it in real life. They impart credibility to the incredible, authenticity to the spurious.

The culminating photograph of this first decade of Avedon's career (which occupies the first two rooms of the exhibition and breaks up loosely into the initial we-try-harder period and an easier and more assured later period) is of the delicately beautiful model Dovima in a long black evening dress, her head in uptilted profile, one hip thrust to the side, a small satin-slippered foot pointing forward, and one hand gently resting on the upward-coiling trunk of an elephant that is walking toward the viewer, while the other hand is held out in an imperious, straight-armed gesture of dismissal, which a second elephant seems to be heeding as he walks out of the picture. (Closer inspec-



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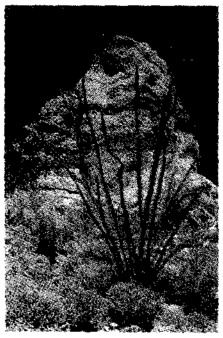

C.C. and mountain stream water.

With nightfall, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

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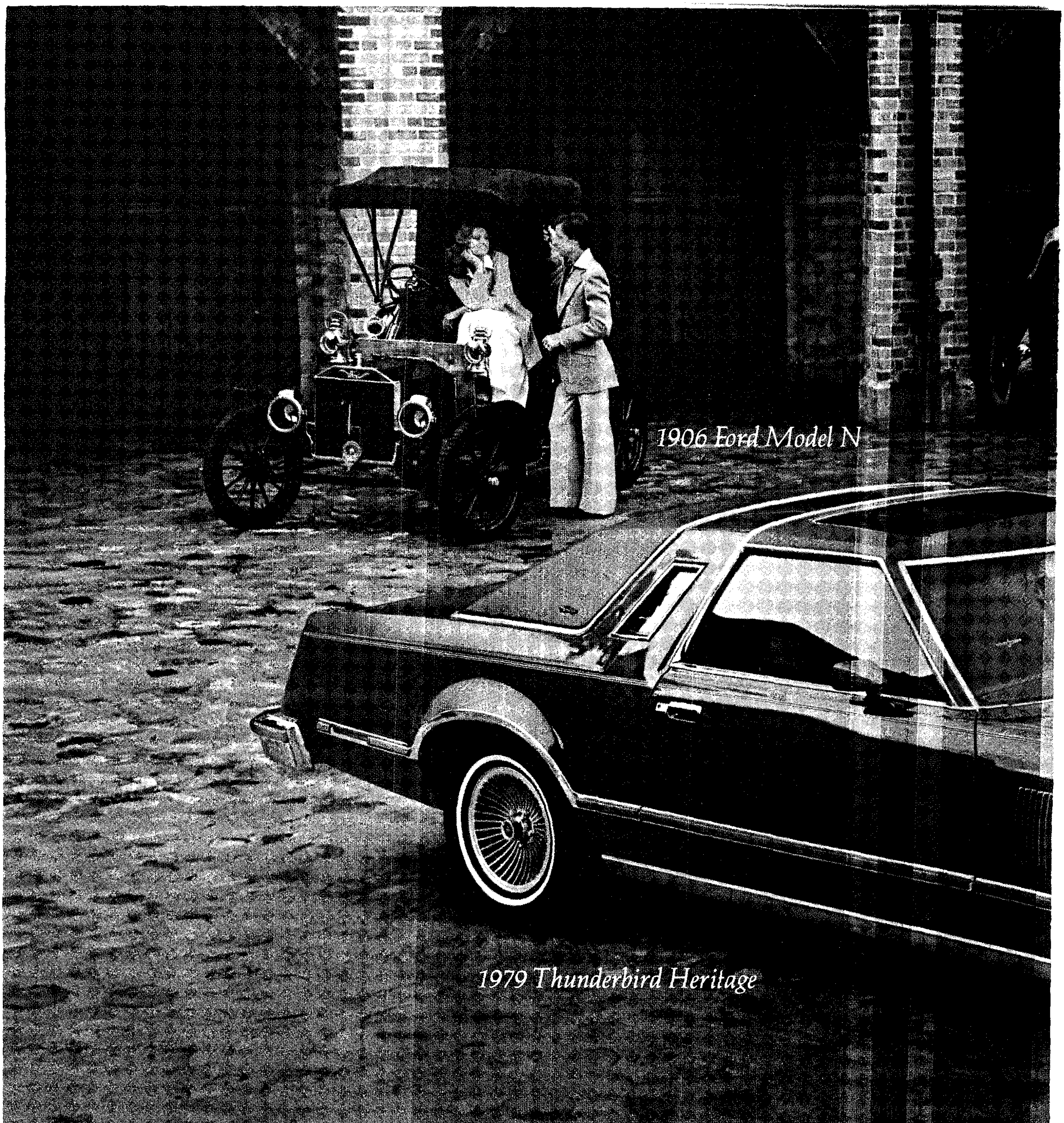

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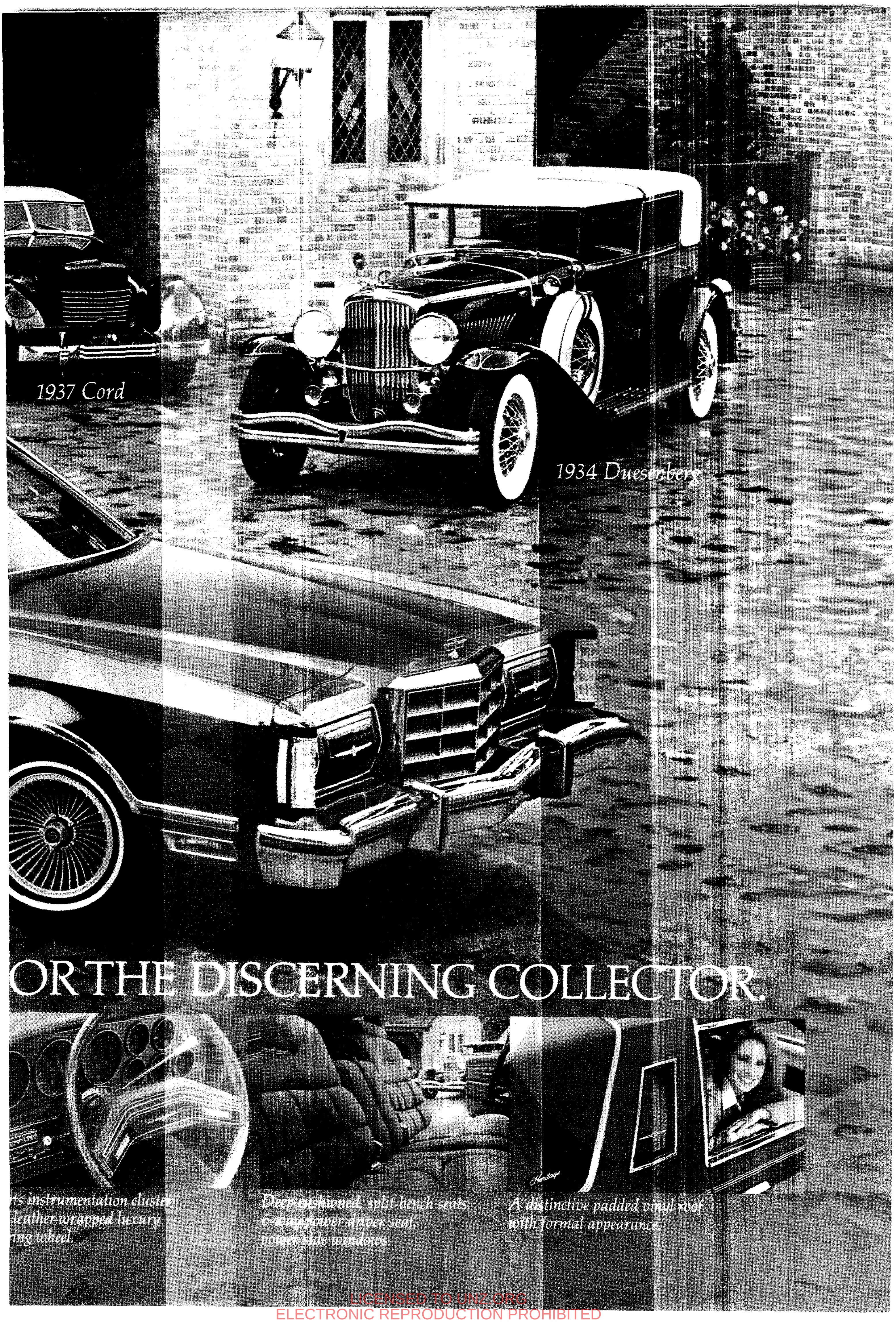
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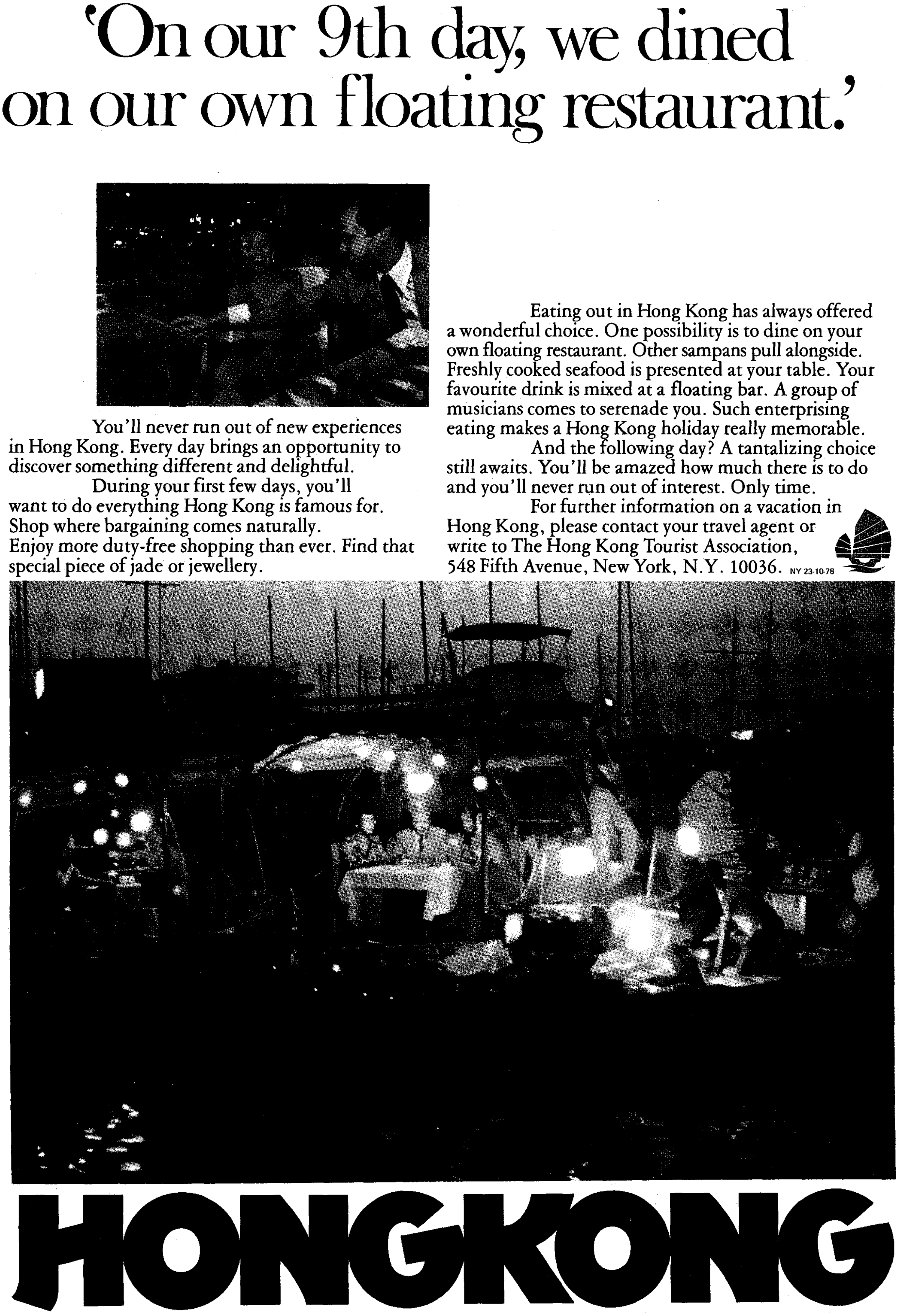

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tion reveals that both elephants are chained to the ground.) If this high-spirited piece of audacity pokes fun at fashion photography ("What a preposterous business this is!" the picture says. "Look where the quest for the new, the startling, the outré can lead!"), it also brilliantly fulfills its dictates. The magical and funny picture is, above all, a great fashion photograph. What better way to sell a dress than to set its elegant sleekness of line and expensive smoothness of texture against the rough, wrinkled hides and ponderous shapes of elephants? It is instructive to compare this picture with what may have been its inspiration: Edward Steichen's celebrated *Vogue* photograph of 1935, for which he brought a white horse into a white-tiled lavatory and posed three models in white clothes around it—a notion that comes out looking as ridiculous as it sounds. Why Avedon's even more outrageous idea works when Steichen's doesn't could sustain a course in fashion photography. Part of the answer lies in a kind of laxness of Steichen's imagination—a reluctance or inability to really carry through what he had undertaken. Instead of going with his white horse, as Avedon went with his elephants, Steichen stops short. The elements of his picture never mesh, as those of Avedon's do—the models remain separate from the props. The central model, who is gingerly patting the horse's neck and is wearing a kind of Mexican-hayride pants suit and a straw hat, may be the chief culprit: if she were removed (which would leave a white horse docilely standing in a men's room, flanked by two women in Grecian-style evening dresses), the picture would lose a lot of its silliness, and might even begin to partake of the surrealism that the Avedon picture so triumphantly exhibits, along with its satire. Although you "know" that the elephant picture is a posed fashion photograph, on another level you don't know. You simply accept, as you accept the impossible events in a Rousseau.

The third room, representing work of the early sixties, is joltingly different from the previous ones. If the elephant seemed to have brought Avedon to the edge of something, he has now gone clearly over. He is no longer valiantly tussling with the confines of the medium, using them (as poets use regular rhyme and metre) to plumb his unconscious and shape his invention. In fact, he is no longer playing the game. Having won it, he petulantly pushes over the pieces. Having mastered the art of fashion photography, he proceeds to savage it. He becomes an anti-fashion photographer. Avedon's portrait work comes in here. From the start, in addition to the fashion pictures, he made portraits for *Harper's Bazaar* of celebrities, which were of a piece with his fashion work. As the fashion pictures celebrated the beauty and desirability of the models and their clothes and hair and makeup, so the portraits celebrated the famousness and specialness of their subjects. They had all the gaiety, charm, originality, appreciativeness of the fashion pictures; their particular Avedonesque vivacity (he liked to put his subjects in motion or show them in action: singers singing, actors acting, comedians mugging) was always at the service of the subjects' amour propre. All this changed in the late fifties and early sixties. Avedon's portraits no longer humbly accepted the idea of a person's famousness and specialness. They cut him down to size. Somerset Maugham was shown in all his wicked-old-man ugliness and wrinkled jowliness; Dorothy Parker was portrayed as an anguished alcoholic; Dwight Eisenhower looked like a mental defective. These portraits were a judgment on people; they were sharp, black, inky, nasty. And the fashion pictures of this same period are a judgment on fashion. They are stylized, strident, brutal, bitter. There are no more backgrounds. The models who exuberantly ran down the Champs-Élysées now prance and leer in the white void of Avedon's studio and don't even pretend to be doing anything but making money or, in the case of the celebrities who then began lending themselves to fashion pictures, getting free publicity. Cynicism and hardness pervade the frenetic, unpleasant pictures of this third room. One of the most chilling of them looks like a triple-mirror image of a running, gesticulating, falsely smiling woman dressed in a plaid suit and a turban; it turns out to be a picture of three *different* women, wearing the same dress and turban and smile. Avedon has taken the fabled awful moment when you come to a party and someone is wearing your dress, and contemptuously shrugged: "What's the difference? The clothes are all alike. The

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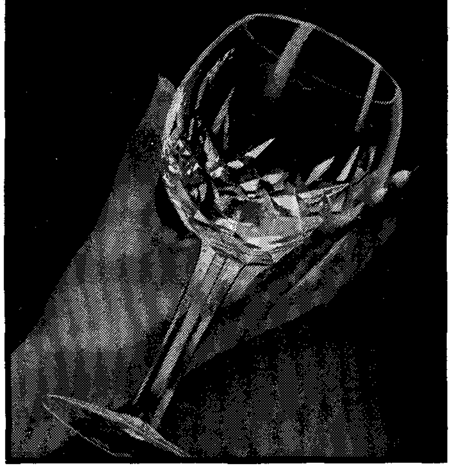

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women are all alike. It simply isn't interesting." He makes the same brutal point with a series of elegantly stylized portraits of socialites dressed in black—Dolores Guinness, Antonella Agnelli, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, among others. These portraits are immensely flattering (Avedon's lighting here produces a chiaroscuro effect and a flat white perfection of skin tone, and the subjects are posed so as to give their necks a lovely, swan-like elongation) and—here's the kicker—practically indistinguishable from one another. An even more misanthropic note is struck in the pictures where Avedon has brought crowds of "real" people to the studio to serve as background for fashion models. Unlike the attractive, characterful Parisians of the early pictures, these supers (the personnel of the house of Dior, members of the French press, for example) are of unvarying unattractiveness—fatness or scrawniness, slack-jawed dullness, pitiful agedness. Avedon has, of course, created them with his pitilessly scrutinizing strobe lights and mole-into-mountain-making big camera, to whose grim transformations only young children and specially endowed adults, like fashion models and Picasso, are impervious. The models in these pictures look like a different species: they stand out from the background people as Dovima stood out from the elephants. Only, here the idea is not to bring the models' beauty into relief but to point up its artificiality and vapid unreality. The idea works so well it's a wonder that the "real" people didn't sue Avedon, and that his employers didn't fire him.

The wisdom of sticking with this aging *enfant terrible* is confirmed in the next room. In the late sixties, evidently refreshed by his bout of bad temper and caddishness, Avedon sets up the pieces again, and commences to play the game with a brilliance and an inventiveness that surpass even his own early achievement. The dazzling motion studies of this period bring to mind the distortion nudes of André Kertész. Avedon takes the materials of a fashion assignment—model, dress, hairdo, shoes—and creates abstractions from them that bring something new to photography. Neither the illusion of the first period nor the disillusion of the second is present in these photographs: they are "about" nothing but themselves. (At the same time, they are touched with the zestful energy of the early work. They reverberate with the vigor of the photographer's attack on the problem he has set himself; they have the seriousness of a child

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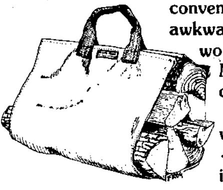

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at play.) Avedon's years of putting clothes on models and observing what happens when they move—his long enforced preoccupation with the relationship of body and garment—were a preparation for these eloquent studies of flesh and bone and muscle and fabric in motion. They are a kind of dance photography, and, perhaps precisely because they are not pictures of real dancers doing real dances, they come closer than any other photographs have come to solving the impossible, *koan*-like problem of the genre: how to show movement in a *still* medium, how to describe motion by arresting it. Avedon has the advantage of the metaphorical approach, and he makes the most of it. His enormous photograph of the model Ingrid Boulting—wearing a long, fitted black Dior coat and narrow black trousers, her hair sleeked close to her elegant small head, her face powdered white and strangely made up to resemble a Kabuki actor's, her body tautly twisted, her arms stretched outward in rigid, stylized grace, one foot upraised like an ice skater's—is like a moment out of some marvellous exotic entertainment in an imaginary Tartar kingdom, a dance of stiff fluidity, of stately movement alternating with stasis, accompanied by the whining insinuation of Oriental wind instruments. The moment is at once captured and "set" in a powerful abstract design, reminiscent of a Toulouse-Lautrec poster in its bold deployment of large black forms. Another remarkable work of this period shows (or, rather, obliterates) the model Jean Shrimpton in a swirling long gown of gossamer translucency, whose large pleated collar has flown up over her head and turned her into a kind of Winged Victory; evocative, too, of classical Greek sculpture is the straining thrust of body through fabric, the intricate complexities of fabric that variously cleaves, molds, falls in folds, and trails.

In addition to the motion studies and some Westonesque still abstractions (a foot encased in an archaic gold slipper with a wool tassel; a torso in an unbuttoned black beach garment showing a gleaming upturned breast), the fourth room offers a number of large, handsome portraits of young countercultural celebrities like Joan Baez and Janis Joplin. These idealized blowups—a reversion to the romanticism of Avedon's earliest period—cast light on the idolatry of youth which middle-aged liberals were seized by during the Vietnam years. They are social documents of a sort: a hundred years from now, someone may want to know what

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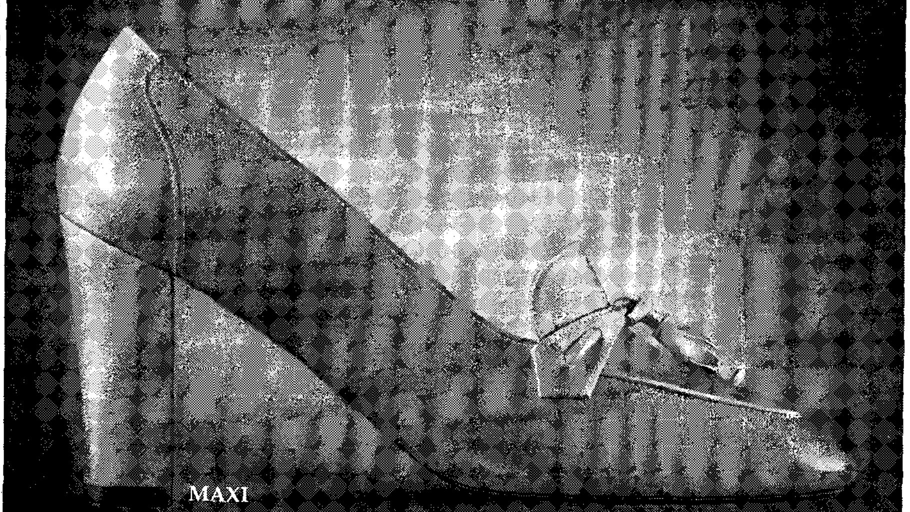

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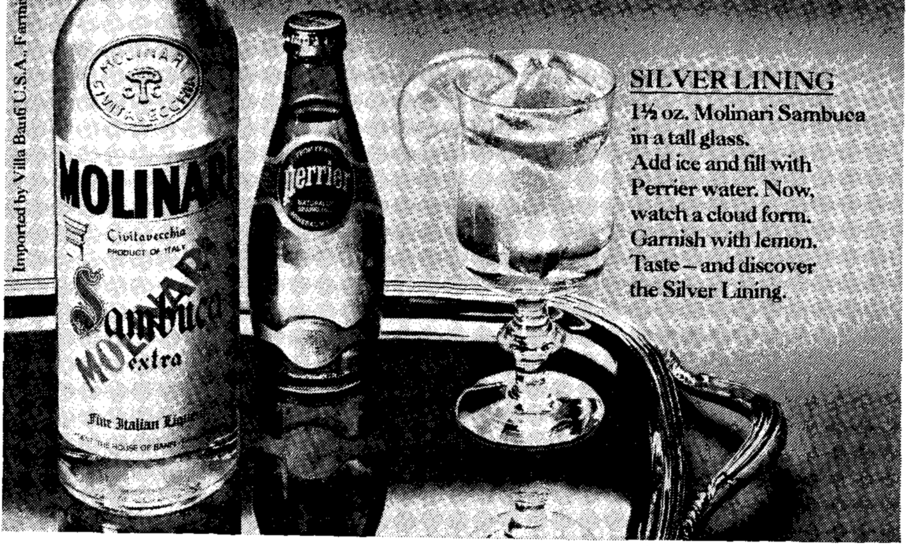

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the term "radical chic" meant, and these pictures will tell him.

Entering the final room, one feels the kind of abrupt hush that a cathedral imposes on the person entering its awesome vaulted vastness from the small-scale bustle of the street. The room is hung with seven colossal portraits of women, nine feet high and six feet across, which flap loose from the walls, too large to fit a frame. The subjects are of varying ages and physical types, and—with one exception, the writer Renata Adler—are unknown. They are photographed in the "straight," direct, daylit, passport-photo style that Avedon exhibited at the Marlborough Gallery in 1975 and published the following year in his book "Portraits." Viewers—who are not only dwarfed by the photographs but reduced to the blurred uninterestingness of contact prints by the particularity of their sharp definition—stand before them as before an enigma. What do these portraits "mean"? What are they doing in a show of fashion photographs? Is Avedon once again recoiling from the meretriciousness of fashion, meanly contrasting the vacuousness of fashion-model attractiveness with the deep human beauty of "real" women? Yes, of course he is doing that—but he is doing something else as well. The anonymity of the portraits offers a clue to their fuller meaning. These pictures of women we don't know invite us to read them, to make up stories about them. An aura of the allegorical wafts out of them, as if each woman represented an age and stage and manner of life. Into Priscilla Rattazzi, a young girl in a white shirt and jeans, we may read the unripeness, softness, self-absorption, self-consciousness, moodiness, conventionality, goodheartedness, pessimism, and tentativeness of adolescence. The portrait of Renata Adler was taken in the French West Indies, and its sun-struck aspect turns one's mind to the novels of Conrad, suggests exquisite Conradian moral dilemmas for the boyishly slender young woman with tragic eyes and proud mouth and long castaway braid. The portrait of June Leaf shows a woman in early middle age, with a face shaped by good bones and the good lines of a fully lived and examined life, her crossed arms hugging her chest in an affecting gesture of self-protection. In a book of the show currently published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, where the pictures are differently and less effectively organized, there is a didactic juxtaposition of this photograph with one of Marella Agnelli made in

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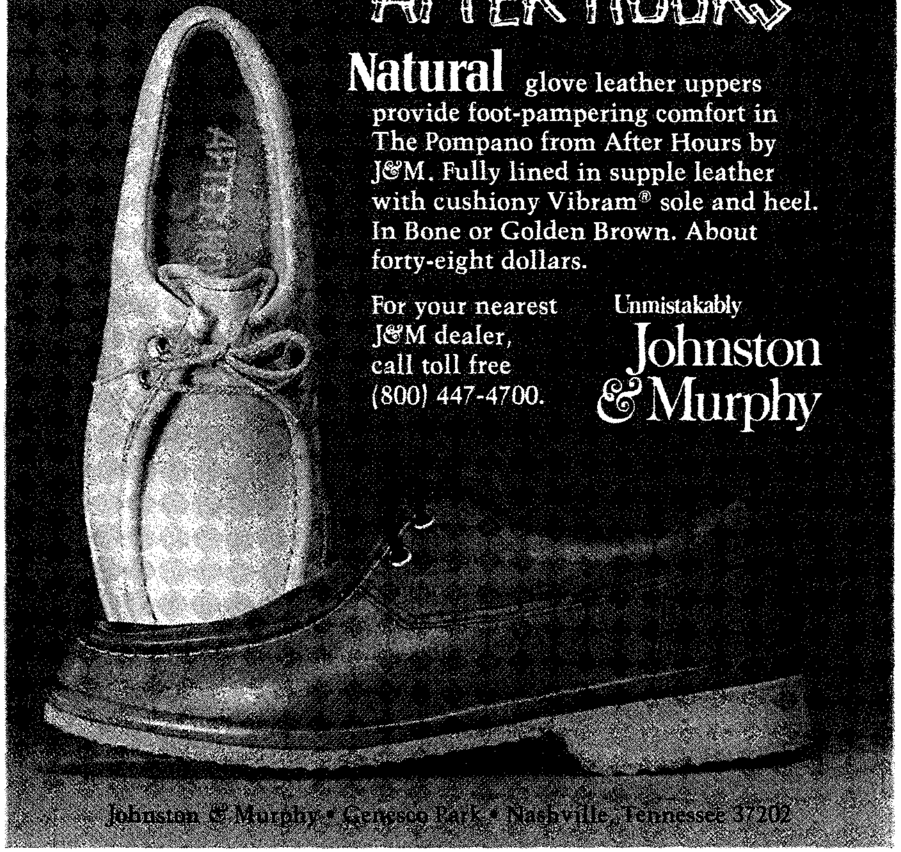

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1953, instructing the reader in the difference between artificial and natural beauty—between the smooth, opaque, doll's face, the hairdresser-dressed hair, the Old Master portrait lighting, and the aristocratic formality of the one and the expressive worn features, the proletarian shirt, the uncombed graying hair, the sagging bosom, and the unretouched vitality of the other. However, in not being able to indicate the size of the Leaf portrait the book misrepresents it, in the way that book reproductions of large paintings misrepresent them. The size of these portraits is not incidental but intrinsic—an essential stylistic property. The portrait of Loulou de la Falaise illustrates with special lucidity the significance of scale in Avedon's recent portraits. The subject looks like an escapee from the Warhol Factory, with her punk outfit of gleaming black leather jacket, baggy trousers and shirt, rhinestone earrings, dark makeup, and mordant Marlene Dietrich smile. One is not altogether sure that this person is a woman. What "she" may be smiling about may be the success of "her" impersonation. What the picture itself mocks is the labor and pretensions of Photo-Realist painting. Here, just by squeezing the bulb of a big camera and spending a few hundred bucks at Modernage, Avedon can do in a day what it would take a painter months to achieve. The sort of demented attention to detail that, along with (and deriving from) its enormous scale, is Photo-Realism's signature is present in this picture—but only to a slightly higher degree than in the others. This whole late style of portraiture, with its built-in intention of gallery exhibition, represents Avedon's flight from the confines of fashion-magazine photography to the larger spaces and ambitions of the art world—Photo-Realism having provided both the sanction and a satiric occasion.

Avedon's chef-d'œuvre of irony, however, is reserved for photographers and photography. To photographers he says, in effect, "You, too, can click the shutter and hire the technicians. If you do exactly as I have done, you will get pictures exactly like mine. Any woman on the street, when treated as I have treated the women in my portraits, will bristle with meaning and interest, will become allegorical and archetypal, will make a statement about the condition of woman and of humanity. There's nothing to it." Avedon strips away photography's pretension to being an art and a craft, saying that it is nothing but an idea, a series of proposals about picture-taking. The show at the Met illustrates this idea of photography as a *mental* medium, more like math and chess than like painting and drawing, and triumphantly "proves" it. The Marlborough show of 1975 obscured the idea by being a show of pictures of famous people. Viewers came to see what Edmund Wilson, Truman Capote, Jasper Johns, William Buckley, George Meany, or Willem de Kooning looked like in a photograph by Avedon, and came away puzzled and antagonized by the intransigent directness of the photographs. The October 21, 1976, issue of *Rolling Stone*, in which Avedon published seventy-three portraits of American politicians and other influential people who were concerned with the election, rectified and clarified the problem of the Marlborough show. A tabloid paper is where pictures of politicians (and literary and art celebrities) belong—people to whom the viewer brings preconceptions, expectations, and emotions that cannot be erased, and whose likeness consequently cannot be "used" as a vehicle for conveying a large statement about humanity. The blurred grayness of newsprint proved to be a felicity rather than a detraction: by mitigating the super-realistic sharpness and blackness of the prints, it made the portraits more lifelike, more like what the eye sees. Many of the portraits (Ted Kennedy, George McGovern, Ralph Nader, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Hubert Humphrey, Henry Kissinger, Nelson Rockefeller, to cite a few outstanding ones) were of unforgettable poignancy and psychological truthfulness. With the Met portraits, Avedon continues the work that commenced with the great, unbearable studies of his dying father (shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1974), about which there is "nothing personal" (to borrow the telling title of Avedon's second collection of photographs), and in whose implacable objectivity lies a description of photography as well as of our common fate. —JANET MALCOLM

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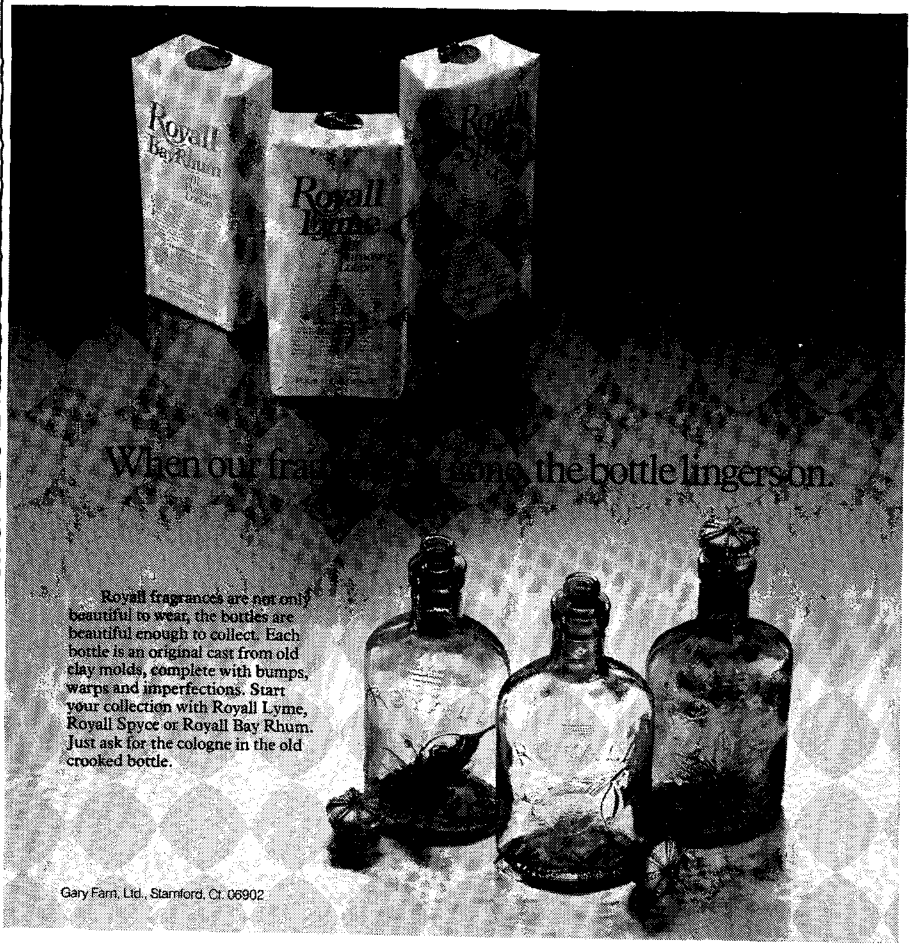

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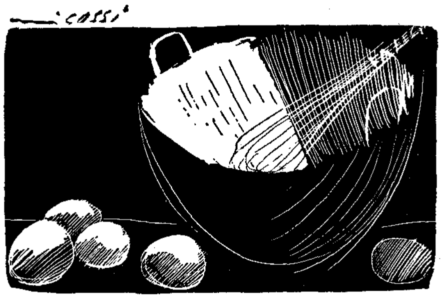
AT the end of the hundred-and-fourteen-day shutdown of the seven major New York City dailies that began December 8, 1962, estimates put the cost to business, labor, and government in the city as high as a quarter of a billion dollars. The losses resulting from the strike of New York's three surviving citywide dailies that began August 9th are still being calculated. Some local observers, however, saw the recent absence of regular newspaper coverage as having benign aspects. Billy Martin, the former Yankee manager, was quoted as saying that the reason the team was able to settle down to business and do so well under another manager in the last few weeks of the season was that the New York press wasn't around to stir up trouble in the locker room. And after Isaiah Robinson, for some years the only black member of the Board of Education, was sworn in last month as the chairman of the city's Human Rights Commission, whose powers include the investigation of local racial conflicts, he suggested another way that the lack of newspaper coverage had been a blessing. "I think the biggest problem exacerbating tensions between groups is the press," Robinson declared. He insisted that the blame lay with the printed word. Television and radio reports, he said, were "just a short thing." In many instances, he went on, whether "to get headlines, sell papers," or for some other reason, "tension is manufactured" by newspapers. He mentioned particularly the crisis in Brooklyn's Crown Heights section, where there had been several highly publicized confrontations in June and July after a black businessman was killed while he was in police custody and, two nights later, a black student was badly beaten, allegedly by some of his Chassidic Jewish neighbors. "As you notice, things have calmed down since we have no press," said Robinson.

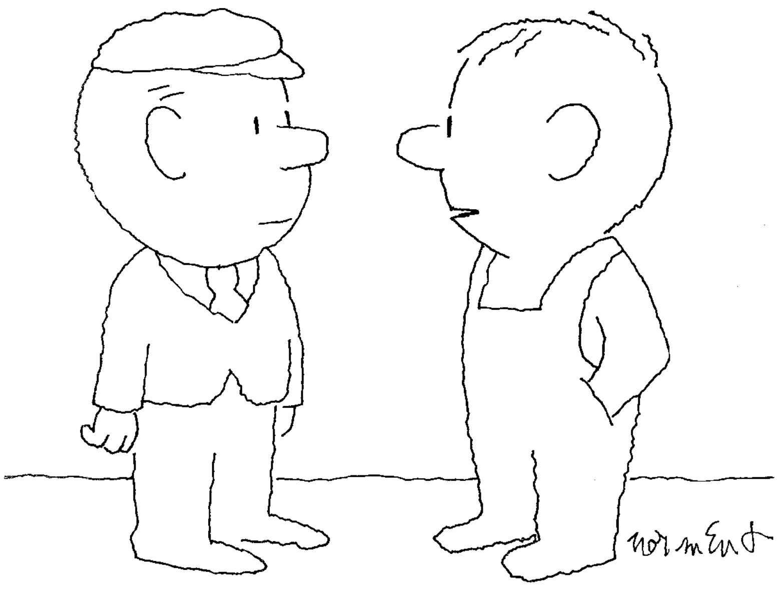
In the third week of June, a militant black Brooklyn minister, the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, had led several hundred followers across the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall to confront Mayor Edward Koch about the troubles in Crown Heights between blacks and the police and blacks and Chassidic Jews. Daughtry said he knew that the Mayor would be at City Hall because that was the day Koch was scheduled to give Carol Channing the city's highest civic award, the Bronze Medallion. (In return, the actress gave the fifty-three-year-old bachelor mayor a big kiss and a fake diamond, which he said would make "a terrific engagement ring.") Meeting with Koch after the Channing entourage had departed, Daughtry shouted at him that if he did not do something decisive "you will not make it through the summer." Koch's response was to appoint a special committee of ninety-three people to consider New York's racial problems. The committee has held a few poorly attended meetings but has made no recommendations. Nevertheless, whether or not the lack of press attention had anything to do with it, the city did make it through the summer without further serious racial troubles in Crown Heights or elsewhere in town.

KOCH had other reasons to feel gratitude for the newspaper strike. On August 8th, he joined Governor Hugh Carey and some five thousand other local officeholders, dignitaries, and ordinary New Yorkers for the big ceremony in front of City Hall as President Carter signed a bill giving the city a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees over the next four years. The main element in the air of jubilation here that day was the widespread impression that the bill signing meant that the city's long financial nightmare was over and that New Yorkers would not have to hear again of the city's being unable to meet its next payroll or facing imminent bankruptcy—threats that had been at once frightening and incredible when first applied to the local condition, in 1975, and that, heard over and over in varying tones of urgency during the next three years, had become both credible and tedious. The loan guarantees provided for in the bill the President signed were to be what was often described as "the centerpiece" (the word "linchpin" was also much in favor) of a four-and-a-half-billion-dollar borrowing program. The existence of the guarantees was expected to reassure investors in non-guaranteed city securities and thus allow New York to stretch out its enormous debt so that the annual debt service would be more manageable, and start restoring its crumbling bridges, streets, and public buildings, which had gone largely unattended to since the money stopped three years ago.



The evening of the day after the President signed the bill, the major dailies stopped publishing, and, although several interim journals soon sprang up, these had neither the manpower nor the space to deal properly with the dense and convoluted subject of municipal financing. In any case, their combined daily circulation was no more than perhaps a sixth of the three million three hundred thousand copies sold each day by the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post* before the strike. During the next two months, therefore, New Yorkers were largely insulated from news of a number of developments demonstrating that the city's fiscal outlook was neither as settled nor as rosy as it had seemed to be on that sunny afternoon at City Hall. The piece of paper the President had signed to such loud cheers was no more than a piece of paper until both houses of Congress and the State Legislature passed certain other bills, including, in the case of Congress, formal appropriations to back the guarantees. The last of these bills—one that would exempt the pension-fund systems of employees of this city and state from a federal law forbidding such funds to invest their resources in city obligations—was still being chaffered over in Congress a week after the pension funds had been scheduled to buy half a billion dollars' worth of federally guaranteed city securities and thus supply New York with badly needed operating cash. The city got through the crisis by maneuvers that any hard-pressed citizen might resort to. It persuaded some of its debtors to pay their obligations ahead of time (large real-estate owners prepaid their taxes, receiving in return a nine-and-a-quarter-per-cent discount), and put off paying some city bills that were due. Before this was arranged, however, New Yorkers heard once more the very thing they had thought was behind them—the threat that the city would not be able to meet its next payroll.

There seemed to be little doubt that the necessary implementing legislation would eventually pass in some form and that the inconvenience to the city on this account would be temporary. Early last month, however, word began to percolate through Wall Street and through the corridors of Washington power that a holdup of the loan guar-



"I don't know what I'm going to be when I grow up. Probably just a watered-down version of what I am now."

• •

antees at the federal level—either in the first instance or later—might possibly occur for a different reason. Serious questions were being raised about the reliability of the figures that the Koch administration had supplied to the Treasury when it presented to that department last winter a four-year financial plan intended to demonstrate that the city was now fiscally responsible and thus worthy of benefitting from loan-guarantee legislation. Sidney Schwartz is the Special Deputy State Comptroller, who audits City Hall figures for the Emergency Financial Control Board, the state agency that since 1975 has overseen the city's fiscal priorities, and he reported in September that at the end of the Koch four-year plan the total projected budget gap could be as high as two billion dollars. Although Koch had announced when he took office that the hallmark of his administration would be "reality," this gap, Schwartz said, would come about because of the administration's omission of unavoidable obligations on one side of the ledger and its inclusion of a number of highly uncertain sources of revenue on the other side. As an example of future obligations not taken into account, Schwartz noted that there was no provision whatever in the plan for further pay increases for municipal employees, nearly all of whose contracts must be renegotiated in 1980. A settlement on the terms the municipal unions agreed to this year would cost the city three hundred and fifty million dollars, and the municipal unions have announced that next time they will not settle for anything like this year's small increase, which comes to only about four per cent annually. Schwartz also noted that Koch, in balancing his future budgets, had relied heavily on increased federal and state aid, which there was no assurance that the city would receive. A spokesman for the Control Board pointed out that the Koch administration had reserved most of the proposed sharp reductions in city spending (that is, the more politically awkward cuts in personnel and services) for the final years of the plan. The implication was that not only funny-budget figures but Micawberism had not departed from City Hall with former Mayor Abraham Beame.

THE most pressing problem Washington has been having with the city's finances concerns the city's current budget, which went into effect July 1st. Asked last April how Congress would regard his budget for 1978-79, Koch responded that, truly balanced and honest as it was, the budget would cause Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, the famously dour and frugal chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, to "dance with joy." (When Koch isn't asking "How'm I doin'?" he is often remarking "I'm a born optimist.") Schwartz said last month that the Mayor had in fact balanced his budget with funds from a number of federal programs that had not yet got through Congress and, in many cases, had little chance of passage in the generous form that Koch's revenue projections had assigned to them. For example, there was the hundred and five million dollars from the so-called countercyclical bill, which is designed to help areas with higher-than-usual unemployment. Early in August, the bill was rejected out of hand by a House subcommittee, and a rescue effort in the Senate Finance Committee allotted New York not a hundred and five million dollars but only about forty million—and even that bill might not pass the full Senate and the House. Also in Koch's budget was four hundred and forty-seven million dollars in funds under the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, which is intended to provide temporary jobs for the hard-core unemployed. The CETA program has also not been renewed by Congress. A new Comprehensive Employment and Training Act is certain to come into existence in some form, since so many local governments have come to rely on its benefits, but the limitations on its use that are now being discussed would greatly decrease New York's ability to use the program as it often has in the past; that is, in many instances, not to help the very poor during the time they were unable to find permanent jobs but to pay part of the salaries of rehired city workers—some of them in the twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year bracket—who had been laid off during the fiscal crisis.

On September 14th, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal informed the Mayor by telephone that unless he took action to reduce city spending the Treasury could not certify that the budget was in balance, and, by law, the loan guarantees could not go into effect. In Washington, it was reported that during the exchange Blumenthal had "burned up the wires," but a smiling Koch insisted that the discussion had been entirely amiable. The next day, Koch announced that the once truly balanced budget had a sixty-million-dollar deficit and that there would be a hiring freeze—that city workers no longer on the rolls because of attrition (those, that is, who had died or retired) would not be replaced. Koch said a few days later that the gap between projected costs and revenues was no fault of the city government; it was just that federal funding "has not reached the level we had prognosticated"—although a former member of the House of Representatives might have been expected to understand the perils of prognosticating congressional action. The federal government, Koch pointed out, was "going through a period of retrenchment." He gave the impression that, despite all the well-known pressures for Proposition 13 and Kemp-Roth types of legislation, he thought of this retrenchment as—fortunately for the city's plans—a passing phase.

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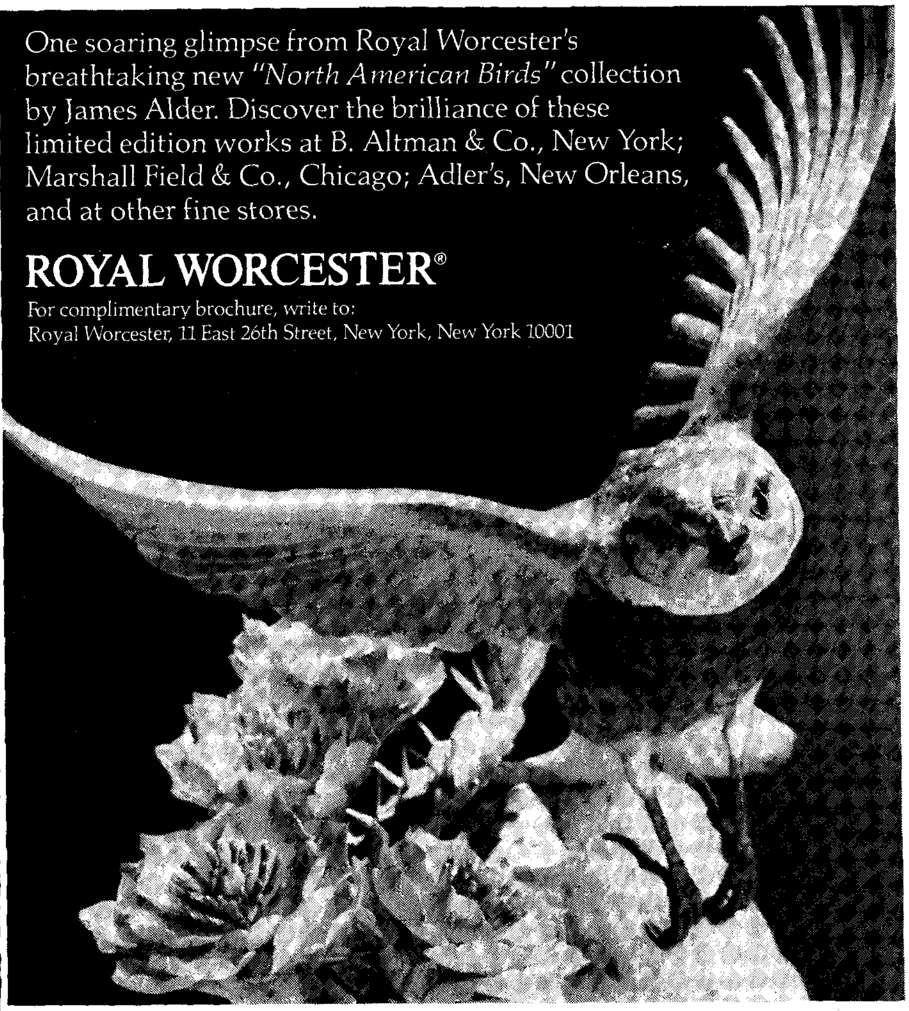
Washington followed, and on September 25th, ten days after the Mayor put the current budget deficit at sixty million dollars, he announced that it was in fact a hundred and forty-nine million. The municipal payroll would have to be reduced by twenty-four thousand people, he said, but this would happen over the next four years and most of it would be done not by outright layoffs but by what he called "super-attrition." Although it was not quite clear how this would work (there is a belief that the city's projected attrition rates were already inflated, since, by act of Congress, no one now has to retire at the age of sixty-five), he put the new savings from super-attrition at thirty-nine million dollars by the end of the fiscal year. To help make up the rest of the deficit, he said, the city would save six million dollars by turning down the thermostats in city buildings and by reducing funds for O.T.P.S. (bureaucratic shorthand for "Other Than Personal Service"), which meant mainly a reduction in office supplies. To make things come out more or less even, Koch then lowered his estimate of city expenses and raised his estimate of revenues for a total addition of seventy-seven million dollars on the credit side. Deputy Comptroller Schwartz immediately expressed grave doubts that either figure would change that much.

That same week, Felix Rohatyn, who is the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency that for three years has sold securities for the city because no one would buy them from the city directly, said that, fiscally speaking, the city government was not yet "housebroken." He predicted that there would probably have to be another state control board, to monitor the spending of the two and a half billion dollars for capital construction that, thanks to the federal loan guarantees, should be available to the city in the next few years. It would be difficult for politicians to support, said Rohatyn, but "it's New York's last chance." Although he had endorsed Koch for mayor, he said in September, "The way capital money is spent needs coördination and control, and I don't see either." Koch's jerry-built scheme for closing the budget gap also brought him harsh criticism from a usual political ally, Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council. She referred to the "vagaries" of his new proposals, and accused him of engaging in "crisis budget planning" and of making fiscal decisions only "under the gun" instead of stopping to think ahead. "What we need now are specific solutions, and we aren't getting them," she added. When Koch was asked on television that evening to comment on her remarks, he said that obviously the way to break into the news was to attack him. "So attack," he said, cheerfully waving one arm at the camera. Presumably, Schwartz, Rohatyn, and Blumenthal had not cast doubts on the Mayor's financial seriousness out of a need to break into the news. Nor, for that matter, is publicity a problem for New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Late last month, on the floor of the Senate Moynihan, having just had some late bulletins from the city, warned New York that it must have no false hopes that the federal government would again engage in a special rescue program for the city. If there were crises ahead, the city would have to face them on its own, he said, and added, "What is clear is that the Senate has heard all that it wants to hear about the plight of New York City." None of the interim newspapers being published during the strike found room for this advisory.

A THREATENED deterioration of the city's fiscal situation wasn't the only City Hall development that, in another break for the Mayor, got less attention than it might have if there had been no newspaper strike. During the first five weeks after the major dailies stopped publishing, three top-level members of the Koch administration suddenly resigned. Under ordinary press conditions here, each of these departures would have been the subject of large headlines and a lengthy cumulative rundown on similar leave-takings from City Hall, which in fact have set a record for any new mayoral administration within memory. (Beame had some problems with his early appointees, but all the candidates concerned withdrew before taking office.) The resignation of Sanitation Commissioner Anthony Vaccarello, on September 12th, marked the fifth time since March that a leading member of the Koch administration had been forced out. All either had resigned by mayoral request or had left because Koch's scornful public judgment of their performance gave them no real choice.

The Koch TV commercial that was most often repeated during his mayoral campaign compared his abilities favorably with those of his two immediate predecessors, John Lindsay and Beame, and concluded, "After eight years of charisma and four years of the clubhouse, why not try competence?" In the first few weeks after his election last November, Koch announced that, for the first time, members of a new administration would be chosen on merit rather than on the basis of cronyism or political connections, and that, also for the first time, they would be selected by specially appointed panels made up of leading citizens and experts in the fields the candidates would administer. He named eighteen such panels, and in some cases the panels' choices got the jobs. More often, however, Koch either reappointed holdovers from the Beame administration—whose competence he had questioned—or chose personal friends, campaign contributors, or members of the Manhattan Democratic reform movement, which had provided his own political base. (Regular Democrats in this city often claim that members of regular Democratic clubhouses appointed to office by fellow-members are denounced as party hacks lapping at the patronage trough, while politicians appointed by their pals in the reform movement are hailed as civic-minded New Yorkers making sacrifices to go into public service.) On one occasion when a panel complained that Koch had ignored a carefully prepared list and named someone the panel members hadn't recommended, the Mayor publicly fired the members.

Among the appointments Koch made with no attention to the panel recommendations was that of Robert Milano, a wealthy local industrialist who had contributed two thousand five hundred dollars to the Koch campaign. Late in 1977, after the Mayor-elect had announced a number of appointments, notice was taken of the fact that he seemed to be overloading his administration with men and women from his home borough. There were also complaints—in this city, it often seems that ethnic is all—that an unsuitably large number of them were Jewish, as is the Mayor. Among those who commented unfavorably on this latter development were some prominent Italian-Americans. In December, Koch named Milano, who lives in Manhattan but is a leading local Italian-American, as Deputy Mayor for Economic Development. The following March 14th, however, after what Milano calculated as only forty-six working days in office, he was forced out. Koch explained that the two men disagreed on how to improve the city's economy. Two days later, Milano said that "glib utterances" would not bring economic health back to New York and described Koch as a man with no more than "a peripheral interest" in the city's basic economic



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problems. Milano was replaced a few months later by Peter Solomon, a Manhattan investment banker.

Ethnic considerations also played a large part in the appointment of Patria Nieto-Ortiz, last February, as head of the Human Rights Commission. A thirty-year-old Manhattan lawyer, she had the double advantage of being both a woman and a Puerto Rican. Representatives of these significant elements in the city electorate were in short supply in the Koch administration. She had been on a list of possibilities submitted to the Mayor by the appropriate panel, but only because a friend of the Mayor, trying to be helpful, had asked his secretary if she knew of any Hispanic women who could possibly qualify. On April 12th, Miss Nieto-Ortiz resigned, at the Mayor's suggestion. There was some evidence that she had had temperamental problems with executive responsibility, but her forced resignation came almost immediately after she insisted that the Mayor's own office, like other departments, must file a statement demonstrating the degree to which it was in conformity with equal-opportunity regulations. This circumstance gave black and Puerto Rican leaders a chance to point out that the Mayor's office would not have shown up well on such a document and that this might have had something to do with her abrupt departure. On leaving, Miss Nieto-Ortiz compared the Mayor's administrative style to that of Tammany Hall, and added that the Koch people at City Hall "are uncomfortable around any other ethnic group than themselves." After his problems with Miss Nieto-Ortiz, Koch seemed in no hurry to fill the civil-rights post, and it went vacant until Isaiah Robinson was sworn in last month.

The Mayor's table of organization remained relatively stable from April until August, when the major dailies shut down. On the night of August 21st, long after the interim papers had closed their next day's editions, Koch's office issued a brief announcement to the effect that Peter Smith III, the Commissioner of the General Services Administration, had resigned at the Mayor's insistence. The announcement came, conveniently, a few hours before Koch was scheduled to leave the country for a six-day visit to Paris at the invitation of the mayor of that city. Smith, appointed last January, had not been among those recommended for the job by a Koch-appointed panel, and the Mayor said later, "It was I who selected him." Smith had been interviewed by the panel only at City Hall's request, and panel members reported later that they had found nothing in his background that would seem to qualify him for the fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year office, in which he would be in charge of three thousand employees and would have responsibility for buying two hundred million dollars' worth of city supplies annually and for negotiating some eighty million dollars' worth of real-estate leases, as well as for awarding four hundred million dollars in public-works contracts each year. But Smith, although he lived in Greenwich Village, was a member of an old Irish family long active in Brooklyn politics, and in Koch's 1977 campaign for mayor he had been field director for Brooklyn and Queens. He was a member of Koch's political clubhouse and had been recommended as General Services Commissioner by John LoCicero, Koch's district leader, whose present title is Special Adviser to the Mayor. The August 21st announcement was followed by the information that Smith was being questioned by the city's Commissioner of Investigation, Stanley Lupkin, about "certain financial transactions" dating back to some time before he had joined the administration. Four weeks later, Smith was indicted by a federal grand jury on nine counts of mail fraud and one of transporting stolen material across a state line. The charges essentially involved embezzlement. Smith was accused of having forged checks in his favor for funds due a law firm for which he had worked in the early nineteen-seventies, of having bilked the firm in other respects, and of having submitted false billing records. His most recent employer, Thomas Harnett, superintendent of the State Insurance Department, was quoted as saying that before Smith had been hired to take over the vast General Services empire Harnett had warned the Koch administration that Smith had been forced to resign from the Insurance Department. Harnett said that he had added, "I have a feeling he could cause you grief."

On September 6th, there was another sudden City Hall resignation—that of Axel Schupf, Koch's handpicked head of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation, which has an annual budget of a billion dollars. Schupf, a Manhattan investment counsellor who had contributed several thousand dollars to Koch's 1977 campaign, had recently served as president of the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital and Medical Center—usually referred to as Brooklyn Jewish. In announcing Schupf's appointment, early in March, Koch had mentioned that as president of that hospital Schupf had converted a financially troubled enterprise into one that was solvent, and said also that he wanted Schupf "to do for the city what he did for Brooklyn Jewish." A few weeks later, Koch learned that there was good reason to hope this would not happen. He had got word that Charles J. Hynes, the State Special Prosecutor for Nursing Homes and Health Related Facilities, was investigating charges that Schupf had filed false documents concerning Brooklyn Jewish—documents indicating that the hospital had attained solvency, whereas it was on the verge of bankruptcy. After this message, Koch cancelled the formal swearing-in ceremony for Schupf, but he was nevertheless permitted to take over the Health and Hospitals Corporation. When Schupf left, by request, on September 6th, it was explained that Koch—evidently growing more prudent—had proposed that the books of the corporation should be subject to outside audit. Schupf had rejected this suggestion as a usurpation of his authority and had resigned. The state special prosecutor's office investigation of Schupf's activities at Brooklyn Jewish was said to be still going on.

The resignation of Koch's Sanitation Commissioner, Anthony Vaccarello, came just six days after that of Schupf. Vaccarello, first named to his position by Mayor Beame, had continued in office while Koch sought a replacement. He was reappointed on January 31st, although he, too, had not been on the list of candidates considered qualified by the Koch-appointed panel. It was assumed that his Italian heritage had been helpful and also that the Mayor might not have been averse to making a friendly gesture toward Meade Esposito, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, who regards Vaccarello as his protégé. But in a report on his City Hall accomplishments to date, which was issued late in August (its title might well have been "How'm I Doin'?"), the Mayor gave the Koch administration high marks in almost every area except that of picking up garbage. During a television interview on September 10th, he announced that sanitation service in the city "stinks," and added, "We're going to do something about it." Vaccarello, knowing an exit cue when he heard it, announced two days later that he was leaving City Hall to work for a private construction company, accepting an offer that had been made last November. The new Sanitation Commissioner, appointed the same week, was Norman Steisel, a reform Democrat from Manhattan's upper West Side. The positions of General Services Commissioner and head of the Health and Hospitals Corporation have still not been filled.

THOUGH the interim papers may have been short of space for news of budgetary and administrative disarray at City Hall, they did have room for quick photo-opportunity shots from there. The City Hall story that took up the most space on the day that General Services Commissioner Peter Smith was fired was the visit of the country-and-Western singer Dolly Parton, who brought her own band along and received the key to the city from Koch. She gave him three kisses and an accolade. "I definitely think he is a sex symbol," she said, Koch's eligible bachelorhood having replaced Abe Beame's small stature as a vehicle for mayoral jokes. Although Koch insisted during his 1977 campaign that he would not be a ribbon-cutting mayor but would be represented by staff members at ceremonial affairs while he tended to the business of government, it has been a rare day in his nine and a half months in office that he has not taken part in some media event—hugging a poster child, proclaiming Actors' Day with Theodore Bikel at his side, posing in the midst of dozens of candidates for the title of Miss Universe, appearing with one of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players on "Saturday Night Live," actually cutting ribbons ("These are big ribbons," he explained on one such occasion), or having his picture taken as the center of attention at the kind of celebrity party to which the obscure New York member of Congress he was until this year would never have been invited. Koch announced after he was elected that he would go right on riding the subway and would stay close to the people by continuing to live mainly in his rent-controlled Greenwich Village apartment rather than in the mayor's official residence. He has since found, however, that Gracie Mansion, the 1799 wooden farmhouse tucked into the trees by the East River, can be quite a homey place, and nowadays he nearly always travels about town in his chauffeur-driven city car, which, unlike the I.R.T., is always at the ready. (In her autobiography, the onetime Broadway actress Eleanor Robson, writing of her easy adjustment, early in this century, to her new life as the wife of the millionaire banker August Belmont, noted, "A private railroad car is not an acquired taste. One takes to it immediately.")

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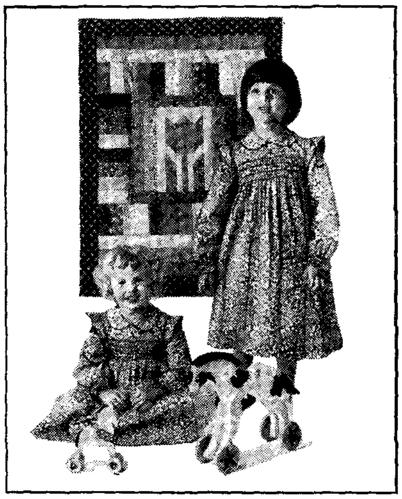

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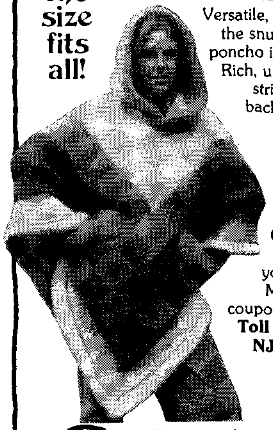

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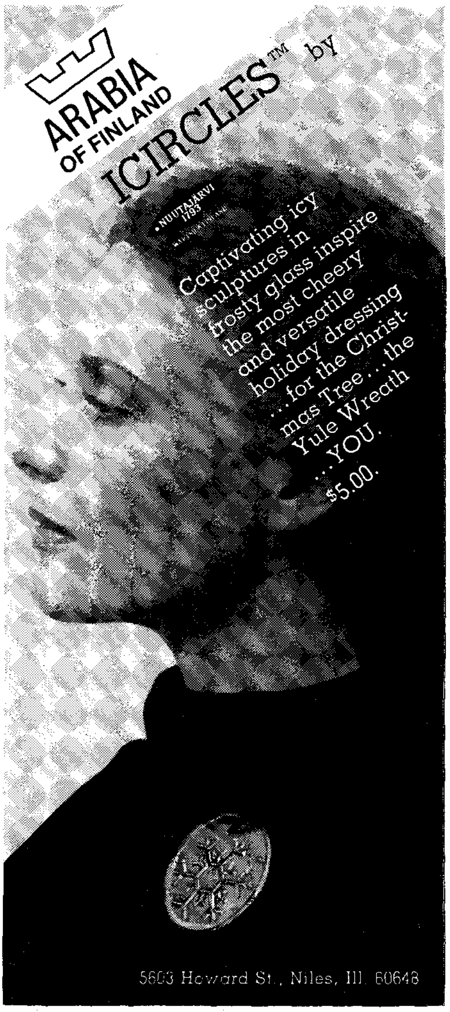
often merely been playing at being mayor. His primary endeavor for his first year was the winning of loan guarantees from Washington, and in this effort a large share of the burden was borne by state officials, by officers of MAC, by private financial and labor organizations, by the United States Treasury, and by the White House, which badly wanted credit for doing something to help urban America. After the loan guarantees take effect ("*if* they take effect" is the way some born non-optimists have lately been putting it, but few here have the heart to contemplate what would happen then), the Mayor will have to cut some of the comedy, and it will truly be reality time. So far, there is little sign that his delight in his new role is anything that most New Yorkers hold against him. The people are probably not as populist-minded as they are reputed to be. Nixon's Graustarkian White House guards may have been too much, but "Hail to the Chief," banned by Jimmy Carter as a gesture against the imperial Presidency, was apparently missed and is now back. Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis was a politician who did ride the subway to work each day and was known for other jus'-folks habits. After he was defeated last month for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, however, the columnist Mary McGrory speculated that Dukakis's fall had come about because, while the voters agreed that he was efficient and honest, they also saw him as "cold and stiff and managerial," and they had the feeling that "he wasn't any fun." Koch seems determined to prove that if he should lose the job of mayor next time out it will not be on that account.

IT is possible that even if all three major papers had been publishing here since August 9th there would still not have been much room for news of municipal government in a period that saw such events as the funerals of two Popes, the thirteen-day Camp David meeting and its exhilarating finale, and, on a less world-shaking level, the New York Yankees' surge from fourteen games down to victory in the American League for the third straight year. (Those New Yorkers who, desperate for a source of intelligence that resembled a real newspaper, tracked down the airmailed-from-Paris edition of the *International Herald Tribune*, could read another story about how the Yankees would represent the American League in the World Series for the third year in a row. The story appeared in that paper's "Fifty Years Ago" de-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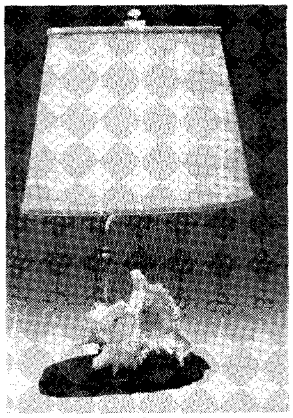

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partment, under the date of September 29, 1928.) Most of the space that local newspapers would have had for politics below the national level during the late summer and early fall would necessarily have been given over to the state election campaign, even though the interest in that event was evidently minimal: a final accounting of the Democratic primary on September 12th showed that only nineteen and a half per cent of the state's registered Democrats had bothered to vote. A poll taken in July showed Carey twenty points behind his Republican challenger, Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea, and in a Carey poll taken in August he was twelve points down. A *Newsday* poll taken soon after the primary had them running even, but most other polls indicated that Carey was several points behind. The lack of interest in the campaign was not decreased by the fact that the two men were to face each other in debates, presumably making essentially the same points on each occasion, thirteen times before the election, on November 7th.

What will probably go down as the most memorable event of the campaign for governor is the ceremony on October 6th, when Carey presided over the renaming of the one-billion-two-hundred-thousand-dollar Empire State Plaza—built during the governorship of Nelson Rockefeller—as the Nelson Rockefeller Empire State Plaza. The proposed change of name had passed the Republican-controlled State Senate but had failed even to reach the floor of the Democratic-controlled State Assembly, so Carey simply changed it on his own. The ceremony, he announced, was a special celebration of Rockefeller's seventieth birthday—which was last July. Rockefeller, who was, of course, the leader of the Republican Party in the state before he announced early in 1977 that he had retired from politics, spent most of the day with his arm around the Democratic Governor. Their rapport seemed complete, although Carey, in accepting the gubernatorial nomination at the state convention in June, had boasted of having turned the state around after "the wretched record of Republican recklessness over sixteen tax-ridden, debt-ridden years"—fifteen of those years being the period when Rockefeller was governor. In earlier Albany speeches, Carey had also jeered at the politicians who "build marble monuments" with the people's money—clearly a swipe at Rockefeller and his mall.

The former governor, however, showed a wholly forgiving spirit. He hailed Carey as a man of "sensitivity and vision," and announced that the state was fortunate to have such a governor. He did needle Carey a little, congratulating him for understanding the importance to the people of the arts and "monumental architecture." Reminded that he had called Carey his favorite congressman in the days when Carey was a Brooklyn member of the House of Representatives, Rockefeller didn't deny it. Upon being asked if all of this constituted an endorsement, Rockefeller said, "I'm out of politics," which set off general laughter. "He likes the guy," Mrs. Rockefeller explained. "That's right, I like him!" said Rockefeller, who, in or out of politics, still speaks with exclamation points.

Rockefeller did not show any evidence of affection for the gubernatorial candidate of his own party: during his Albany years, he and Duryea had often been at odds. The former governor mentioned Duryea only briefly in a list of legislators who had voted for the mall, and the Minority Leader's hand was not one of the many he shook as he left the platform. Afterward, Duryea described the ceremony as "nothing special" but "merely a routine dedication of a rather attractive public structure." The event received much press attention outside the city, where the papers are publishing as usual, and where most of the state's Republicans live. Besides strong anti-Carey sentiment in the state, there continues to be considerable anti-Rockefeller feeling, especially among conservative voters, both Republicans and Democrats, and, with his lead in the polls, Duryea no doubt cherishes the hope that resentment of the two end men's political dirty trick (fun though it was for some) will help bring him victory in November. —ANDY LOGAN

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE EDUCATIONAL SCENE

[*Notice from the University of Georgia's College Curriculum Committee*]

NEW COURSE APPLICATIONS

1.	PHY 102, Introductory Rational Thinking	DISAPPROVED
2.	PHY 403/603, Phenomenology: Existential and Non-Existential	APPROVED
3.	PHY 495, Tutorial in Philosophy	APPROVED
4.	PSY 326, Psychology of Sex and Sexual Deviations	APPROVED
5.	SOC 399, Senior Thesis	(APPROVED, SUBJECT TO COMMITTEE RECOMMENDATION)
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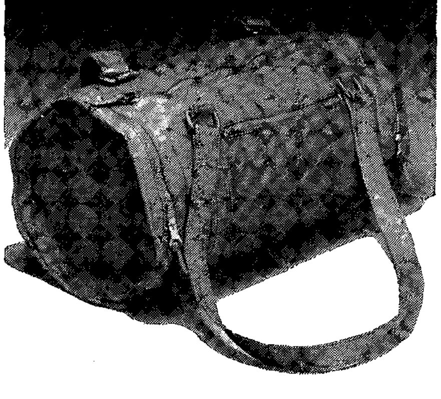

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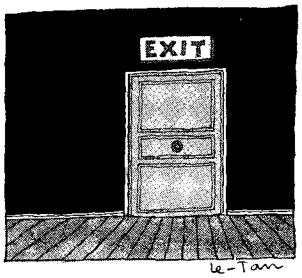
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Detectives—The Capon and the Baby Bowwow

AGATHA CHRISTIE wrote perfectly controlled ensemble work in her novel "Death on the Nile;" the story is told almost entirely in dialogue, and the voices of her characters are so cleverly orchestrated that there's never a wrong note that isn't deliberately wrong. Her detective, Hercule Poirot, is a living, walking lie detector; he can sense the best-concealed flickers of emotion, and hear the pause before a falsehood or the slight tonal evasiveness of someone who isn't telling all he knows. The book, first published in 1937, moves along like a movie with a lot of talk (you cast it in your mind), and, though it's too drawn out, it's a model of escapist engineering. Reading it is a pleasant form of oblivion.



The salaries and availabilities of actors with box-office appeal being a form of international roulette, the movie of "Death on the Nile" can't possibly achieve the novel's ensemble perfection. The goal of the movie is "all-star" ensemble work (i.e., a showcase, in which everyone has his turn), and, like its predecessor, "Murder on the Orient Express" (both were produced by the English team of John Brabourne and Richard Goodwin), it's shaped to satisfy the audience's nostalgic longing for extinct forms of idle-class travel. Once again, it's the thirties; this time we travel by steamer. The script, by Anthony Shaffer, has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. His directing here is languid, depleted; he rouses himself now and then, when he gets a chance at a big outdoor scene, such as an attempted murder in the Theban ruins at Luxor, but he sinks right back.

The novel centers on two beautiful young women who have known each other from their convent-school days in Paris. Jacqueline de Bellefort, the recently impoverished daughter of a French count, has fallen passionately in love with a penniless Englishman, Simon Doyle, and goes for help to her best friend, Linnet Ridgeway, who is an American heiress and one of the richest girls in the world. Linnet, who has always had everything she wanted, is in England remodelling an ancient estate she has just bought, and Jacqueline asks her to hire Simon as estate manager, so that they'll be in a position to get married and go off for a honeymoon in Egypt. Jacqueline takes Simon to meet Linnet, and within a month it's the two of *them* who are off honeymooning in Egypt. In a single-minded rage over her betrayal, Jacqueline follows, turning up wherever they go, making scenes and spoiling things for them. The married lovers hope they've got away from her when they board the steamer Karnak, which will take them for a luxury cruise on the Nile, but Jacqueline shows up on board, among a collection of tourists who almost all have reasons to hate the imperious Linnet. The only clear-cut exception is Poirot (on vacation, naturally).

The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. We never really see Jacqueline's total love for Simon, which sets the story in motion, or feel the shock of the honeymooners when she first confronts them, or the guilt that envelops them. The movie's first mistake is the casting of Lois Chiles as Linnet Ridgeway; in a movie where nuances should be exact, here is an actress so inept you can't even tell that she's meant to be American. Lois Chiles (she was Jordan Baker in "The Great Gatsby") has a low voice that doesn't seem to be coming from her at all—she always sounds dubbed or vaguely ventriloquial, like a transsexual. And she hasn't the style for arrogance. She looked smashing in her brief scene in "Coma" (as the heroine's friend who was having an abortion), but more of her is less. She's so inexpressive that her beauty does not make her enticing. The only time she lives up to the demands of the role is when she's seen from the back, dancing in a low-cut gown. It's a sly touch that Linnet and her full-lipped, overeager bridegroom, Simon (Simon MacCorkindale), look matched by nature: dark, lusting, unpleasantly sensual—and with big, long chins. But, even made up to resemble the young Rita Hayworth, Lois Chiles is much too crude to be an heiress favored by the gods; she's more like the tough young wife of a Texas used-car dealer. The casting of Mia Farrow as the jilted Jacqueline is damaging in a different way. Mia Farrow is an increasingly skillful actress, and her pale-pink eerie sprite face takes the light as delicately as any face in movies. She is never dull in this role—she may be incapable of dullness. Nor is she a wispy sweet ingénue here; she does suggest Jacqueline's scorn for self-preservation. But the story is calculated around the pity that the other characters feel for Jacqueline, and Mia Farrow is too exquisitely perverse for pity—she's the carrot-haired daughter of Morgan le Fay. When she attaches herself to the honeymoon, she seems to be amusing herself rather than abasing herself. So there's no fiery passion, with its suggestion of evil, at the center of the plot. What's there is more like malice. Perhaps Shaffer intended it this way, but it's a little parched. (Why Jacqueline's French name is retained when there is no other suggestion that she is French seems a puzzling oversight in a movie in which so much of the comedy relates to the characters' nationalities.)

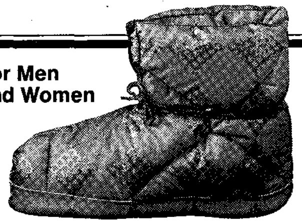
"Death on the Nile" is a flop of a very special kind. I don't know that I've ever seen a movie with so many clever things in it which was yet so disappointing. Shaffer has an ear for high-style romp, and the details are knobby and funny. There's invention in the relationship between the rich old pearl-freak, Mrs. Van Schuyler (Bette Davis), and Miss Bowers, her nurse-companion (Maggie Smith). It's the thin-nosed, neat-looking nurse, in her insanely correct nurse-companion ensembles (they're like military drill suits), who has the upper hand—who sneers at her employer's attempts to give her orders, and grabs the old lady, jerks her arm, and hustles her around rudely. Maggie Smith is so fast you can't keep track of her hands. Bette Davis's timing is off, and she never gets into her role (she seems much too vigorous for her old-dowager clothes), but she uses her distinctive style of vocal emphasis to get her few laugh lines across, and her teammate Maggie Smith—Our Lady of the Wrists—takes care of the action. Maggie Smith plays her part with nippy, spinsterish angularity; Miss Bowers' brooding, furious bad temper about the injustice of her subservient position keeps flaring up in a quick angry movement, a sudden flush, or a burst of pinched-face resentment. Her boiling point is her normal body temperature. It's a small role, but so triumphantly mannered that you have the pleasure of seeing a great actress at work. Though I came out of this movie feeling down, I can easily

imagine myself watching it again, when it turns up on Home Box Office—to see the Maggie Smith scenes, and Angela Lansbury in her war paint, and Peter Ustinov's chickeny bachelor Poirot.

Angela Lansbury does a superlative caricature of a wreck of a vamp—Salome Otterbourne, a trash novelist whose steamy blend of sex, fate, and the mystery of the East has become passé. Lansbury doesn't walk; she slouches and lists (and not because she's on a boat). She's whooping it up one moment and sagging from booze the next. She's all curves, satin turbans, amber beads that hang to her crotch, and drizzling clouds of chiffon and fringe. Lansbury does a Margaret Rutherford, but with visions of satyrs in her bulging eyes. Talking out of the side of her gargling, sloshing mouth, she bats Fuller Brush eyelashes. (She must have swiped them from Louise Nevelson.) You feel she needs a derrick to lift her lids. It's a glorious piece of eccentric excess, right down to the love bracelet on the ankle. Lansbury could use some comic foils, though. When she twists and sways her concave body in the ecstasy of a tango, all she's got for a partner is David Niven (as Poirot's colleague, Colonel Race), and he doesn't bring much to the party. It must certainly have been the disappointment of David Niven's life that he didn't grow up to be C. Aubrey Smith. (Smith was the rock foundation of the British Empire; when he died, it was the end of the Empire.)

Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Poirot. An inspired mimic, he does the accent so easily that he can relax and do what other Poirots haven't been able to: he gives us layer upon layer of fatuity and vanity, and Poirot acquires depth—or, rather, thickness. Sherlock Holmes was smart about everything, but, as Ustinov demonstrates, it's possible to be a great detective without being a great intellect—it can be a craft, like knowing how to make boots that fit. His Poirot is an essentially ponderous man—that's what makes him funny. And Shaffer has provided conceits, such as a shaggy-cobra story, in which Ustinov can show us Poirot in moments of mortification. But, since Ustinov is playing a moldy fig and is on the screen fairly steadily, he suffers the most from the director's failure to vary the rhythms of the scenes. And when Poirot gives us his hypotheses of how each of the surviving passengers could have committed the murder, and these hypotheses are visualized for us, we should be enjoying the comedy of Poirot's arch pedantry—his need to stretch things out. Instead, the film itself seems to stretch out, as each suspect is seen huffing and puffing down the deck into the victim's cabin and out again.

There are fine bits. As the helplessly grinning obsequious Indian manager of the cruise ship, who talks through protruding teeth, I. S. Johar does the kind of racial comedy that is often frowned on (as if every racial joke were really a racist slur); it's like Mickey Rooney's Japanese photographer in "Breakfast at Tiffany's" and Ernie Kovacs' Cuban in "Our Man in Havana," or one of Peter Sellers' Indians. Except that for Johar it's Indian self-satire. Jon Finch is personable as the rich Bolshevik on board, who dresses like a volunteer for the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, though he falters in his last scene (in beret and open shirt), when he looks much too effete to be pairing off with Salome's serious-minded daughter (Olivia Hussey). Playing a medical quack, the head of a Swiss clinic, Jack Warden seems out of his element (he looks as if he should be in the boiler room), and his New York accent sometimes comes through his German accent, but he has one scene with Ustinov in which their comic impersonations commingle—it's



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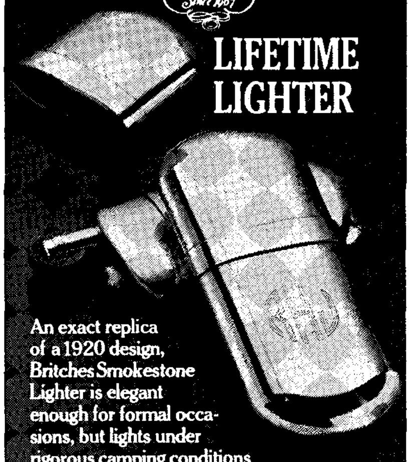

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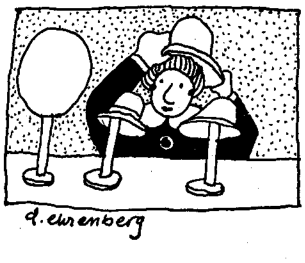
like a duet for bugles. From moment to moment, the film is never less than engaging (it's easy to blot out people like George Kennedy, who gives his usual blustering, overscaled performance, this time as a thieving lawyer), yet the over-all effect is drab. You sit in your seat disconsolate, whimpering for a little moviemaking flair.

IN "The Big Fix," the first movie Richard Dreyfuss has appeared in since he won the Academy Award for "The Goodbye Girl," he acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. When Dreyfuss appeared in "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and jiggled impatiently and sweated and scratched, it was in relation to the other people in the story; Duddy's drive for success was a comic passion. Here, when Dreyfuss hops and grins and pirouettes, he's not doing it for the people in the frame—it's for us. He's grandstanding. It's the grandstanding of a kid who's the best actor in the acting class—the one the other kids think is going to make it. He acts as if the camera were a mirror, and preens in front of it. He does too much: every shot is another entrance, another chance for him to see what he can come up with. He's trying gestures on for size. When he tells off some F.B.I. agents who are grilling him and walks down the hall grinning and evoking Bogart, he looks as if he couldn't resist it. When he registers deep emotion by lifting his head, closing his eyes, and giving his head a fast shake to clear away the pain, all he shows us is an enormous amount of boyish self-consciousness.

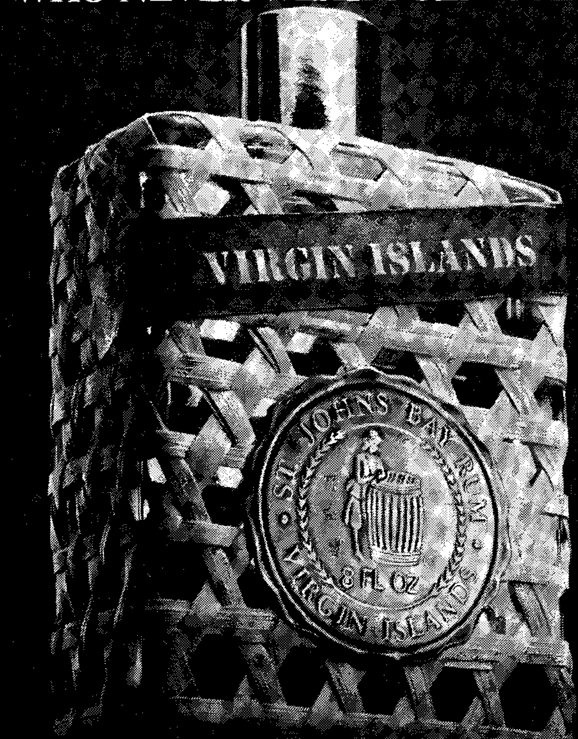


There's often something likable in the self-consciousness of showoff kids—we respond to their eagerness to please. But not after they've begun to count on our response. In "The Goodbye Girl," Dreyfuss started to give up acting for being loved. His role, like many other roles written by Neil Simon, was both more and less than an opportunity: it offered a chance for opportunism. As soon as he stuck his head in the door of Marsha Mason's apartment, we in the audience asked how long it would take for her to realize how wonderful he was. And once Dreyfuss had played wonderful he must have lost his heart to himself. In "The Big Fix," he smooths and perfects everything he did that got a simpering response in "The Goodbye Girl." He's so endearing, he acts with such cherubic self-satisfaction, that he should be billed as Richard "Cuddles" Dreyfuss.

This is a potentially major screen actor settling for "love-me" star acting. He still has moments: when, as Moses Wine, a private investigator, he discovers the body of the woman he's been dating, we're moved not by the sight of the body but by the shock to him. There are still glimmers of the range of expressiveness of a real actor. But the whole production (and he's the co-producer) is shaped to set off his darling-little-Jewish-boy angst and humor, and to mythologize them, giving them roots in the student-protest movement of the sixties. "The Big Fix" is based on Roger L. Simon's adaptation of his own 1973 detective novel, which was originally commissioned by *Rolling Stone* and its subsidiary, Straight Arrow Books, and is a counterculture roman à clef. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Everything that has happened to the characters since is a fall—a compromise or a sellout. The movie uses "Berkeley" the way Stalinists used "Spain": to set off waves of guilt and sadness. Moses Wine isn't merely the usual cynical, down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two small sons to support from a failed marriage (to Bonnie Bedelia). This is a private eye so full of love it oozes out of him; he's creamy. There's a scene that may be a touchstone for viewers' reactions to the film. Moses Wine is in his pad, and one of his sons phones and says he can't sleep, and Moses sings him a children's song—"I Went to the Animal Fair." This could have been an affecting scene if the director, Jeremy Paul Kagan, had simply cut away from it. But the camera pulls back as Moses sings, calling our attention to how small and isolated and lonely he is—a man who has lost everything he believed in, and is separated even from the children he loves. If you aren't bothered by that editorializing camera movement, chances are you'll enjoy "The Big Fix."

The publicity for the film stresses the youth of the filmmakers and their shared background of sixties demonstrations. (It's the background of just about anyone now in his late twenties or early thirties who went to college.) But "The Big Fix" looks like a sloppy old-man's movie. This is Kagan's second theatrical feature. Earlier, he made several films for TV—"Unwed Father," "Judge Dee," and "Katherine," the last with Henry Winkler, and with Sissy Spacek as a member of the revolutionary underground. His first feature, the amateurish "Heroes," starring Winkler as a whimsically disturbed Vietnam veteran, was an exploitation of countercultural attitudes—a naïve, earnestly romantic film, with mushy love for its own purity and kookiness. (Do moviemakers who begin this way ever get the mush out of their skulls?) "The Big Fix" isn't as dismal as "Heroes;" the author's mixture of hard-boiled private-eye wisecracking and leftist politics is at least a new brand of pop manure. There are laughs in the picture. But Kagan's work as a director has got even worse. "The Big Fix" has a much more complicated story than "Heroes," and nobody is holding on to the plot threads. It looks as if the director had abdicated, or had never taken over. Dreyfuss dominates the picture the way actor-directors do when they have become sentimental about their own acting, and the scenes are imprecise, mottled. Often you can't tell where the story is taking place (it's set in locations in the Los Angeles area) or exactly what is going on; you figure the scenes out after they're over. There's virtually no indication that anyone connected with the film had any interest in visual composition, and the images are uniformly underlit, without contrast or emphasis. The whole movie seems to have been photographed through sludge.

In the messy flux of each of Kagan's films, there's an authentic piece of acting. In "Heroes," it's Harrison Ford as an anxious, emotionally burned-out veteran. The performance is startlingly plain. You can believe this vet went through combat; it didn't turn him baby-talk whimsical, it left a blank space in his good nature. In "The Big Fix," it's F. Murray Abraham as Howard Eppis, an Abbie Hoffman-like sloganeering radical and the author of "Rip It Off." We see him first in newsreel footage from Berkeley in the sixties, and he's bouncing up and down gleefully, out of sheer kinetic high spirits. And when we meet him we can see that all the shouting and demonstrating were a physical outlet for him—that he's still dancing with energy, still maniacal and shallow. On the stage, Abraham probably gives au-



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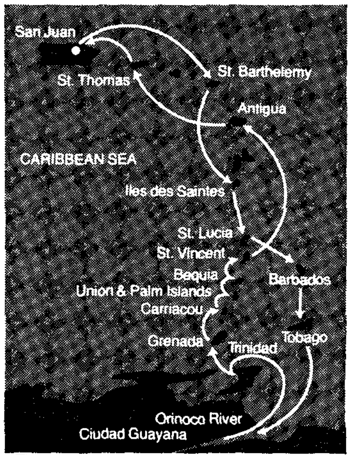

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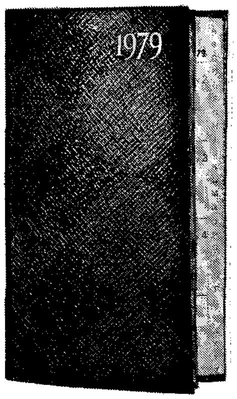

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diences as much joy as any American actor of his generation, and some suggestion of his gift comes through in this small part. His satirical version of a student leader who has grown older and changed his ideas but is still all hopped up feels completely right, because his body is in character. He has stepped past his other self—the one that might be self-conscious.

The plot of "The Big Fix" involves someone's attempt to sabotage the campaign of the liberal candidate for governor of California by dirty tricks—distributing flyers that associate him with Eppis's bravado. Moses, who once knew Eppis, is hired by the campaign organization (the workers include Susan Anspach and John Lithgow) to find out what's going on. (When Dreyfuss and Susan Anspach are on the screen together trading big smiles, they seem to be competing for the Miss Congeniality Award.) It would certainly help if the director had drawn our attention to the vital plot elements—if there were enough visual design and clarity for us to see who is in the scenes, so we could tell who is chasing whom (even if we were still never to know why). It would also help if we cared; that is, if we had some stake in the liberal candidate's being elected, if he represented the ideals of the sixties radicals (as was the case in the book, where his opponent was fascistic). But, possibly for the sake of taking a hard line—i.e., nothing good can come from working within the system—the liberal candidate has been made a droning dullard and a phony. In the movie, it doesn't matter who gets elected, so not only do we not have a rooting interest in the candidate but we can't even see any reason the reactionaries are out to get him. If I read the situation right, the moviemakers are so fearful of being accused of having turned into liberals that they've destroyed their own plot. The movie has no core. But they've kept their purity.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

One day last spring journalist Tami Hultman of Durham sat under the blazing sun in the Sahara. The afternoon temperature soared past 100 degrees and hot desert winds blew at the small, slender woman. But despite the heat, she listened intently as Polisario guerrillas told her stories of the war with Morocco over a meal of dried camel meat and crusty bread baked in the sand.—*Durham (N.C.) Morning Herald.*

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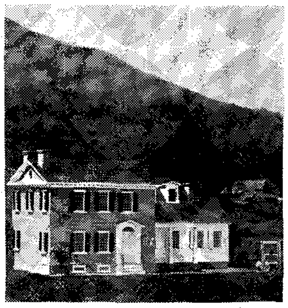

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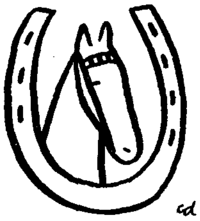
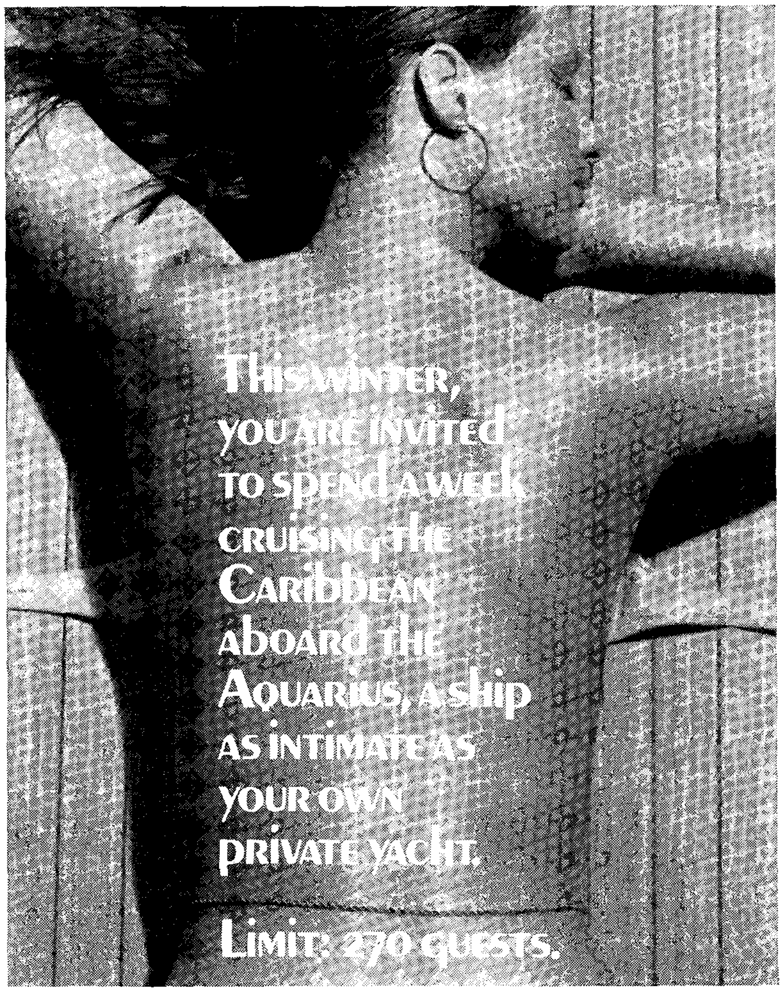


Nelson Bunker Hunt's Kentucky-bred Exceller, a top horse on European tracks, coming from so far back that Shoemaker said he couldn't see the leader, but finishing with an amazing burst of speed, beat Seattle Slew by a nose—from some angles it looked more like a dead heat—to take the $321,800 Jockey Club Gold Cup before a crowd of 25,108 at Belmont Park last Saturday. Exceller's share of the purse was $193,080, pushing his total earnings to $1,479,003. Howard P. Wilson's Great Contractor, who won the race in 1976 and finished second last year, was third. It was as exciting to watch as any Gold Cup I can remember. Because of early-morning rain, the mile-and-a-half race was switched from the turf course to the main dirt track (it was pretty muddy, too), and that might have been a break for Slew, who has never run on the grass. At any rate, he made a superb try, leading much of the way, and giving his best for Cordero when Exceller made his charge. Laz Barrera had taken dead aim at Slew, naming three horses to challenge him: Affirmed, Life's Hope, and Americanized. In the event, Americanized didn't go to the post. Affirmed and Life's Hope pushed Slew to a red-hot 0:22⅗ for the first quarter and 0:45⅕ for the half mile, before Life's Hope began to fade, halfway down the backstretch. Affirmed's saddle slipped when he was running head and head with Slew going to the first turn. He continued well for a few furlongs but then gave way, finishing next to last in the field of six. Charlie Whittingham, who trains Exceller, is not sure whether he will run him back in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, on November 4th. The big horse may be shipped to California—there are a couple of races with fat purses he might go in out there.

On Monday of last week, Greentree Stable's Late Bloomer justified the bettors' confidence in her—she left the post at 9–10—by outlasting Pearl Necklace to win the $130,250 Beldame Stakes, for fillies and mares, by a length and a quarter. Cum Laude Laurie, last year's winner, was third,



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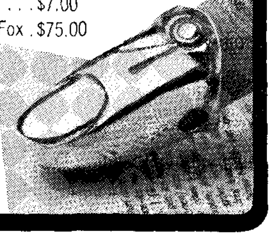

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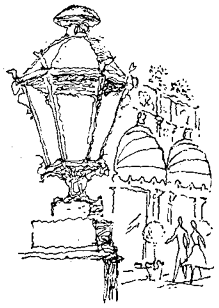

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four lengths farther back. It was the sixth stakes victory in a row for Late Bloomer. She carried 123 pounds, and stepped the mile and a quarter in 2:02⅕. Her share of the purse was $78,150, which brings her winnings for this season to $377,458.

SANTA ANITA and Hialeah, the two big winter race meetings, announced their stakes-race dates last week. Santa Anita, which will open, as usual, the day after Christmas and close on April 8th, will have forty-eight stakes worth a total of $3,550,000 and headed by the $300,000 Santa Anita Handicap, on March 4th. Ten of the California track's races will be worth $100,000 or more—among them the $200,000 Charles H. Strub, for four-year-olds, on February 4th, and the San Juan Capistrano, also worth $200,000, on closing day. The $150,000 Santa Anita Derby will be on April 1st. The value of the Santa Margarita Handicap, the big one for fillies and mares, on February 25th, has been increased from $100,000 to $125,000. The San Luis Rey, on March 18th, has been increased to $150,000.

Hialeah is offering twenty-one stakes, for a total of $840,000 at its meeting, from March 7th to May 12th. The Flamingo Stakes, for three-year-olds; the Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap; and the Widener Handicap—all $100,000-added events—will be renewed: the Flamingo on March 24th, the Turf Cup on April 14th, and the Widener on April 7th. There will be eight new stakes for Florida-breds. Eddie McKinsey, Hialeah's general manager and director of racing, and John J. Brunetti, the president of the track, said that they had "decided to give the breeding industry a stage on which to present its product." Also on the program will be four handicaps—the Seminole, the Bougainvillea, the Black Helen, and the Sprint Championship—and the Poinsettia Stakes, each of them worth $50,000. —AUDAX MINOR

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FOOTBALL

The Shape of Things

MICHIGAN STATE moved in on Ann Arbor, the home of Michigan, over the weekend and went home a winner, at a quite unexpected count of 24–15. Joe Holland, *late* of Michigan and *always* son of Brud Holland, the most memorable Cornell end ever, was not on hand to watch his ex-alma mater falter and go down. At his current 204 pounds, he is hardly weighty enough to be more than a third-ranking fullback in Big Ten football. But he *is* weighty enough to be a luminous performer in the Ivy League, and is now performing prodigiously on behalf of his papa's alma mater, as a transfer student—a rare bird within that league. He had been of help weekend before last in putting away a forlorn Bucknell; this past weekend, going against Harvard, in Boston, he lugged the ball fifty-five times for 244 yards and four touchdowns. The going that afternoon was moist and slippery, so Holland's associates and opponents were merrily fumbling the ball away, and collecting a full deck of penalties, too, but Holland went about his business undeterred: Cornell 25, Harvard 20. He is only a portion of the machinery that Blackman, in his second season as headmaster of Cornell football, is putting together. This fall's varsity roster is awash in likely sophomores, and spies in the vicinity report that a freshman squad over eighty strong is on the premises. Young footballers follow Blackman's flag, it seems, wherever he goes. Not much of the Blackman guile is yet in evidence at Cornell: last Saturday, Hofher, at quarter, kept feinting a pass while his forwards trap-blocked Harvard; then he gave the ball to Holland, who went up the middle, over guard, over tackle, around the ends, nearly at will. At that, Cornell had to come from behind to win: a couple of Blackman tricks didn't work out, and Brown, at quarter for Harvard, did some excellent throwing. (Brown has thrown, in four matches this fall, for almost six hundred yards.) Watch Holland while you can; he is a senior, and the counterpart of last year's Pagliaro, who ran for Yale.

Yale, which in three afternoons had amassed some seventy points, had no good mudrunners last weekend, and against a Dartmouth that had ceded some seventy points in three encounters managed to collect only three for itself: Dartmouth 10, Yale 3. It's the beautiful illogicality of such an event that makes the Ivy League the most picturesque game in town. Yale, which should be on top of the League all the way, is already below Dartmouth, Brown, Cornell, and Columbia, which, making the very best use of what it has in hand, overtook Princeton, at 14–10, late in the afternoon on Saturday. It was an exhibition of almost unadulterated old-fashioned slogging away by both squads—slamming into the line, tossing a very occasional pitchout, and almost never throwing a pass. Columbia, with runners the likes of Britt and Ciulla and Fitzpatrick, can really amount to something this season; Princeton, which had been relying mostly on Barrett's passing, sent in Reynolds *vice* Barrett against Columbia, and its running attack thereby improved enormously; then it sent in Barrett to throw after Columbia went out in front in the fourth quarter. No go! Princeton has not won a match, in or out of the League, this fall, and the unluckiest of its forthcoming opponents, Colgate, turned the corner last Saturday by picking off Villanova, its first victim so far, at 20–14. Brown, further celebrating its belated return to consistency, overcame Pennsylvania, at 14–0, and looks like the winner it should have been all along.

THE news from West Point is discouraging: Army could not field its first-string quarter, Mulrane, or its best running backs, Merriken and Anderson; and Holy Cross, which had already demolished Dartmouth, ran Army down at 31–0. Wheelwright, who has been in charge of Holy Cross through some very thin seasons since he parted company with Colgate, is having a very good one at last. Admirers of trickery must applaud the maneuver in which his quarter, kneeling to hold the ball for an apparent attempt at a field goal, takes the pass from center, sashays around until the putative kicker of the goal has crossed the enemy goal line, and then lofts the ball to him. Army finally fell back on the freshman Bennett, newly out of Choate School, at quarter, after he had had but two days' practice at the position, and on his first play he threw a pass worth forty-one yards. We'll probably see more of *him*.

—J. W. L.

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DANCING

Quintessence

AS the curtain rises on "Fractions," the dancers are posed facing in different directions, and their stillness is charged with the kind of tension peculiar to Merce Cunningham. It is a memorable, emblematic opening, and "Fractions," as it unfolds, has the concentrated energy of a great signature work. When it is over, it seems to have summed up everything important in the Cunningham canon and yet to have weighed not an ounce. "Fractions" is one of the new works that were presented in the Cunningham company's repertory season at the City Center. It was conceived as choreography for television and was taped a year ago in the Cunningham studio. I have seen the tape; it is the finest piece of video choreography anyone has yet made. (A longer version, extended by the use of different takes of identical material, was seen in the New York area on cable TV just ahead of the City Center season.) The dance is divided by four cameras; in the image that we see, quotient and remainder appear side by side and change constantly. In the past, Cunningham has experimented with split screens and chroma-key arrangements. Here he simply sets up TV monitors in the studio to catch the overflow from the main image. Along with solid-color panels, by Mark Lancaster, which are positioned around the space in a different relation to the dancing from what we see in the stage production, the monitors are part of the set. They may show closeups of the dancers being photographed or they may register background action or action not within the range of the main camera. The multiple viewpoints may suddenly contract to a partial viewpoint and the entire frame may be filled with, say, Karole Armitage seen only from the hips up as she goes through the maze of an elaborate pas de deux. Her partner, Robert Kovich, becomes a mysterious erotic presence. Cunningham, alone of the choreographers who have worked with television, has assumed that defining TV space is necessary to the projection of a dance in TV terms. (Twyla Tharp's brilliant "Making Television Dance," for PBS, was about television more than it was about dance; it was electronics commenting on itself.) And Cunningham's acute sense of how to use television is related to his theatre choreography. The diffused focus, the interchangeable perspectives, the simultaneous play of discrete elements are readily translated to fill the TV void. The same factors that make Cunningham choreography as interesting to watch close up as from a distance make it televisable; as in figure skating, which is also a good show on television, space is fluid. To watch the videodance "Fractions" is to watch the medium find its dancing master. Is it just a coincidence that Lancaster's scenery for Cunningham's latest solo, "Tango," is a tuned-in (but silent—John Cage provides the sound) television set?

The stage version of "Fractions," which was first given last winter in Boston, is so reorganized and replotted that only in the content of the choreography can we recognize it as the same dance; even the dancers seem transformed. No monitors are to be seen. (Occasionally, someone will appear over to one side, taking up a position on invisible chalk marks and then walking off. It is typical of Cunningham to take away the cameras and leave their subjects.) "Fractions" may be the most successful of Cunningham's videodances because it's really about dancing, and "television" is metaphorically present in its conception—a part of the real world of change which Cunningham believes in and makes dances about. Unlike "Westbeth," a former video experiment, "Fractions" isn't fancy and self-conscious, with one eye on the lens; it's a natural happening, whether you see it on the tube or on the stage, and it may be the closest any choreographer has yet come to working with absolute integrity in two media at once. If I prefer the theatrical version, that's because I prefer the theatre. Even Cunningham hasn't shown me where the poetry is in television, although he has shown me its wit. The closing minutes of "Fractions" build to an ensemble section in which the dispersals and regroupings are punctuated by the repetition of a single phrase: three pliés in rhythm followed by plié-hold. On television, credits were flashed over the holds as if they were frozen frames. But there can be no TV equivalent of the moment when, onstage, a group freezes to isolate a solitary leap. There doesn't seem to be any such thing as "solitary" on television—not even when Karole Armitage is alone in her pas de deux. People are either on camera or off. In the theatre, Kovich's supporting role in the pas de deux is, of course, fully seen, and it is still almost entirely "below frame," but the beautiful poses he takes as he leans away from Armitage's hovering body or embraces it from underneath place the action clearly on two planes. Armitage, with her amazing high extension, is as secure in her upper realm as she would be on point; no ballerina was ever more gracefully or daringly cantilevered. And the drama of it is Kovich's also.

It is impossible to discuss Cunningham's choreography these days without discussing his dancers, many of them newcomers. There was another influx this year, and some former members—Louise Burns, Catherine Kerr—have returned. But for the first time since the turning-over process began, about two years ago, the company has lost its raw-recruit look, and among the girls especially there is a new, sharp sense of style. Armitage exemplifies it; Lisa Fox, Kerr, and the others reveal it, too. It's based on the high, free-swinging leg extensions they all seem to have under admirable control from the inner thigh. What thunderous grands battements these women produce, and what floating footwork! Armitage's développé is impeccably skewed as it swings into one of Cunningham's favorite positions—neither à la seconde nor quatrième devant. Cunningham loves to skew classical standards, to be oblique where ballet is direct and direct where it's oblique. Seeing legs whip straight back from a zigzag fouetté into penchée arabesque is like crossing a divide when the bridge is gone; you feel the full impact of what hasn't happened in between. There are many such moments in Armitage's solo in "Fractions." (Fox does a slightly different version.) As she kicks, turns, and strides in huge seconds and fourths, she seems in a very real sense to be breaking ground. Old structures crumble; air rushes up. A lot of the material in "Fractions" is not really new; it's canonical. Perhaps working with television and with so many new dancers made Cunningham want to recover and restate his foundations. In any event, "Fractions" enters the repertory at precisely the right moment. It's a stabilizer. Wonderful as Cunningham's recent work has been, a concise, limpid experience like "Fractions" hasn't happened in some time. The piece doesn't fall into sections; neither does it become monomaniacally urgent, like "Torse." In its organic development, its suspenseful configurations, "Fractions" reminds me of the older works, which are represented in the current repertory by "Summerspace" and "Rune." In those pieces, the dancers are as sensuously alert and free as forest creatures in a clearing. "Fractions" brings to mind J. F. Powers' biblical "lions, harts, leaping does." It is quintessential Merce.

"Inlets" also has some of this characteristic nature poetry, with unusually small, elegant transitions. Beautiful Giacometti distances, too (there are only six dancers), and a few curiosities: a recurrent "Greek" pose, a broken-footed walk in relevé, a group tableau that looks like a climax. But I'm not sure it's the dark, enigmatic piece that the décor, by Morris Graves, makes it out to be. The big shiny "sun" that travels slowly across the backcloth, the scrim that makes everything misty, even the very handsome sulphur-by-day, cobalt-by-night lighting, by Charles Atlas, press far too hard. The choreography is Cunningham at his most gently uninsistent. Another curiosity is the Graves poster that was offered for sale during the season. It links a big solar semicircle to two coiled serpents. The colors are the same as those we see on the stage, but the pronged, writhing shapes are far from the earnest romanticism of the set. Animal imagery appears in the costumes—unitards dyed in patches of dark gray and worn with rhinestone dog collars. Cunningham, in addition, has one white and one black foot, which throws his famous parallel position into high relief. Jasper Johns has also made a striking set of costumes for "Exchange." Together with his lighting, the gray-over-pastel coloring suggests a theme of shadows and smoke. The choreography, though, comes in a thick flow of exuberant invention. "Exchange" is a cornucopia: some of the dances look like points of origin for things in "Fractions" or "Inlets," and the piece as a whole looks as if it could furnish an entire repertory. I wish I had been able to watch it more closely, but my concentration broke about halfway through under the battering of David Tudor's score. Cage's water and fire music for "Inlets" didn't get in the way of my enjoyment, and Jon Gibson's flute solo for "Fractions" enhanced it. If the tenebrous décors for both pieces were discordant, they were not destructive. But how can you watch a dance with V-2 rockets whistling overhead? Of all the aspects of the Cunningham rev-

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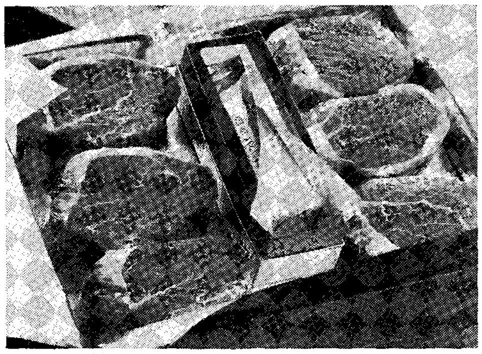

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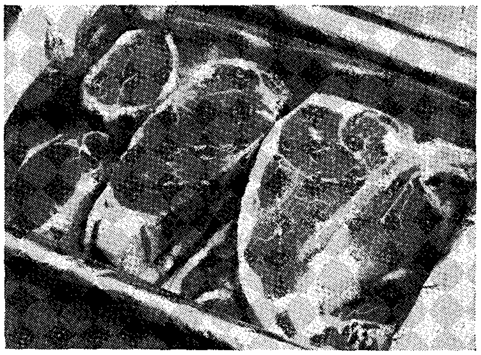

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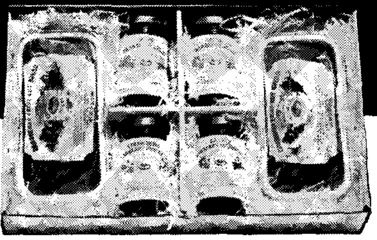

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olution, music remains the most problematical. Some of the dissociated-sound scores that Cunningham uses are more interfering and dictatorial than planned settings would be.

QUITE a few young women are clacketing around in tap shoes these days, showing off techniques learned from the jazz dancers of a former generation—men like Stanley Brown and Charles Cook and Honi Coles. The new tappers are all white, and almost all are displaced modern dancers; a disconcerting number of them have performed with Meredith Monk or had their interest whetted by Twyla Tharp's use of tap. They want not so much to revive a bygone era as to develop tap into a contemporary art form. But at their concerts one tends to hear pre-rock jazz and see the dancing that went with it. Jazz dance was largely the province of black male hoofers, and it was primarily acoustic; it seldom got off the ground and into the air. There were also spectacular "flash" acts, like the Nicholas Brothers, but women did not often venture into virtuoso hoofer territory, because, whether in the air or on the ground, the technique was physically unflattering. It still is; in tap-dancing, a woman has to work hard to avoid looking like she's working hard, and those who study with aging hoofers have to beware of absorbing their heaviness. A young woman doesn't need a low plié; she needs height in the upper back, loose hips, more flexibility in the ankle than in the knee. And she needs to develop something in the way of a body line for her audience to look at. I'm aware that these sexual distinctions probably don't interest the new breed of female tap-dancers, but who could be interested in the low-primate stuff they're turning out now? Some of these girls are very articulate students of jazz-tap history; they're trying to rescue a dying art. But almost none of them have seen how to re-create the art in respect to their own needs and gifts.

Gail Conrad is an exception to all this; she may be the only woman choreographer in the currently expanding tap field whose objective isn't laying down irons like a man. It was through watching Conrad perform with her group last month at the Theatre for the New City that I began to see what the others were missing. Conrad's carriage is consistently buoyant, her line is attractive, her sound is delicate and full. A small, active redhead, she casts herself slightly tomboy, but this is plainly her adaptation of a musical-comedy

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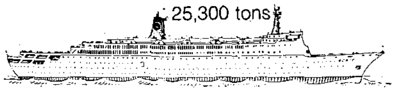

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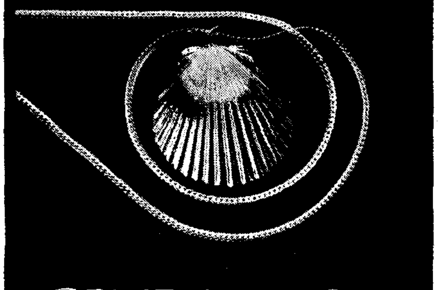

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convention—she has none of that neutered look the other tappers seem to think is appropriate. Conrad's personality is clear, sweet, and strong, and the four members of her company are just as vivid as she is. In this single fact may lie her greatest accomplishment as a choreographer, for as the evening passes it becomes evident that only Seth Tomasini, the gangling leading man, and Conrad herself have a high-grade technique. Bob Duncan, though a practiced performer, is not yet in their league as a tap-dancer. Anny DeGange and Muriel Favaro can best be described as enlightened amateurs. Conrad's choreography presents her performers at their various levels of strength without revealing inequalities that might hamper the show. With all of them dancing up to capacity in their tailor-made roles, the show becomes transparently and engagingly a set of full-length "character" portraits. The two unfledged women dancers (who are also Conrad's pupils) are especially charming. DeGange is round and bouncy, a sturdy New Yorker; the tall and glamorous Favaro, with only three months of study, looks like Rita Hayworth doing the Shorty George.

One way to vary a tap step is to travel it. Conrad calls her hour-long show "Travellers: A Tap Dance/Epic," and the dances are strung on a thread of a story about a mixed bunch of travellers in South America. So fine is this thread that the show was half over before I saw where it was going. No other tap choreographer I know has attempted a whole show on a single theme. Conrad has done it, but how much scope dancing of this sort can impart to a theme is a question. At times, Conrad seemed to evoke the curious unmoored sensation of foreign travel, and the evening took on an avant-gardish hallucinatory tinge; at other times the atmospheric bits about tourists reading maps and going to the beach and taking pictures seemed intended as nothing more than rests between dances. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that "Travellers" took the form of a Latin-American travelogue because of the music. Not only are the sambas and rumbas and cha-chas good for tap-dancing, they also avoid the dilemma of having to choose between a jazz stereotype and a rock experiment. A swinging five-man ensemble played the music (when it was not on tape) and entered good-naturedly into the show. "Travellers" was that rare success—an intelligently staged homemade fantasy. It kept you off balance—no tricks, no hit material—yet happily absorbed.

—ARLENE CROCE

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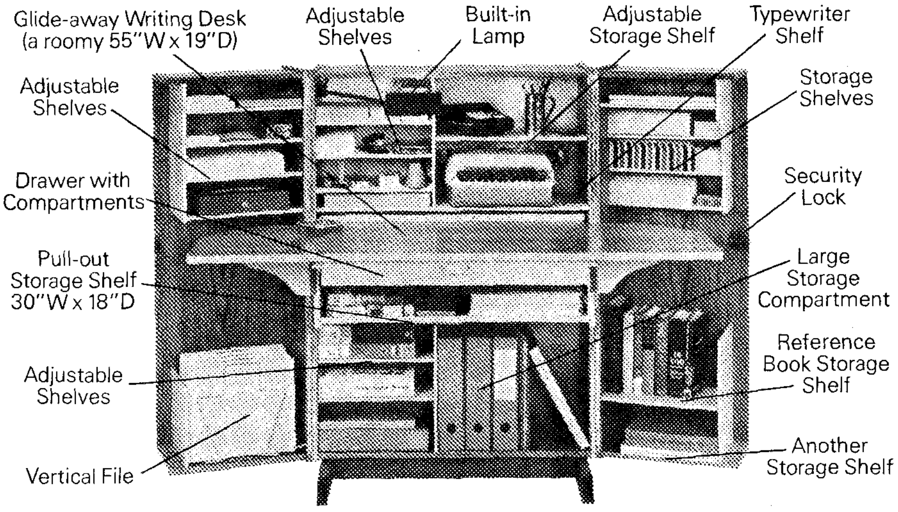

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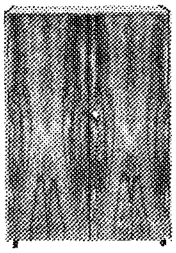

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Saved

THE Metropolitan and the San Francisco productions of "Billy Budd" were complementary. Between them, they sustained a view long held by several of my friends but only recently mine, that "Billy Budd," the sixth of Britten's fifteen operas, is musically the richest and most arresting of them all. Comparisons need not be odious: in brief, New York's version was scenically the more spectacular and emotionally the more romantic, while San Francisco's was musically in sharper focus—the clearest and keenest account of the opera I have ever heard. In both places, the conjunction of artists coming to the piece for the first time and artists who had long been associated with it resulted in performances of uncommon freshness, accuracy, and power. In New York, Captain Vere was sung by Peter Pears, who created the role, twenty-seven years ago, at Covent Garden; and Peter Glossop, a former Billy, played Mr. Redburn, his first lieutenant. In San Francisco, Vere was Richard Lewis, who has been singing the part since 1964; the director was Ande Anderson, who worked on the original production, with the composer, and has staged several of its revivals; and the designs derived from those John Piper created for the première. Outstanding among the new minds playing upon the piece and revealing new aspects of it were those of, in New York, James Morris, the Claggart, and, in San Francisco, David Atherton, who conducted, and Dale Duesing, the Billy.

The New York staging, directed by John Dexter and designed by William Dudley, is a big-house amplification of the version they put on in Hamburg in 1972. (That production, like the Met's, had Richard Stilwell in the title role.) It is based on quick, penetrating appreciation of the work itself, of the Herman Melville story on which it is based, and of differences between the story and the opera. Against a black backcloth and wings, H.M.S. Indomitable (the opera was composed before Harrison Hayford and Merton Sealts established a definitive text of Melville's tale, in which the vessel is named the Bellipotent) is shown in lateral cross-section. Individually or all at once, its levels can rise and fall to create the different settings of the drama—main deck and quarterdeck, captain's cabin spanning the ship from side to side, berth deck. For the chase at the start of Act II, the whole structure rises hugely to reveal four decks fully manned for battle, and the towering visual effect mirrors the mounting excitement of the music. An illusion of five decks is created for Billy's soliloquy, and he lies in irons on the lowest of them. Here the designer has possibly erred. His scene does suggest Melville's "levels so like the tiered galleries of a coal mine"—but Billy should be on the second of them, just below the luminous night on the spar deck. His gun-deck Gethsemane is the most beautiful of Melville's many allegorically charged prison scenes. The gun bays suggest side chapels of a cathedral, branching from "the long dim-vistaed broad aisle between the two batteries." Flickering splashes of dirty yellow light from two swinging battle lanterns pollute the pale moonshine that struggles in through the open ports. Lying amid the black machinery of war, Billy in his "white jumper and white duck trousers, each more or less soiled, dimly glimmered in the obscure light of the bay like a patch of discolored snow in early April lingering at some upland cave's black mouth." The snow will soon melt. Billy's perfect beauty will soon be no more. Already it is smutched by his "generous young heart's virgin experience of the diabolical incarnate and effective in some men": "The skeleton in the cheekbone at the point of its angle was just beginning delicately to be defined under the warm-tinted skin. In fervid hearts self-contained, some brief experiences devour our human tissue."

In this last work of Melville's, left uncompleted at his death, in 1891, whiteness and blackness are symbols held more closely to their traditional values than they were in "Moby Dick," forty years earlier. But nothing in Melville is quite unambiguous, and after Billy's funeral the Indomitable sails on under light airs into a whiteness so bleak, so blank, unmarked by good or ill, that it seems more chilling in its indifference than even the terrible Whiteness of the Whale. "The circumambient air in the clearness of its serenity was like smooth white marble in the polished block not yet removed from the marble-dealer's yard."

Not an image, not a word in Melville is lightly or carelessly chosen. (Vere's name tells of truth and also of vacillation; "Bili" and "Budd" were appellations of the Celtic Apollo; to "clag" is to adhere as with the touch of pitch or a spider's web.) Nor is a note,

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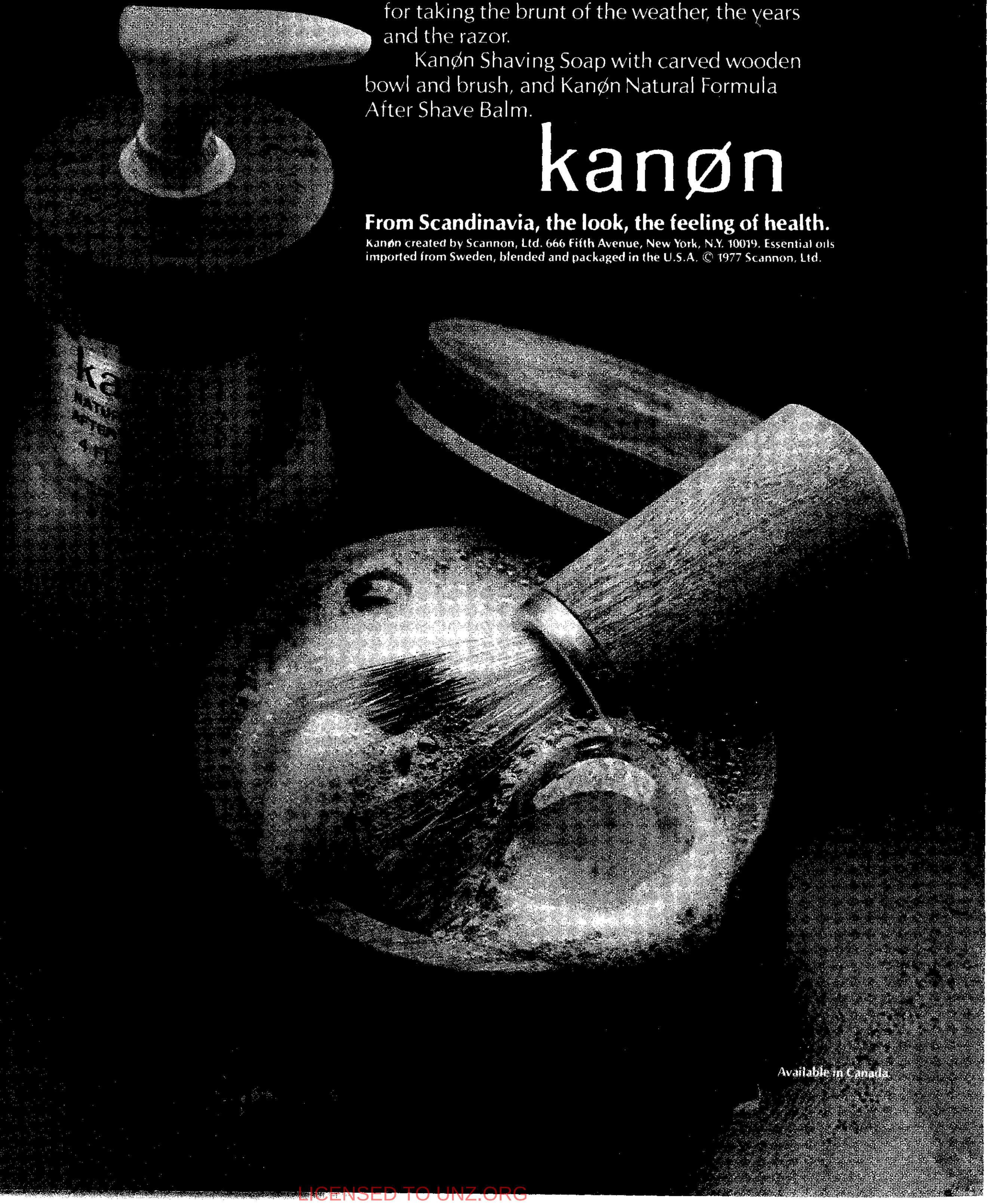

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timbre, or harmony in Britten's score. And so discussion of any detail in a thoughtful, sensitive performance of "Billy Budd" leads toward speculation about the nature and meaning of the work. The design of Mr. Dudley's set obviates the five mid-act curtains—two in Act I, three in Act II—that Britten specifies; the scenes change before our eyes. Between scenes, Mr. Dexter has caught the principal characters—one, two, or all three of them—in shafts of light, on levels and in attitudes that brilliantly represent the ambiguities and changing tensions of the drama: Vere alone on his knees, invoking Authority; Billy and Claggart on the starry deck, each destined to be the other's destroyer, one carefree and the other racked; Vere between Billy and Claggart, a man caught between a Bright Angel and Lucifer; Billy between Claggart and Vere, innocent victim of, on one side, a passion that envy has perverted to hate and, on the other, a temperate judgment that—too late—is warmed by love. Explicatory tableaux uncalled for by the creators of an opera are usually to be deplored, but these added tableaux are not merely explicatory; they are at once dramatic and disturbing in the right way. On the surface, "Billy Budd"—Melville's or Britten's—is a fable of diagrammatic simplicity. The plot can be told in a few sentences—such as these from E. M. Forster's 1927 lectures published as "Aspects of the Novel":

> The scene is on a British man-of-war soon after the Mutiny at the Nore.... The hero, a young sailor, has goodness.... On the surface he is a pleasant, merry, rather insensitive lad, whose perfect physique is marred by one slight defect, a stammer, which finally destroys him.... Claggart, one of the petty officers, at once sees in him the enemy—his own enemy, for Claggart is evil.... He accuses Billy of trying to foment a mutiny. The charge is ridiculous, no one believes it, and yet it proves fatal. For when the boy is summoned to declare his innocence, he is so horrified that he cannot speak, his ludicrous stammer seizes him ... and he knocks down his traducer, kills him, and has to be hanged.

Yet by the force of Melville's imaginative thought and by the force of his language, both drawing vitality from Shakespeare and Milton, the simple black-and-white fable explodes in a bewildering moral rainbow. And, as the author exclaims in the course of his tale, "who in the rainbow can draw the line where the violet tint ends and the orange tint begins?" "Billy Budd" is an unsettling opera to attend, and its power derives in the first place from Melville. To the writing desk on which Melville composed "Billy Budd" was attached the precept "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth." Those dreams were often terrible. In "Pierre, or, The Ambiguities," the tale of the nineteenth-century New York Hamlet, Melville observes how the trail of truth too far followed can lead to Hyperborean regions where "all objects are seen in a dubious, uncertain, and refracting light," to a barren pole, where the hitherto guiding compass points indifferently in all directions. No moral judgments are made in "Billy Budd," but, in Forster's words, "Melville—after the initial roughness of his realism—reaches straight back into the universal, to a blackness and sadness so transcending our own that they are indistinguishable from glory." Such incandescent blackness is hard to distinguish from the whiteness that in "Moby Dick" strikes panic to the soul and in "Billy Budd" obliterates the temporal tragedy. In practical terms, one may regret the unrelieved blackness against which the drama is played at the Met; an unrelievedly white backcloth might serve as well—or as badly. What the opera needs (and received in San Francisco) is surely an evocation of the isolating sea, to define the Indomitable moving through night and days, through blackness and whiteness, as a "fragment of earth," and to affirm the important metaphor of the world in a man-of-war.

FORSTER's 1927 account of "Billy Budd" appears in a chapter titled "Prophecy." To illustrate that particular aspect of the novel, he cites Dostoevski, Melville, D. H. Lawrence, and Emily Brontë—and "Melville is at the centre of our picture." Hardy, "a philosopher and a great poet," is excluded, because "Hardy's novels . . . do not give out sounds"—whereas in Melville "we catch the song" even when "we cannot catch the words of the song." Here Forster is speaking specifically of "Moby Dick," but what he says is true of "Billy Budd": "As soon as we catch the song in it," the easy yarn "grows difficult and immensely important." More than twenty years later, when an operatic collaboration between Britten and Forster was proposed, Melville's "Billy Budd"—P. N. Furbank tells us in his Forster biography—occurred to both men almost simultaneously as the ideal subject. Forster was unversed in operatic writing; Eric Crozier, the librettist of Britten's "Albert Herring," was coöpted to help with the stage mechanics. When he raised practical objections to the idea

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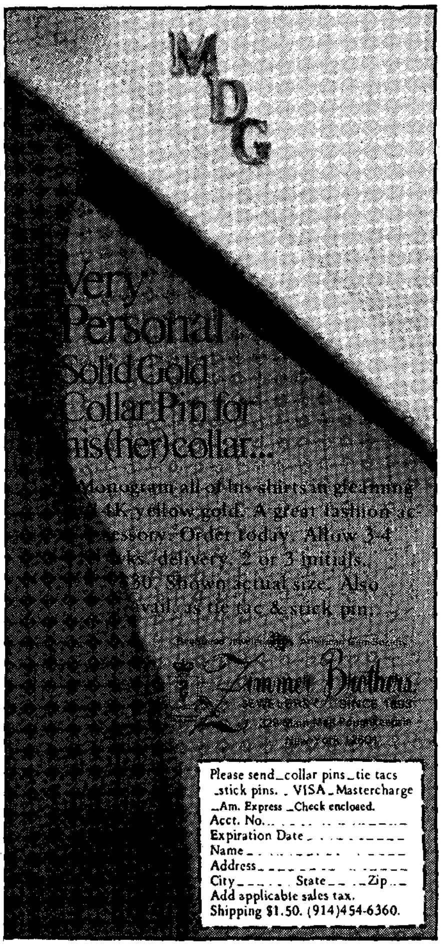

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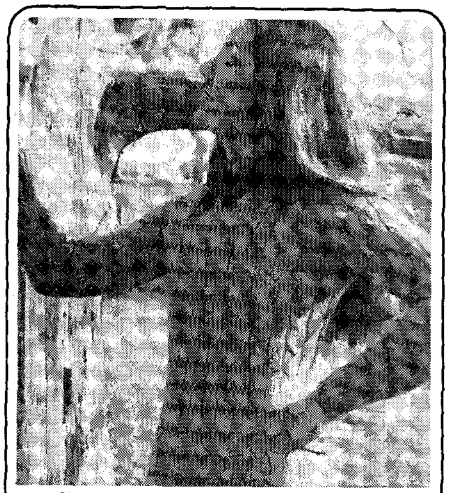

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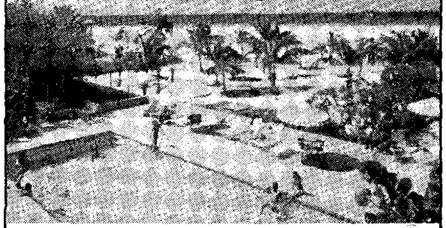

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of an all-male opera, Britten and Forster swept them aside. The story filled some inner need in them. F. O. Matthiessen, at the close of the Melville section of his "American Renaissance" (1941), declared that "Melville could feel that the deepest need for rapaciously individualistic America was a radical affirmation of the heart." That chimes with Forster's famous remark "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." Matthiessen says, "After all he had suffered, Melville could endure to the end in the belief that though good goes to defeat and death, its radiance can redeem life." That chimes with a belief proclaimed in many of Britten's works. It is a more optimistic reading of "Billy Budd" than mine, but is the reading expressed in the opera. Back in 1927, Forster wrote that in Melville, at last, "the balance righted itself, and he gave us harmony and temporary salvation." In the tale, Billy's death is signalled by a moment of temporary equilibrium—"The hull, deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward, was just regaining an even keel when the last signal was given"—and is decked in the radiant imagery of redemption:

> At the same moment it chanced that the vapory fleece hanging low in the East was shot through with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision.... Billy ascended; and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

Britten and Forster seized on this theme and extended it. In Melville, Vere dies soon afterward, with Billy's name on his lips. In the opera, he lives on to become an old man, at peace with himself and the world, proclaiming that Billy "has saved me, and blessed me, and the love that passes understanding has come to me." It is a legitimate extension, perhaps, of the "salvation" implied by Melville's description and also by his bold stroke of sexual metaphor: when Billy was hanged, the customary spasm in the body was miraculously absent but, as if in mystic transference, Vere himself "stood erectly rigid as a musket." By Billy's sacrificial death Vere is saved, as Tannhäuser was saved by Elisabeth's, and Faust by Gretchen's. Forster gave up writing novels in 1924. He had protested "weariness of the only subject I both can and may treat—the love of men for women and vice versa." But Melville in the mid-nineteenth-century wrote fearlessly of passions in the all-male world he knew from his four years of seafaring, and at the end of the century—true to the

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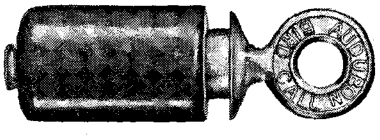

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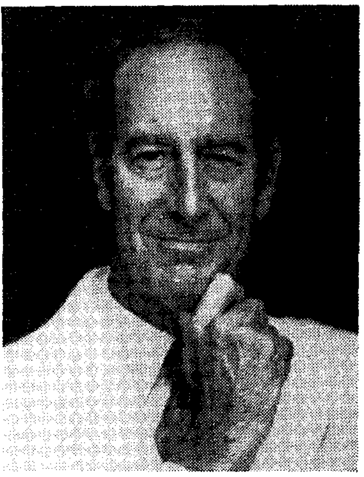

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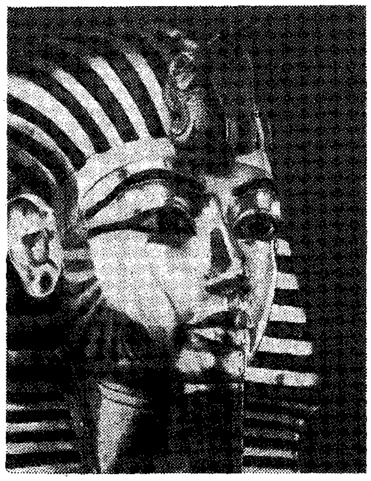

Lee Boltin

Hoving and King Tut: “An unbeatable combination.”

—*Publisher's Weekly*

The Treasures of Tutankhamun, an exhibition that is breaking museum attendance records across the country, is one of the phenomena of our time. And the man who put it together was Thomas Hoving, outspoken former head of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Now, in what Jessica Mitford hails as “*a book of rare fascination*,” he tells for the first time the real story behind the most splendid and important discovery in modern archaeology—the finding of the treasure-laden tomb of the Egyptian boy king, Tutankhamun.

Using previously untapped sources—records, diaries and letters—Thomas Hoving has lifted a veil of secrecy to give us what Mary Renault finds to be “*a riveting human document in terms of both the present and the remote past, one with the perennial fascination of treasure and mystery.*”

It is a story filled with intrigue, conspiracy and clandestine deals. At its center is Howard Carter, discoverer of the tomb. The most famous archaeologist of his day, he is revealed in this book to be, says *New York Magazine*, “*a liar, a thief, a dealer in stolen art, an indifferent scholar, and more than a little bonkers.*”

And there is Lord Carnarvon, who financed the expeditions. Even as he was being hailed as a hero in England, he was planning to give the Metropolitan Museum in New York a share of the treasure.

They are just the leading players in a monumental drama that, says Will Durant, “*brings archaeology alive as a battle of contemporary souls doubly alive with the touch of history.*”

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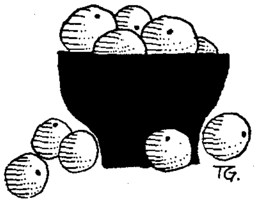
dreams of his youth—he returned to that world. Of course, "Billy Budd" is not simply a homosexual yarn, but its imagery is strictly homoerotic. Billy is a glorious young Adam without an Eve. Claggart, a new Satan stirred by the sight of the paradise he cannot enter and is driven to destroy, sometimes watches the "cheerful sea-Hyperion" with feverish tears in his eyes and "a touch of soft yearning, as if [he] could even have loved Billy but for fate and ban." Even Captain Vere mentally strips Billy, as "a fine specimen of the genus *homo*, who in the nude might have posed for a statue of the young Adam before the Fall." For Melville, the tale continued his discoveries that "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Paradise Lost" were works relevant to life intensely lived on a whaler or a man-of-war, that he could treat again of their tremendous issues in terms of his own experience, and that he could reshape their high language to serve his expression. For more than thirty years (since "The Confidence Man," in 1857), he had published no prose. Like his own John Marr, a sailor stranded in a humdrum world, he was thrown "more and more upon retrospective musings . . . lit by that aureola circling over any object of affections in the past, for reunion with which an imaginative heart passionately yearns."

"Billy Budd" is a distillation of themes, thoughts, images, and characters encountered in "Redburn," "White-Jacket," and "Moby Dick." It began as the ballad soliloquy of a sailor condemned to death for inciting a mutiny. A prose introduction then told of Claggart, the master-of-arms who preferred the charge against an innocent Budd. In a further expansion, Captain Vere was added, to complete the allegory of Innocence, Evil, and Responsibility—of Adam before the Fall, the envious and destructive Tempter, and an inadequate man called on to play the part of all-powerful Judge. Melville's last revisions, it seems, were concerned with dramatizing what was formerly narrated, thus leaving readers to draw their own conclusions. Forster and Britten completed the process, but they also made some significant changes. Melville does not judge Vere; he shows him. In "The Confidence Man," he had already observed how "the moderate man" can be "the invaluable understrapper of the wicked man;" in a sense, Vere completes Claggart's unfinished work of destruction. But Melville allows Vere powerful arguments—the strict letter of the Articles of War, the danger of mutiny—to justify his action in condemning Billy to death. Forster rejected those arguments. He did judge Melville's Vere, and determined "to rescue Vere from Melville." In the book, Vere plays prosecutor and, by his speeches, sways a drumhead court that is inclined to acquit Billy. In the opera, he plays Pilate. He is silent when Billy cries "Captain Vere, save me!" He refuses to take responsibility, and, to his officers' "Grant us your guidance," answers, "No. Do not ask me. I cannot. . . . Pronounce your verdict." It adds a new mystery of human behavior. It complicates the drama. And it leads to the peripeteia of Vere's aria "I accept their verdict. . . . Beauty, handsomeness, goodness, it is for me to destroy you." We move into a drama of redemption and salvation. The stage remains empty as Vere goes off to tell Billy of the sentence, while a sequence of thirty-four common chords, differently scored and spaced, mystically represents Melville's "sacrament . . . wherever under circumstances at all akin to those here attempted to be set forth two of great Nature's nobler order embrace." In performances, this bold and wonderful stroke is sometimes nervously handled. The Metropolitan conductor, Raymond Leppard, underplayed the passage; the chords slipped by too easily. In San Francisco, David Atherton was eloquent—each chord did sound like a new statement, the gleam of a new possibility, in some close, solemn argument—but the director diminished the force of the sequence by leaving Vere onstage for the first half of it.



The opera makes its deepest statements through harmony. Those chords resolve into the untroubled, lapping F major of Billy's gun-deck ballad, and they recur at its close: "I'm strong . . . And I'll stay strong." The very opening bars of the work—introducing Vere as an old man, musing on the great crisis of his life—present a B-flat/B minor opposition that clears only in the long B-flat pedal at the very end of the work. These harmonic meanings are not at all obscure; audiences can appreciate them without any conscious analysis. And the whole work, for all its subtle, intricate networks of motivic relationships and developments, and its wondrously delicate, adventurous, and unconventional scoring, has a similar directness. In "Peter Grimes," Britten

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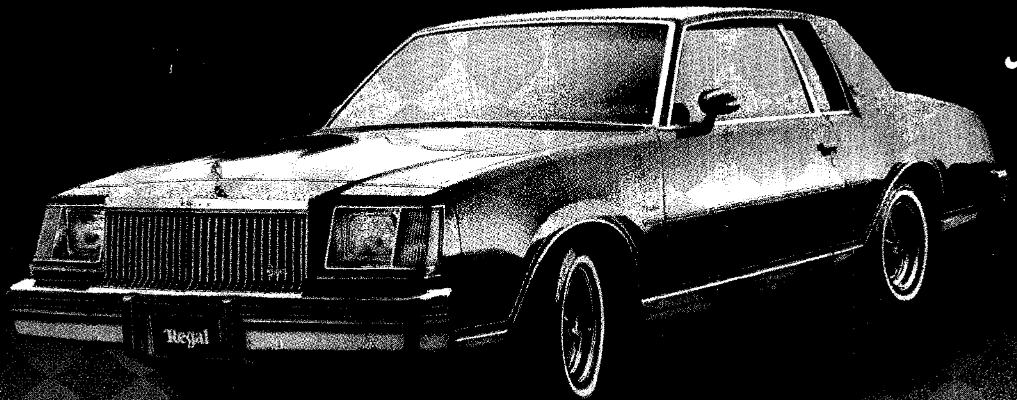
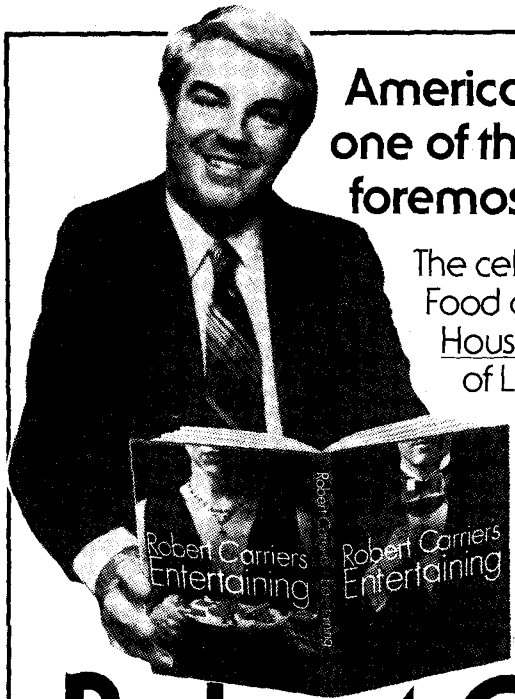


created magnificent sea music—seascapes seen from the land. In "Billy Budd," there is another kind of sea music, in which the movement of the ship—the sense of the long, straining timbers, of the vessel's living response to wind and wave—seems to live in the music itself. The absence of women's voices passes unnoticed; the score is often bright with clear, busy shipboard signals. Ship and sea provide a picturesque background—and foreground, too, for ship and sea enclose the action, to make intense the crisis set on "this fragment of earth, this floating monarchy" of which Vere is king. Britten thought that there was too much shipboard detail in Piper's 1951 settings. When Covent Garden revived the opera in 1964, they were stripped and simplified. I think the composer was probably wrong; the most powerful "Budd" décor I have seen—Roger Butlin's for the Welsh National Opera—is also the most realistic. But Piper's settings, further remodelled to Mr. Anderson's ideas, rebuilt in San Francisco on a larger scale and provided with projections of changing sea and skies, worked very well.

SINCE 1951, it has been customary to portray Claggart as a big, blustering bully. Forbes Robinson, who took the role under Solti in 1964, and then in the Welsh production, found more subtlety in the man, and in San Francisco he again gave a striking and impressive performance. But he is slightly too ponderous, in manner as well as appearance too conventionally a "heavy," to be altogether convincing in the role. James Morris, at the Met, is the first Claggart of my experience to express fully the Lucifer-like beauty, sorrow, and passion of the Evil One, and to embody the occasional hint that in Billy and Claggart we have a final projection of the twinned bright and dark angels—Taji's Yillah and Hautia (in "Mardi"), Pierre's Lucy and Isabel—who recur in Melville's work. And Mr. Morris sang the role matchlessly. Except in the literal sense (for his low G and G-sharp were not strong), he plumbed Claggart's great monologue and made of it just what Forster hoped for:

> I want *passion*—love constricted, perverted, poisoned, but none the less *flowing* down its agonising channel: a sexual discharge gone evil. Not soggy depression or growling remorse.

No subsequent Billy has quite recaptured the freshness and naturalness of Theodor Uppman, who created the part and might have been born to



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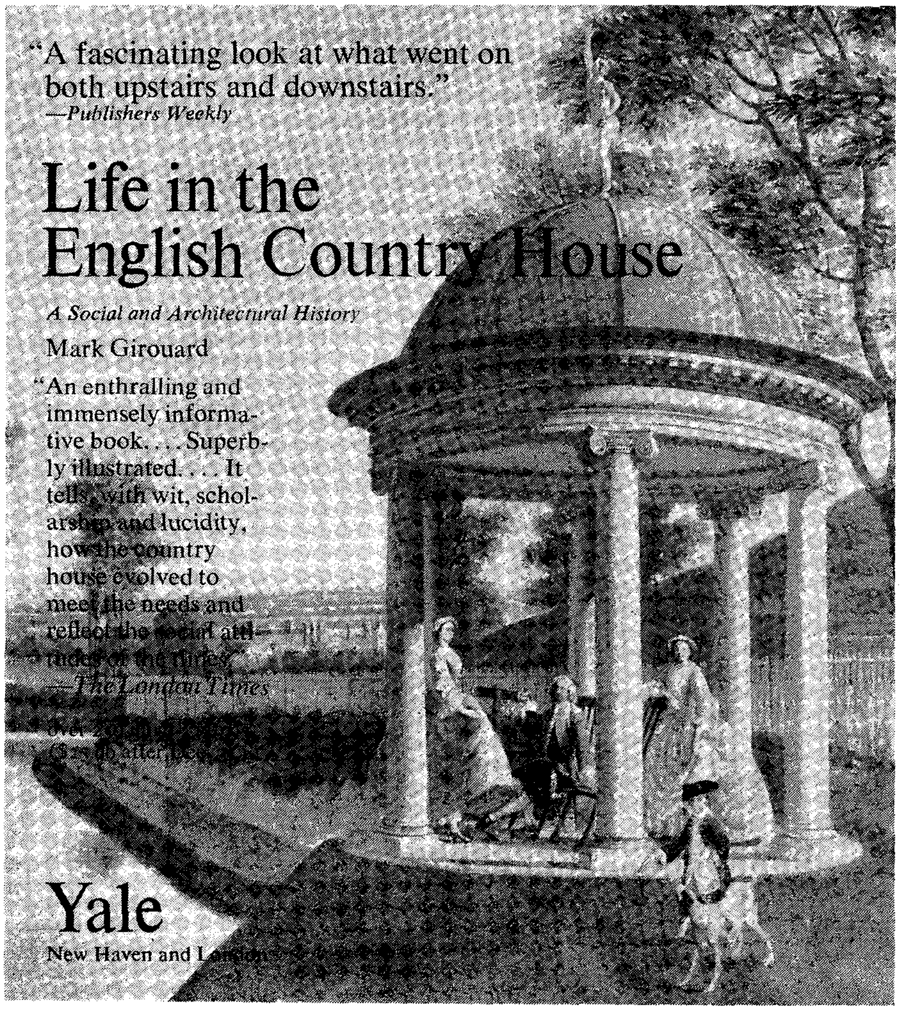

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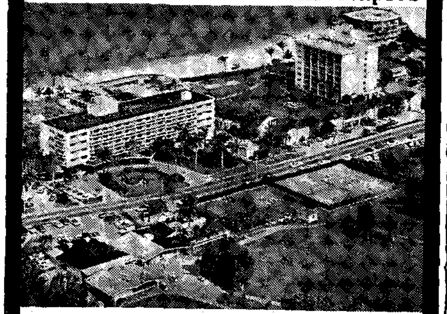

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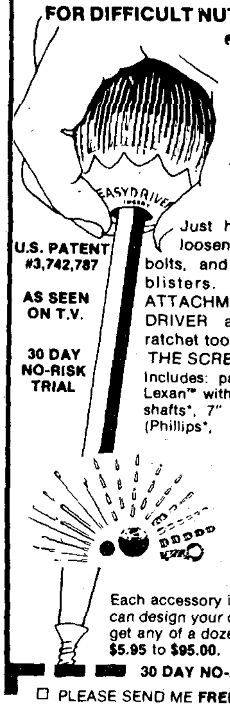

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play it. In Richard Stilwell's stage personality, there is usually a hint of patrician reserve; as Billy, at the Met, he doffed it almost too resolutely, and slightly forced the brightness and bounciness. In the ballad, he gave equal stress and length to each of the eighth notes. But on the whole he was very good. Dale Duesing, in San Francisco, was even better. The ballad flowed, in phrases. During the confrontation with Claggart, he had expressed with marvellous intensity Billy's agony at this revelation of "the diabolical incarnate," and, during the trial, his further agony when Vere refuses to save him. Without exaggeration, he suggested the new understanding that comes to Billy, and carried the redemptive burden of the role as reshaped by Britten and Forster. His singing was strong and beautiful. Peter Pears' Vere, in New York, was subtly and powerfully acted, and sung with many fine, moving inflections. Richard Lewis's, in San Francisco, was more strongly voiced, and Vere's big solos—every word clear—rang out more keenly. Clarity was the hallmark of the San Francisco presentation. Not even Solti conducted so sharp-cut, rhythmically precise an account of the score as David Atherton did. Everything was in focus; everyone was confident. And in the quick acoustics of the War Memorial Opera House I heard more of the scoring, more of the words, more of the choral part-writing (admirable chorus, prepared by Richard Bradshaw) than ever before. The casts are too large to review in detail. In general, the smaller parts were more precisely played in San Francisco. In particular, the excellence of the New York Novice, James Atherton, and of the San Francisco Novice's Friend, Samuel Byrd (who has a very beautiful baritone), should be mentioned. In both places, "Billy Budd" proved overwhelming. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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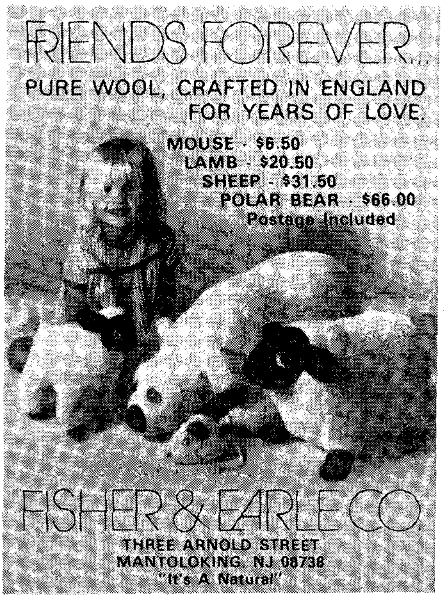

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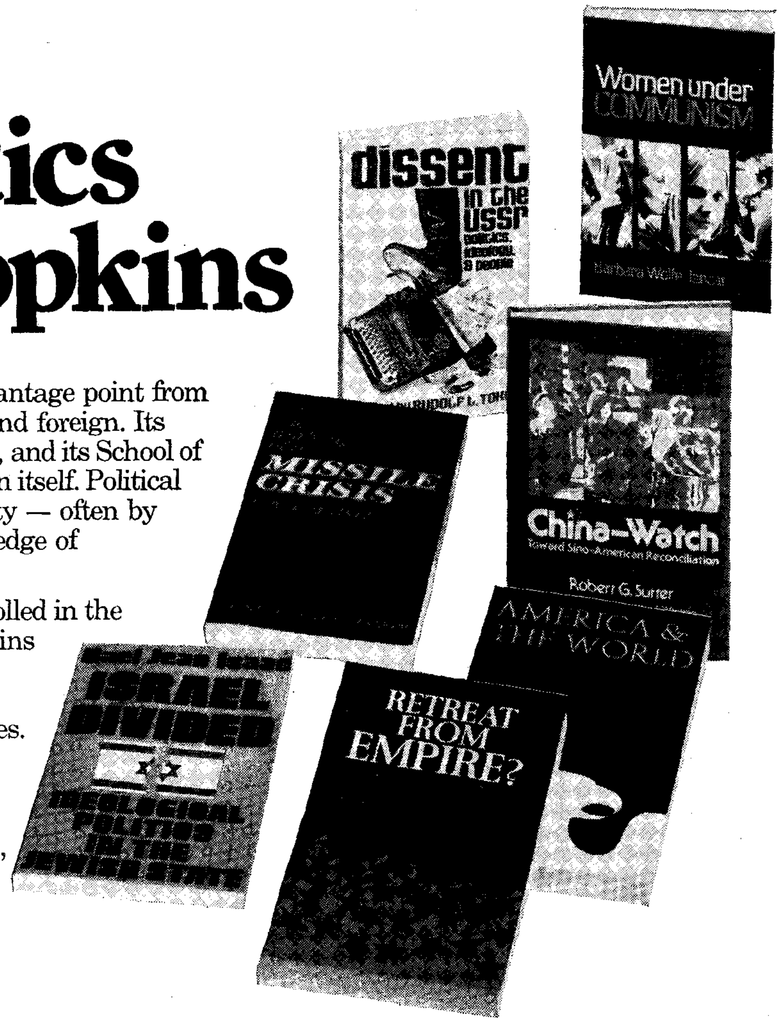

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BOOKS

Saddled with the World

Farrar, Straus & Giroux continues its commendable publication, in fresh translations, of the works of Knut Hamsun, and this reviewer commendably strives to keep up. The latest reissue, "The Women at the Pump" (translated from the Norwegian by Oliver and Gunnvor Stallybrass; $10.95), is rather heavy going, but worth it in the end. This panoramic novel of a nameless coastal town was originally published in 1920, when Hamsun was sixty-one and somewhere near the middle of his long literary career. It was in 1920 that he received the Nobel Prize. Even at this distance, Hamsun strikes us as less and more than a master like Mann or Ibsen; he was, like Byron, a phenomenon. His rise to literary eminence from rural poverty, his polemical fury and irascible diffidence, his impact upon European literature, the enduring energy of his prose are all phenomenal. In "The Women at the Pump," as in the hefty "Growth of the Soil," which preceded it by three years, Hamsun seeks to broaden his piercing talent, to turn to steady illumination the lightning flashes of his youthful work. Even the two "Wanderer" novels of 1906 and 1909, written as Hamsun turned fifty, were youthful in their lyric fitfulness, their cocky thinness of invention, their announced determination to let the author follow his whims. But by 1920 the author is ready to settle down and tell us all about "things in a small town."

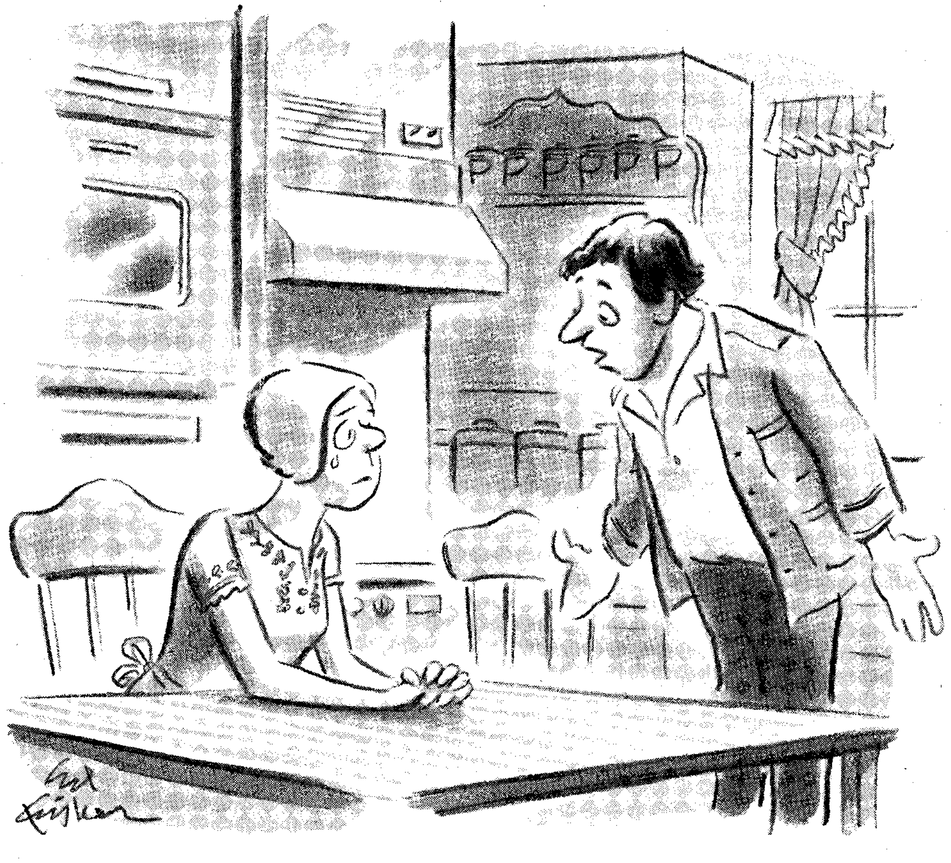
> Ah, that little anthill! Everyone busy with his own affairs, crossing each other's path, elbowing each other aside, sometimes even trampling on each other. That's the way it is, sometimes they even trample on each other...

The cast of ants is genially spread before us, from the town magnate, C. A. Johnsen, a shipowner and Double Consul, down to Olaus of the Meadow, the abusive town drunk; at the center of the novel stands one-legged Oliver Andersen, whom an accident at sea has mutilated in a mysterious way that, as his wife, Petra, keeps having babies, keeps the town women gossiping around the pump. They have a lot to gossip about—births and marriages and shifts in fortune, the robbing of a post office and the sinking of a ship, and, near the end, a sudden death that seems to be murder. It is typical of Hamsun to have his hero apparently commit murder and to make so little of it. Making little, in the tradition of Viking stoicism, was his curious genius as a truth-teller but, on the broad social canvas he here proposes to fill, something of a fault. Our would-be naïve interest in the characters and their interwoven lives is considerably discouraged by the author's frequent disavowals of significance, his impatient darting from one thread to another, and his urge to scold his own creations.

> There she sat: Mademoiselle Fia. By now she was getting on in years, the peach bloom on her cheeks was no longer fresh, she was overripe, the first signs of something passé about the lady had appeared. In all her years she had never succeeded at anything, but equally she had never failed; her mind was impervious to change, she was impassive and charmingly self-assured. If she had never run amok, this was because she had never run, period.

"One is saddled with the world one creates, as all creators are." Hamsun wrote this of Oliver, but he must have thought of himself. He is saddled with this fictional fabric but itches under it; he sighs, snorts, and bucks. His characters talk, in his opinion, "claptrap and bunkum, sentimentality and bombast," and his maimed hero, "one of the jellyfishes that lay breathing in mortal stupidity and nothingness by the edge of the quay," no sooner has a few ideas than the author tells us, "They flashed into his head and were not worth much." Crises dissipate, mysteries remain, and a kind of tough forgivingness with which the townspeople view each other lends even the most dramatic events a tinge of the inconsequential. Of course, that is Hamsun's point, embodied in his unmanned, rascally, but indomitable hero: life goes on. "If anyone were to come and offer him death, he would not accept it, by no manner of means; life is none too bad, in Oliver's opinion.... He is somewhat disabled, a trifle imperfect in himself; but what is perfection? The life of the town realizes its image in him: a crawling life, but none the less busy for that." The one townsman with a developed (quasi-Christian) philosophy collapses under misfortune, to the sound of considerable editorial glee:

> He had searched for many a long year and eventually found a path that offered a little light; he had followed this path for a long way—until fate reared up



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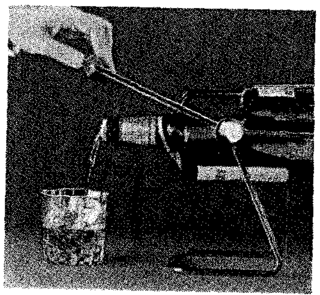

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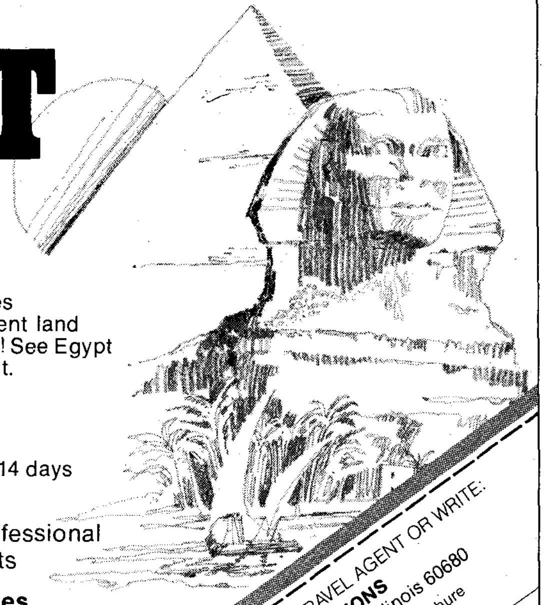
against him, erect and terrible, and stopped him.... An experienced postmaster received one night a thrust in his untested human thought and had been dumb and dim from that moment.

The contemporary reader, beset, as the world of print sinks deeper into the twilight behind the television console, by panicked claims that each new book is urgent, exhaustive, or the latest thing, might enjoy this volume for its example of an author so fully, even arrogantly, at ease with his audience. Though Hamsun surely had the plot's major turns in mind, the first half, especially, of the novel gives the impression that he sat down at his desk each day with little more than a trust that something entertaining would happen on the page. As he maunders and meanders, he never looks behind him, confident that his readers are following. His wandering gradually takes him through six or so town households, but not before his central device—the appearance of both brown-eyed and blue-eyed babies in the impotent Oliver's family—has worn thin as a vaudeville joke. On the other hand, the self-deceiving manner in which Oliver prostitutes his wife and takes a father's pleasure in the fruits of her infidelities is portrayed with a beautiful tact and believableness. Only the Russians can match Hamsun's feel for the inconsistencies of the human soul, its quantum jumps through the rather irrelevant circumstances of life. As in all his fiction, small inanimate things—registered letters, a sack of eiderdown—animate the human landscape, and pantheistic bliss surges through the remissions of coping. Oliver rows out to sea, far from the site of his social and sexual humiliations, and stays for days:

> Night comes and he does not go home, the next day comes and he does not go home; no, he follows the usual pattern, lets the boat drift, fishes for food, goes ashore, cooks, eats, sleeps. It is incomparable, this wonderful idleness and sloth.
>
> On the first morning sea and islands breathe the solitude of eternity; far away on the mainland stand a few meager telegraph poles; from a parish outside the town he can just hear the church bell, disposing him to gentleness, disposing him to peace.

His town seems to have no parson—at least, none figures as a character—and its people are mostly irreligious; yet God clings to Hamsun's vocabulary, as the one term for expressing his reverence before creation, his love of the non-human. Love among human beings he instinctively regards as mutual vexation. Though there are many women in the book, and a number of



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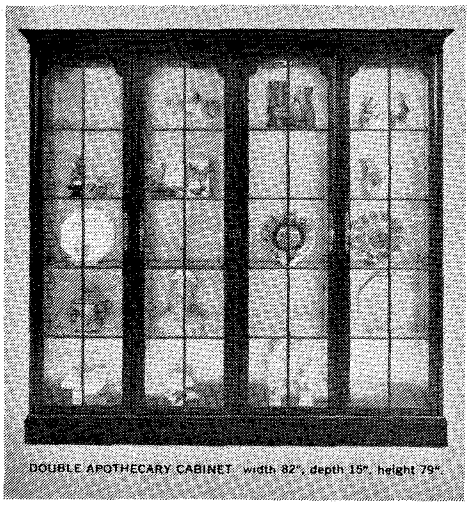

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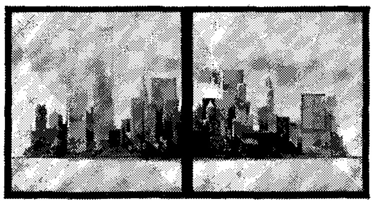

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them sharply seen, none are seen in love. Oliver's son Abel loves Little Lydia, but when he reaches for her she pricks him with a needle. "She invariably had a needle in her hand and several more in her bosom; she was not to be approached." Only after many more stabs from this bristling bosom does Abel turn to a girl whose "mouth was a nest full of smiles." Women in their nesting, not their mating, aspects evoke tender images from Hamsun. One image is delightfully sudden and surreal:

> She was not knee-deep in calculations; she was a natural girl like the rest, Nature herself directed her tactics. ... There was nothing incomprehensible in this, any more than a hen among the flower beds is incomprehensible.

But, so unexpected is the image, the hen among the flower beds is revealed as just that—incomprehensible. The rises and falls, advancements and setbacks, matches and maneuvers of the characters are embedded in an underlying mystery, that of existence itself. It is as if the actors in an Ibsen play, with their politics and posturing, were taken off the resounding stage, out of the sheltering proscenium arch, and set beneath an exhilarating, dwarfing sky.

The translation reads well, and is presumably scrupulous. One would like to know what Norwegian word comes out as "Baloney!," whether "primitiveness gets eroded" was the best way of saying it, and if "cutting a dash and making a splash" was quite necessary; but the Stallybrasses are doing the English-speaking world a fine favor by refurbishing this vital, highly individual writer. As his American publishers plan their next volumes, they might consider turning momentarily from the later *fiction* and giving us some of his earlier theoretical writing, particularly his 1890 manifesto "From the Unconscious Life of the Mind," and his famous, contentious dissertations upon his esteemed contemporaries. His lecture series upon "The Cultural Life of Modern America," which was printed as his first book, in 1889, has, I discover, been translated into English and published in this country, by Barbara Gordon Morgridge and the Harvard University Press, respectively (1969). The volume, based upon Hamsun's two Midwestern sojourns in the eighteen-eighties, tells us what many foreigners have volunteered to tell Americans: we are crude, money-mad, chauvinistic, corrupt, and inane. Hamsun's account of theatre in the United States as he knew it is a hilarious and probably not unjust descrip-

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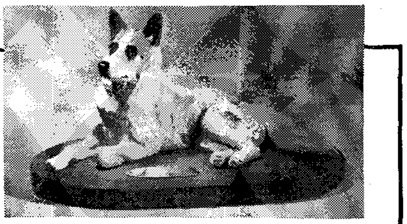

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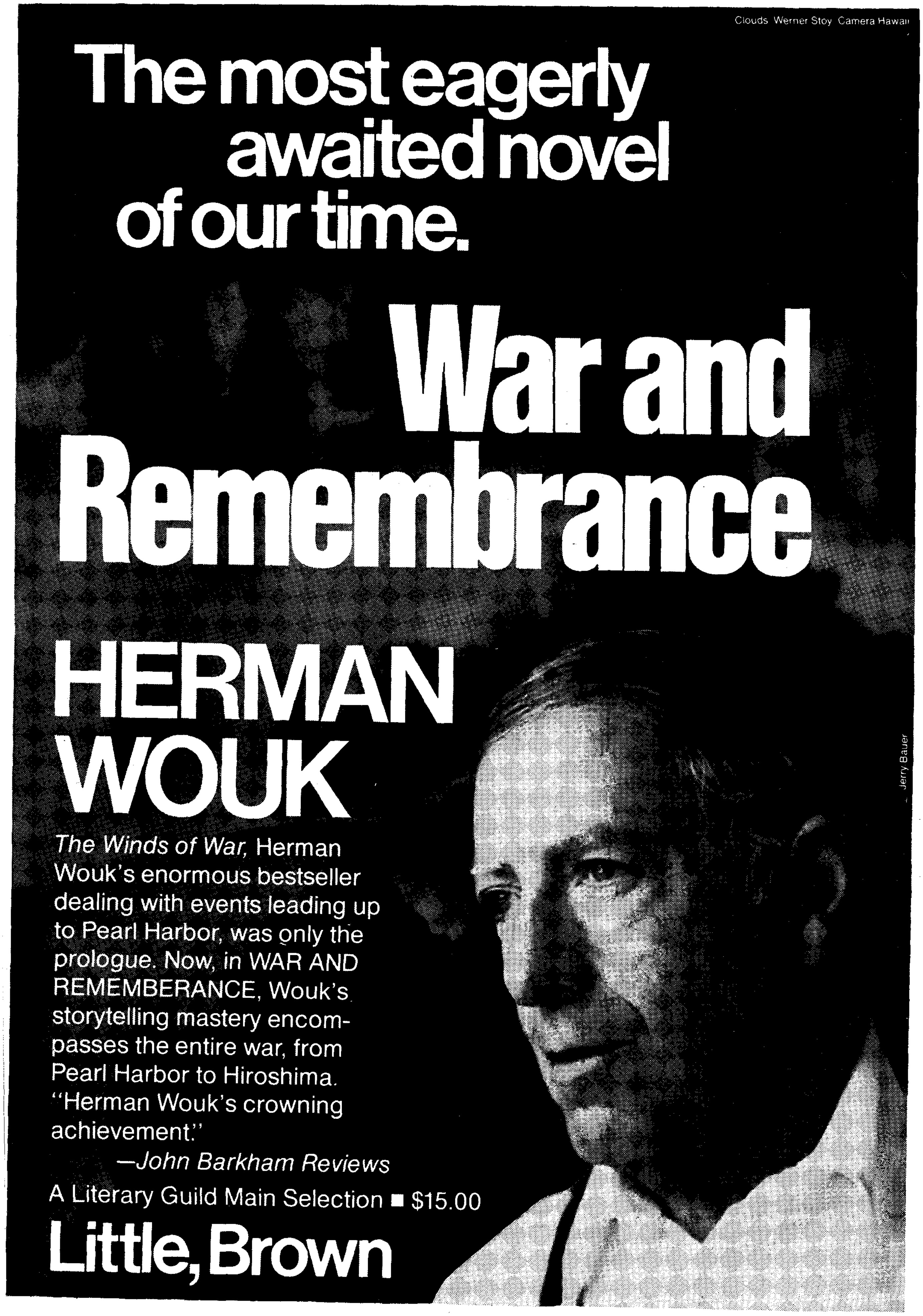

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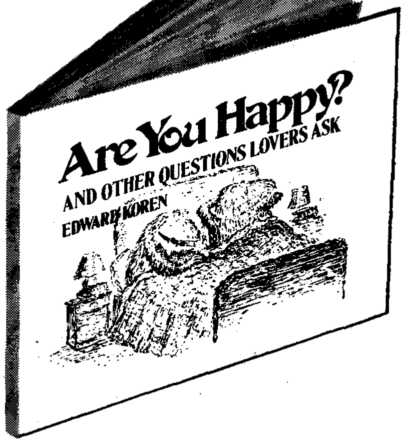
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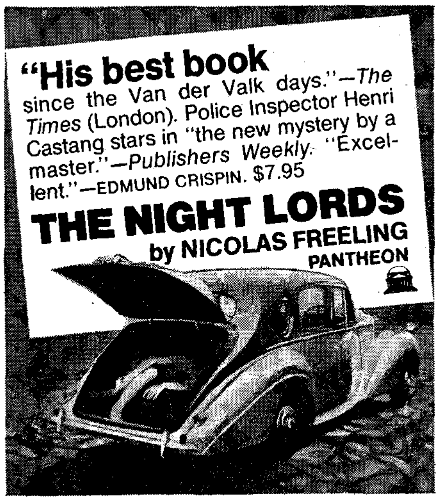

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tive flight; elsewhere, he fulminates against "African half-apes" whose freedom has turned America into a "mulatto studfarm," wistfully looks forward to "the mighty revolts of individual geniuses who suddenly thrust mankind forward for several generations," protests the tyranny in the United States of women and of Boston, demolishes Whitman by quoting his worst poetry, and dissects Emerson with some spirit and delicacy. According to Hamsun, Emerson has "that happy faculty of a writer or a speaker of being able to *say things*" but leaves us with only "a lapful of things said." His major failings are "his undeveloped *psychological* sense and thereafter his overdeveloped *moral* sense." Reverse the proportions, and you have Hamsun, just as you have Hamsun's positive aesthetic program in this negative criticism: "He has no eye for the slight stirrings of the psyche, the delicate manifestations of will and instinct, all that subtle life of nameless shadings." These shadings, these stirrings were to be the substance of the novel "Hunger" (1890), which launched Hamsun's comet. But in these ill-tempered, ill-considered lectures, as in "The Women at the Pump" thirty years later, he shows the magisterial ability to keep talking, however busily he appears engaged in conjuring up a world, about himself.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TRAGIC MAGIC, by Wesley Brown (Random House; $7.95). A young black man, Melvin Ellington, returns to New York City after serving two years in prison as a conscientious objector to the Vietnam War; his first day of freedom is the subject of this first-person narrative, interspersed with recollections of prison life and of his college days at C.C.N.Y., when he attended meetings of the radical wing of the civil-rights movement. After dinner with his family, he goes out on the town with, among others, a longtime friend who went to Vietnam while he was doing time and is now boastful and pushy. Always alert to messages hidden in hyperbole, Melvin senses the veteran's unfocussed anger, and he sees it in action later that night, when his friend provokes a man and is knifed to death. Wesley Brown records credibly the provocative, singsong slang of the street and prison, and his portrait of a wary, quiet man who watches

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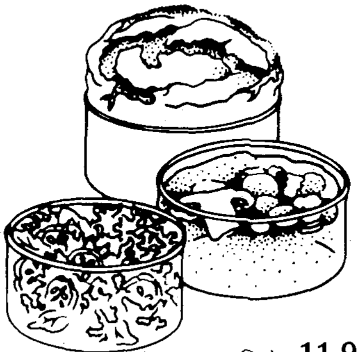

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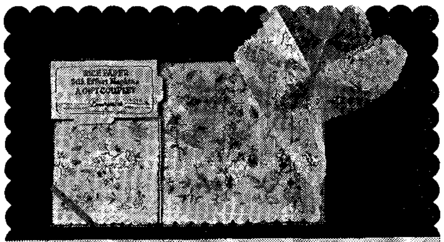

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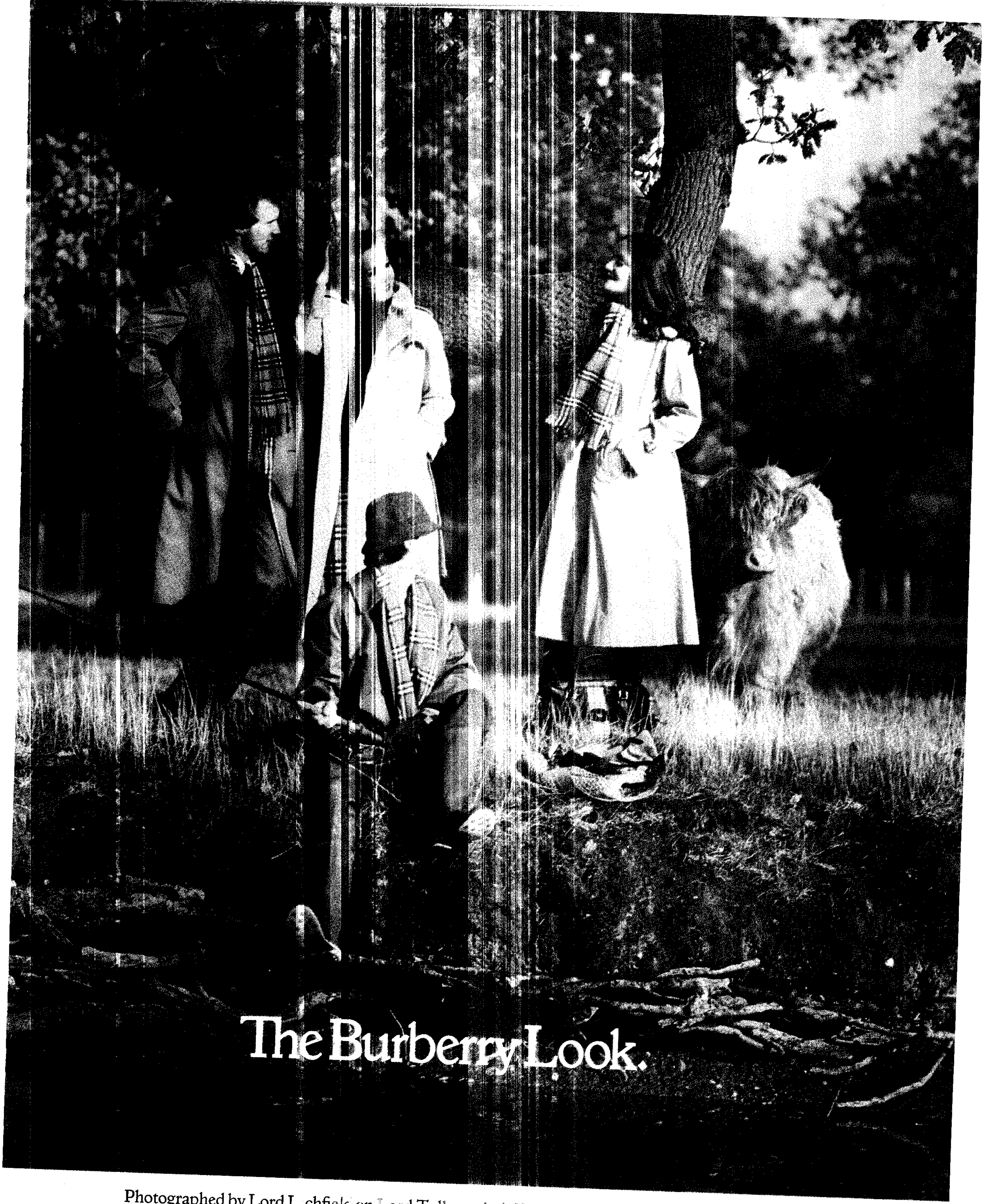
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words as if they were lethal weapons is effective and original.

THE WELSH SONATA, by James Hanley (Horizon; $9.95). An entrancing story, first published in England twenty years ago and set in a tiny Welsh town that would befit a fairy tale if it were not for the coal mines that have riddled the land and ruined the people. An eccentric and mysterious tramp, very tall and very strong, has for years lived in the area, appearing at times out of nowhere with a Bible strapped to his back, to give a shepherd a helping hand or to delight the town's children with games and woodlore. Now he has disappeared, and for a week the whole town looks for him. Rhys the Wound and the Cloud is his nickname; it alludes to the pain, which has touched his mind, of being crossed in love, and to the profusion of white hair, uncut since he was wounded, which floats around his head. The local constable, who has literary ambitions, is fascinated with the case, and he spends the week in taverns and kitchens listening to stories about Rhys; the novel is largely his record of these sessions. Each speaker is an oddity, and each story, like the town, is a medley of gaiety and grief. Welsh sounds flow through Mr. Hanley's prose; it is full of choruses and refrains, and is a joy to read aloud.

OTE: "The Stories of John Cheever" (most of which first appeared in this magazine) has been published by Knopf; $15.

GENERAL

HE GREAT MUTINY: INDIA 1857, by Christopher Hibbert (Viking; $15.95). This illuminating study emphasizes that the explosive rebellion was long in the making, as the manner of English rule changed from the Georgians' rapacious, harum-scarum intimacy to the Victorians' impersonal benevolence. The British had, in truth, moved to eliminate their Indian soldiers' chief grievance—the need to bite off cartridge wrappings that had been greased with fats taboo to Hindus and Muslims—but Indian enlisted men did not believe their English officers' assurances. Hibbert's argument is that the mutiny was the product of estrangement as much as oppression. The revolt of the soldiers started a wave of violence against all Europeans, in which princes and peasants alike showed their detesta-

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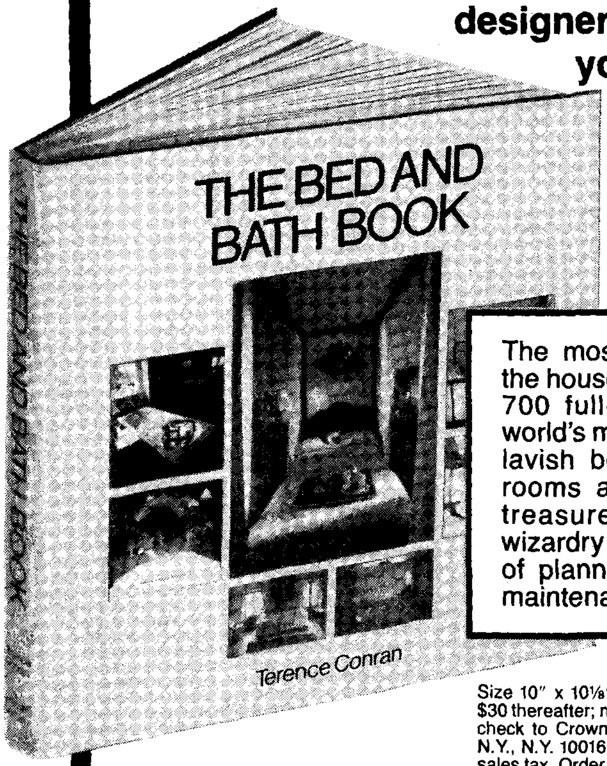

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tion of foreigners. But India was not a unified nation, and many princes and peasants remained neutral; some supported the British. In the contest of atrocities, neither side came out ahead; the British won the fighting primarily because of better organization. Hibbert concludes that when peace came the imperial government recognized some of its faults and corrected them. That shred of silver lining is the best this accomplished historian can provide.

THE PENCOURT FILE, by Barrie Penrose and Roger Courtiour (Harper & Row; $12.95). This is a journalistic report, and a gripping one, on hitherto secret British scandals. In May, 1976, Sir Harold Wilson, the newly retired Prime Minister, told the authors, a pair of BBC reporters, that he hoped they would look into radical-right-wing plots within the British security services, and also into a number of interventions in British politics by the South African secret service. The purpose of all these schemes, Sir Harold said, was to damage Liberals and Labourites, and he felt that his own administration had suffered from such underhand activities. The authors, taking off from this gee-whizz interview, were astonished by their findings, which included an all-British (no South Africans) plan for a military takeover of Great Britain in the nineteen-sixties. Although, they say, "the South African connection would not completely disappear," the nastiest business they came across was a long-running coverup of an allegation of homosexuality against a Liberal politician, which involved politicians of all three parties over many years and culminated in an apparent attempted murder. No matter how sensational their material, the authors do not write in a hysterical style, although it is evident that their confidence in their country's institutions has been shaken.

HOW I GOT TO BE PERFECT, by Jean Kerr (Doubleday; $8.95). Six new funny pieces, plus the pick of this author's past collections. Much of the earlier work dates from the era when family "togetherness" was taken seriously, and when Mrs. Kerr, declining to do so, struck a refreshing note. Does her humor hold up? Yes, and very well, probably because many of her topics—such as the imaginative guerrilla war that children wage against their parents—are long-lasting. One essay, about teaching children poetry, is

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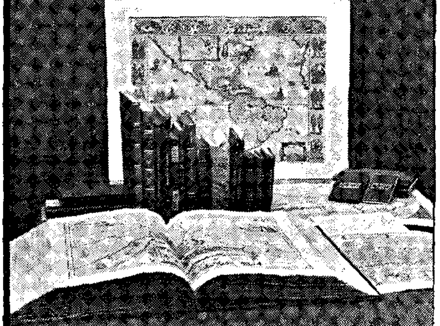

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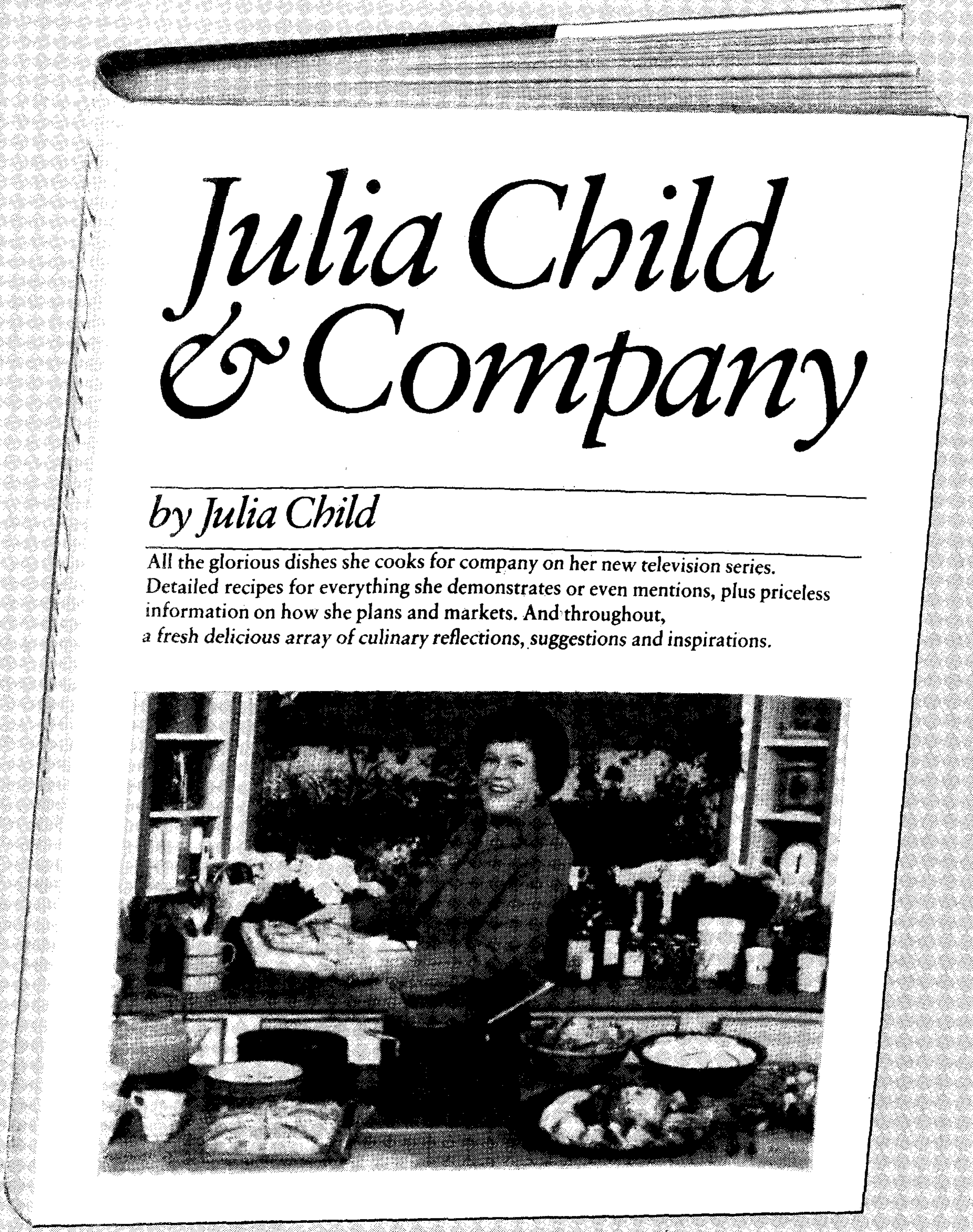

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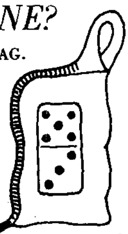

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not funny and not supposed to be; it is wonderful.

BENJAMIN WEST, by Robert C. Alberts (Houghton Mifflin; $20). A first-rate biographer, a first-rate subject, and a first-rate book. West, one of the most successful painters of his day (1738-1820), plummeted from fashion after his death, and has just returned to critical notice. Born near Philadelphia, he spent most of his life in London, where he helped found the Royal Academy and the institution that became the National Gallery. He was a tireless teacher and protector of generations of American painters, from Copley to Morse, and not only Americans: he was helpful wherever he discerned talent, and plenty of English painters—Constable, for one—remembered him with lifelong gratitude. In his work (as in his politics), West was radical. His early triumphs were in the reigning neoclassical style; he moved on to an avant-garde romanticism. One reason for the devaluation of West's painting is its emphasis upon subject matter. He insisted on painting history—narrative or illustrative depictions of affecting or edifying scenes—because he wished to free himself and his art from the lucrative but servile work of portrait painting, the bread-and-butter or stock-in-trade of his contemporaries. The impulse behind West's historical pictures, such as "The Death of Lord Nelson," now appears identical to that of any modern abstractionist: the assertion of a personal vision, a declaration of independence.

NOTE: "Summer Places," a tour of the towns and houses where Americans have spent their summers, with text by Brendan Gill and photographs by Dudley Witney, has been published by Methuen ($29.95 until December 31, 1978; $35 thereafter). Much of Mr. Gill's share originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

In yesterday's piece about my experiences mating aboard a party boat during the newspaper strike, room did not allow a few points to be included. Without them, the reader is left with the impression that those three weeks were a horror.—*Paul Pucciarelli in the Post.*

Not at all, not at all.

•

The reason for the Notre Dame loss and the Michigan victory was laid at the feet of the Wolverines' hand-nosed defensive unit.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) News.*

Well, it was misplaced.

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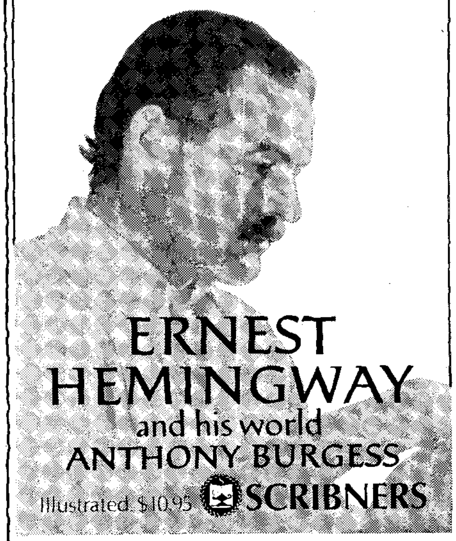

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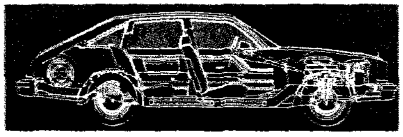

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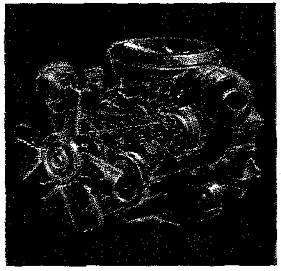

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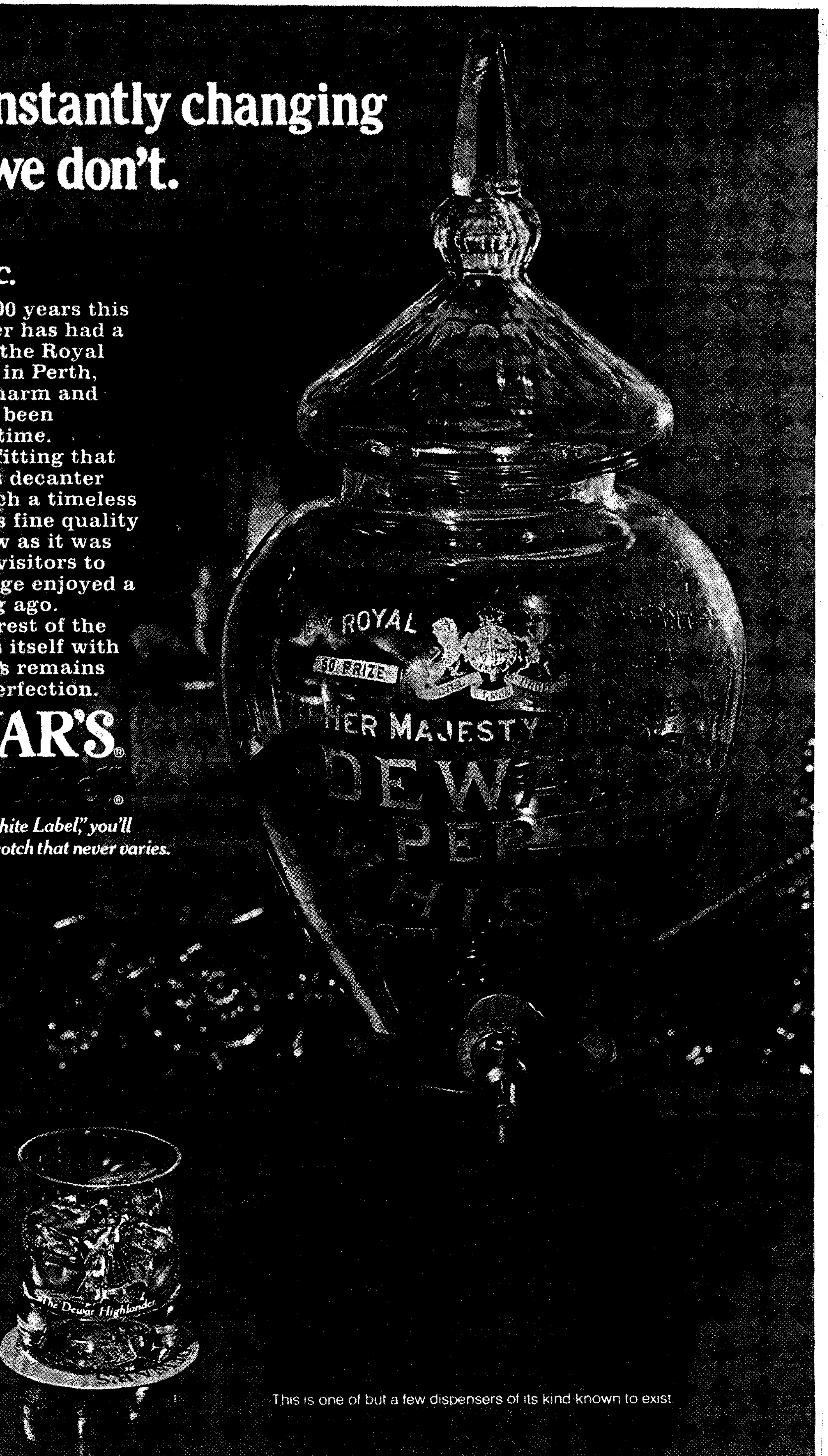

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